

Divastigations

Towards a Schizomythology of Ritual

0. *Words to Make a Story Out of*.
Dominique Innisfree Swopes's *Schizomythic Narrative of Exile*.
(I). "With utmost grace and vividness..." (2018, revised 2019)
1. *The Compass of that Sea*.
Dado Udidi's *Convulsive Illuminations*. (2001, corrected & augmented 2019)
2. *Divastigations*.
Ouida Willoughby Johnson's *Ludicts*. (2010, corrected 2020)
3. *Goldbarg's Variants*.
Mona Coltrane and Skid Slekton's *Stichomythic Logomachy*.
In preparation.

Michael Sean Strickland

Divastigations

Towards a Schizomythology of Ritual

Volume Two : Ouida Willoughby Johnson's *Ludicts*



First electronic edition 2010.
First print edition June 2018.
Corrected edition April 2020.

© 2010, 2018, 2020 Michael Sean Strickland

All rights reserved.

Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-NoDerivatives 4.0 International

Editions MSS
editionsmss.com

A laboratory for the divastigation of promiscuous textuality.

Antlion images in text adapted from a photograph taken by Cornelius B. Cosgrove, c. 1924–1927, of a Mimbres pottery bowl (#2004.24.13595) found with Skeleton 162 in Room 21 of the Swarts Ruin, Grant, New Mexico, and on display at Harvard’s Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology in Cambridge, Mass.

A variant of *Divastigations* § 38, “Towards a schizomythology of ritual (II).
An ichnology of antipathy, with bibliography and citations,” first saw publication’s light in *Pank* (May 2009).

Special thanks to D. I. Swopes, the Agua Prieta *Piste*, and the Owlstain *SCAT* for permission to reprint the relevant news items in our post scripta.

Admonitorium bibliolatricum: As a protoplasmic inquiry into a luminous furious fistful of humanity’s most carnal compulsions, *Divastigations* not uncommonly purls with a sort of lubricious, bombastic, ribald cant typically taboo in works which, contrary to ours, fail to confront with compassion and candor such sin, such ardor, such trauma, such bliss.

For Rebekah

*a cui io dissi: Tu sola mi piaci
quanto mar, quanti fiumi
ch'a la strada d'Amor mi furon duci*

In memory of Laure

or in forma di ninfa o d'altra diva

Book Map

	Divastigations	<i>xiii</i>
xv	0 Avant-propos, or a sort of introduction.	
	First Divastigation	<i>19</i>
21	1 Virtual philosophy of miraculous origins. 2 Instinct is a familiar form of turmoil. 3 A strict truth's simplicity. 4 Paradoxical contradictions of a cunning linguist's wanton bottom. 5 On knowing what is good. 6 Occasional body of a primordial soul. 7 A philosophy posing as a man. 8 Instinct laughs at morality.	
22	9 A profound insight. 10 Awaiting this wild god's animal. 11 Imaginary points of imaginary things. 12 If a sculptor's logic could lift this world off its...	
23	13 Discordant concord of things. 14 A kind of fool. 15 Marital bliss. 16 Towards a schizomythology of ritual (I). Sound conclusions drawn from faulty suppositions.	
24	17 An inquiring mind wants to know. 18 All that's physical attains to history. 19 A world which is not ours.	
25	20 To play hangman in this fantastic jail I call my world. 21 As I hid among clouds and storms. 22 A boldly original imitation. 23 How disappointing this practical world is.	
	Fourth Divastigation Minus Two	<i>27</i>
29	24 In which, for lack of a V, I craft <i>ab ovo</i> a small, naughty word. 25 What is abiding and most original. 26 Morality making stupid custom. 27 Tools of all kinds.	
30	28 A puritan approximation. 29 Obligatory stoicism. 30 On account of malnutrition.	
31	31 Play-acting in public. 32 Apparitional analysis of monstrous actions. 33 Tasting of it strictly. 34 Laid out in rows of a normal mind's failings. 35 Handy histrionics dividing what is from what is not.	
32	36 Of short and sunlit things. 37 A cast of solitary mirrors. 38 Towards a schizomythology of ritual (II). An ichnology of antipathy, with bibliography and citations.	
39	39 A most natural and fruitful poison. 40 If on account of this utility. 41 Catching sight of a final goal. 42 And by supposing a solution. 43 Sympathy is morality. 44 This fruit of fruits hangs fancy.	
40	45 Simply to avoid admitting. 46 Of moods and luxury.	
	Third Divastigation	<i>41</i>
43	47 But so that mankind might... 48 Passion will not wait. 49 Holy simplicity. 50 About doing harm by day and night.	

DIVASTIGATIONS

- 44 **51** Pointing out a royal road to truth. **52** Far, far away from it.
53 Without flinching.
- 45 **54** In which you can find almost anything. **55** Dusky thoughts intimating
rain. **56** His own actions. **57** At so thighhigh a poorcarcass of joyproust.
- 46 **58** If only I'd known how to. **59** It will, will it? **60** Of tobacco and alcohol.
61 With obliging words. **62** Proof by pathology.
- 47 **63** Towards a schizomythology of ritual (III). A habituation as old as
mankind.
- 49 **64** Practical wisdom. **65** By our own standards. **66** Watching Pascal and
Spinoza shoot craps. **67** From this drop of blood. **68** A plain chant
stipulation.
- 50 **69** This standard is continually changing.
- Fourth Divastigation** 51
- 53 **70** Propping lusty thoughts on liminal stilts. **71** To pivot about an axillary
origin. **72** Slavish or vain. **73** Mouthing off a customary opinion.
74 Who knows most must mourn most.
- 54 **75** Not to think of all this.
- 56 **76** Staid womaninity. **77** Just starting out. **78** Grounds for suspicion.
79 That things of this sort still...
- 57 **80** Summary participation. **81** With no particular warmth.
82 Towards a schizomythology of ritual (IV). Do not ask, How am I to act?
but, What should I not do?
- 60 **83** A particularly difficult labor.
- 61 **84** Paths in high mountains.
- 62 **85** Law and ritual. **86** Thus a psychic knot. **87** Hold it in your arms.
- 63 **88** Striving for distinction is striving for domination. **89** Formal analysis.
- 64 **90** Almost without noticing. **91** What of this soul is holy.
92 Mask of a city.
- Fifth Divastigation** 65
- 67 **93** It's right you should. **94** An artificial clarification. **95** But by what
standards.
- 68 **96** Disdain no signpost to instruction. **97** Tactical infatuation.
98 Profoundly drunk.
- 69 **99** A way a long a last. **100** Shy but proud. **101** A major good part.
102 Coming into confirmation.
- 70 **103** From a grand oral tradition. **104** Of natural sounds.
105 Against originality. **106** A Kantian countdown of confusing cant.
- 71 **107** It's all physiological. **108** Blissfully unhappy.
- 72 **109** Soul by soul unstumbling. **110** Daring to frown. **111** A full word too
many. **112** Against compulsion.
- 73 **113** Towards a schizomythology of ritual (V). Uphill into ravishing light
flows a rigorous casing of opinion.

80	114 Continual hard work. 115 What this work is worth apart from any worth intrinsic to its author.	
	Sixth Divastigation	81
83	116 As though in a fog. 117 Floating, dancing, mocking, childish and blissful art. 118 How could it grow and multiply?	
	119 But as things now stand.	
84	120 Towards a schizomythology of ritual (VI). A ruling out of prior scholars' confusion.	
86	Ouida Willoughby Johnson, "Grammaticalization of schizomythia and taboo in Mountain Fukari root class: Confirmation of a functional proximal–distal quantal continuum of ligativity in affixival clitics of womaninity and pronominal control." <i>JSocPhys</i> 11(8), August 2003.	
130	121 Promiscuous clay. 122 Caught in a courtyard conspiracy.	
	123 Any notion of which was far from his mind.	
132	124 As a woman in a man. 125 To play around it. 126 How much good it will do you.	
133	127 Not as difficult as waking. 128 A florid stylization of form.	
	129 Diabolical obscurity.	
134	130 How to dry cook a bag of light. 131 Shoots and sprouts.	
	132 Traditional vacuity. 133 Disgracing him with words.	
135	134 Immortality. 135 Four ways to put it down. 136 Half a man.	
	137 Possibly only in a land of loving good.	
136	138 So thus, by coming, did I find.	
	Fifth Divastigation Plus Two	137
139	139 As I was drawing you in. 140 Such an acquisition as this.	
	141 Tautomutilatory bombast.	
140	142 In stark contrast to gray. 143 Discharging it in works and actions.	
	144 To touch is only human. 145 Rigorous and wary clausal subordination.	
141	146 Annular satisfaction. 147 Childish soliloquy.	
	148 Towards a schizomythology of ritual (VII). Multivocal foundations of transformational womaninity.	
146	149 Point, shaft, wound, flight. 150 By acting as if drunk.	
147	151 A giving way to blind raging. 152 Childhood surroundings.	
148	153 Cross this off your list. 154 This small furry animal.	
	155 Stoic domination. 156 With only two strings.	
149	157 But not as distinct individuals. 158 Banish from thought this broad.	
	159 A two-way oblation in not too many words. 160 Both kinds of agitation.	
150	161 With him and for him.	
	Sixth Divastigation Plus Two	151
153	162 Gifts procuring no rights. 163 I was going to go into it.	
	164 To count any kind of affliction. 165 As into a whirlpool.	
154	166 To count it in both colors. 167 Things you didn't want known.	

DIVASTIGATIONS

155	168 Thoughts. 169 Following and walking. 170 Antiquity's gift. 171 Struggling to say it. 172 Not only so as to harm him. 173 A laying on of hands. 174 Pathological criticism.	
156	175 Casual bland hypocrisy. 176 As from a vision. 177 Full of action.	
157	178 In continual disputation. 179 Writing in opposition. 180 Graffiti.	
158	181 Towards a schizomythology of ritual (VIII). Confrontational bifurcation of Intrussyan usurpation.	
161	182 Assuming that I'm drunk. 183 Portrait. 184 Good form flaunts involuntarily.	
	Ninth Divastigation	163
165	185 Spiritual insight. 186 Moral limitations. 187 Hamiltonian sublimation. 188 I was howling again. 189 A smooth pink scar.	
166	190 Flat against rough wood slats.	
167	191 Towards a schizomythology of ritual (IX). Handy histrionics signifying what.	
168	"Aunt Smaragdina's Parandrus. A socio-physiological play in four short acts," by Larry Lath, lost in London c. 1926.	
204	192 Topos. 193 Ludict is light. 194 This art of choosing plural stuns. 195 Pussy down swallow off.	
206	196 Not at a loss for stock words. 197 Not all that important. 198 Third- hand plagiarism by anticipation. 199 Growth of mind. 200 Bark from vision I forgot to strip.	
207	201 From my body's tight labyrinth. 202 Though this world is crumbling. 203 Inconspicuous victim. 204 Slut's jargon. 205 Primal violation.	
208	206 From childhood into dusk. 207 With grass stains and mud.	
	Sixth Divastigation Plus Four	211
213	208 So much for spirituality.	
214	209 Passions of all kinds. 210 Morning worship at Ishtar's altar.	
215	211 Symbol of wisdom. 212 Lawful suspicion. 213 Writing it as I think it.	
216	214 Communal howling.	
217	215 Pop quiz.	
218	216 Promiscuous virginity. 217 Cough cough.	
219	218 Slanting pools of shadow and light. 219 Fading construction. 220 Any dim play.	
221	221 Towards a schizomythology of ritual (X). A small contribution to a philosophy of will to parasitism.	
224	222 Gray clouds blossom into rain. 223 Making do with what I could. 224 Pitiful and vain. 225 Without vanity.	
225	226 Capricious punctuality. 227 Assuming that I will to avoid what I won't. 228 Past anything good or bad. 229 Almost similar. 230 Owlsh warning with moral associations.	

	Fifth Divastigation Plus Six	227
229	231 All dross is choosing. 232 Though it sounds too good for us.	
	233 A lost blind bucolic crush. 234 An inclination most natural.	
230	235 Sunburnt confusion. 236 As I was giving birth to him.	
	237 Blood burst fruit.	
231	238 Taking turns giving graph. 239 Nostalgia palls. 240 Any man's ability is usually actual.	
232	241 My fifth visit, in fact. 242 From a distant mountain along that famous coast. 243 What spirit is.	
233	244 A callgirl sanctification. 245 Not joy. 246 So many ways of losing.	
234	247 In favor of criticism. 248 Always on guard.	
	249 Towards a schizomythology of ritual (XI). <i>Divastigations</i> , a small tri-monthly multilingual journal of arts, writing, philosophy, natural history, and sundry cultural stuff.	
235	<i>Divastigations</i> , N° 6, Fall 1998, put out by Ouida Willoughby Johnson, sub-top form, Tiliar Boarding School, Tixpu, NL.	
263	250 Striving for mutual goodwill. 251 Suppository duty.	
266	252 A cryptic rapist's companion.	
268	253 <i>Hic Rhodus, hic salta</i> .	
	Sixth Divastigation Plus Six	271
273	254 Pillow down hard. 255 Many mighty stupid spirits. 256 What I say I saw. 257 My soul is vanity.	
274	258 That I should do as I do. 259 Its waxing and waning moon.	
275	260 In contrary proportion. 261 Assistant satisfaction.	
	262 Towards a schizomythology of ritual (XII). An account of antlion larval silk production among Mountain Fukari of Iagip.	
276	Ouida Willoughby Johnson, "An account of antlion larval silk production among Mountain Fukari of Iagip." <i>JSocPhys</i> 16(7), July 2009.	
292	263 Fiction as social pathology. 264 A compulsory philosophy's most joint-dimpling thrust. 265 Unchanging pulp of inconstant things.	
	266 Scorn touch. 267 Against blows, but not against pinpricks.	
296	268 So as to grow good again.	
297	269 Through a crack of autumn falsity. 270 Grinning proof.	
	271 "Status: Still Living."	
298	272 Groping for oblivion. 273 Convictions of all kinds.	
301	274 Sway amphibian hipsiral. 275 Still so young.	
302	276 Sacrificial imprint of hands.	
	Final Divastigation	303
305	277 My story's moral's consummation.	
306	278 Fanatical originality. 279 Not for want or lack of sport.	
307	280 Working ambition. 281 Minatory music.	
308	282 A slight crack at anthropomorphic fun. 283 Mutual aid.	

DIVASTIGATIONS

309	284 Still not at a loss. 285 A singularly nonchalant application of fulvid immaturity. 286 Against a promising tonality.	
310	287 Upon first catching sight of that woman I am.	
311	288 Bulk discount.	
312	289 Hit or miss living.	
313	290 Without jumping to conclusions.	
314	291 Individual shortcomings. 292 Rank structuralism.	
	293 Nothing of what has music in it.	
	294 Towards a schizomythology of ritual (XIII). Total draft of a final calling to accounts.	
323	295 Public soliloquy. 296 Vaulting into sky.	
324	297 Still in my skin.	
325	298 First you must pass through this.	
326	299 A profound conviction brought to maturity.	
	Synoptic Atlas 327	
	of actors, artists, authors, locations, topics, words, works, and whatnot.	
	Post Script 377	
379	Dispatch from Blorhn, Wyo., Agua Puta <i>Pista</i> , 25 January 2010.	
380	Obituary, Owlstain <i>SCAT</i> , 27 January 2010.	

Divastigations



*A sort of morning hour upon all sublunary things,
with an army of shadows running.*

— R. L. Stevenson

§ 0. *Avant-propos, or a sort of introduction.* — “This is my own bold story,” says Ouida Willoughby Johnson, obliging and sardonic protagonist of M. S. Strickland’s¹ *Divastigations*, a lipogrammatical² *Bildungsroman* as chock full of cunning wordplay as, say, *Gravity’s Rainbow* by Thomas Pynchon, or *Jacob’s Room* by Virginia Woolf, or *Spinoza’s Doxy* by Harry D. Markson, or Lucas’s *Daddy*, or Barth’s *Goatboy*, or Djuna’s *Nightwood*, or just about any of Arno Schmidt’s logogriphic amalgamations of fact and fancy, “told in my own slant fashion. As you’ll soon find out, though, my passion for fashioning my story slantly shirks your usual chronological way of romancing things and opts, by contrast, for a fluid scriptorial tack I call, to coin a quaint tralatitio, *ludict* — a lucid ductility of glyph and word I construct from what among all my fair parts I lack. You could say, thus, that if my story’s an orchard, my story’s form’s a playground. And my orchard, in short, has as many criss-crossing paths as my playground has things to play on and with. It follows that no two paths, no two bouts of play, will strictly match. Just think of what Darkbloom’s Quilty, parroting Goldbarg’s Quain,³ said: To scan a story is virtually to author it. With that in mind, what do you want to play, Author? You could plump down in catalpa shadow and play snapdragon. By snatching at raisins, figs, plums, apricots, sorbs, and so on in a bowl of flaming brandy, you might find out that I am or was a pupil at Tiliar Boarding School in Tixpu, and that I got my first job as a nanny for a Mountain Fukari family in Iagip. Snatch again, and in that rancho’s vicinity occurs my harsh initiation into what I call *womaninity*. It is spring now, and acacia blossoms impart a fragrant wisp to that burnt aura of alcohol and lamb’s wool hanging about my prompt graduation from said locus of scholastic toil. And as you, kissing your thumbs and rubbing your wrists, go off to toss quoits at quintains, I’m off to Owlstain with a full scholarship to ISOCPHYS, an Institution for Sociophysiological Study. You soon grow balmy of that dull clang of quoits, though, and so you gallantly switch to blindman’s buff, aiming, by way of a sort of haptic imagining, to grab my confabulation’s throb and flow. It is, as you know, hiding in plain sight, and I taunt your vain

¹ *Ms. Strickland.* — A synopsis of this author’s charmingly ambitious opus, including but not bound by such illuminating works of faith as *Vast Divagations of Divinity*, *A Compass in a Frog Pond*, *Marjoram and Galangal*, *A Quintal of Ruth*, *A Fifi of Quiddity*, and so on, forms part of my 249th ludict.

² *Lipogrammatical.* — Authors’ cognomina of our divastigations’ prolusory mottos (post-ditto too!) not so subtly hint at which glyph in particular is strictly taboo for us.

³ *Darkbloom’s Quilty*, *Goldbarg’s Quain.* — V. Darkbloom, *Diary of a fornicator* (Shatsbrook: Appalachian Spiritual Institution, 1948); O. X. Goldbarg, *O jardim quai viottoli si biforecam* (Tixpu: Tiliar & Co., 1941).

stabs with pricks of my own — a grim habit's thrall, a naughty proctor's sly gift — so that, for all your pastoral groping about in sandbox and courtyard, on harrow-lawn and maidan, what you finally touch upon is simply an inkling that not all I do in Owlstain is happily studious. But don't succumb to frustration too soon, though, or, throwing off your virtuous blindfold, you'll catch sight of my stunning body skipping stunts for aficionados in various agoras, glorious or dingy, in Owlstain's most insidiously *artificial* lupanar, Glamporium. You could smirk, and mask your blush by trying your hand at golf, polo, curling, or draughts, but that will only show that I was or am also posing occasionally for tourists to snap my pic, or artists to limn my portrait in fusain or oil. In studio or stall, outdoors or in, I script, in addition, my daily block of words, striving, not to gainsay a formal sort of scribbling, but actually to construct a parasitic symphony of vast proportions out of it — 23 parts (known, as I'll risk saying again, as *ludicts*) ramifying throughout 13 partitions (our long-sought-for *divastigations*, in point of fact). Now, following Quain again, I'm not loath to your concocting an appoggiatura of your own improvising upon my primary motif, Author, and I wouldn't scoff at playing tug-of-war or ping-pong with you, if that would in any way grant a concord to our conundrum. Nor would I mind if, in honor of Darkbloom, you'd haunt a barstool or clubchair in Glamporium's bistro so I could cock my auricular organs authorward to catch your slangy liar's crapulous pabulum as I grub about doing my gruntwork qua barrista or Kafkaist barmaid with broom or sundry sordid organs (his, yours, ours) in hand. But what, apropos of said symphonic conundrum involving divastigations and ludicts, am I talking about? Should I say it again, Author? Watch out for falling fruit⁴ if you try sodding off against a holm oak's trunk, for a calabash of acorns is as cumbrous as a hod of bricks. Or as that bard from Avignon said,

*Gloriosa columna in cui s'appoggia
l'idolo tuo scolpito in vivo lauro:
sí ch'a mirarlo indarno t'affatico.*⁵

It's right about now that my story's combinatoric patchwork of illusion and allusion bids you chalk out a court of hopscotch and hop from grid to grid, skipping past my cryptic study of, say, grammaticalization of Mountain Fukari ritual taboos, or cyclic symbiosis involving snails (*Nimloidu* spp.), ants, antlions,

⁴ *Falling fruit.* — Calling oak-fruits “nuts,” my doubting Author, is not simply wrong, but totally lacking in what Gallo-Frankish philosophy calls *foi*.

⁵ *T'affatico.* — Glorious column supporting/your idol from living baywood cut:/simply by looking at it would you vainly swoon.

portal scorpions (*Girtablullu* spp.), mustard plants (*Brassica* spp.), fungi (*Puccinia monoica*, in particular), humans, and stormy auks (both *Moanzy burrasca* and *M. ninsrata*) — various parts, in short, of my opus, *Towards a schizom mythology of ritual*, which I plan to submit for publication in ISOCPHYS's *Journal of Sociophysiology*. Toss a mango-pit puck into our plum-pudding park; jump across a plurality of assumptions to land in a blank substratum of logic from which civil war, it is said, erupts. And catkins and acorns and rustic hooch nourish us in that chaos amid, amongst, or within which I squat with you in ruins and shacks, lift both pairs of our arms in horror or ardor, wrath or rapacity, and with my skirt now up to my chin and your plus fours down to your shins — what follows, Author, is not too difficult to fathom. And though officious fools may shadow-bark from my story's margins, shouting out that I did a stint in an Intrussyan prison, or that I was a *catin du jour*⁶ in Paris, my gratuitous display of carnal charms is nothing if not a form of pliant armor I fall back on in just such situations of vigorous constraint as this. Back to digging and frolicking in our orchard. Tugging on this or that part of my story's languid foundations will draw out a multicursal flight from coast to mountain to bring us by a commodius vicus of iniquity back to paddling a boojum's axil or Brazil nut's husk back and forth across this circumscription's taut plait of cotton so as to plot a finish to this drooping prolusion's awkward comparison conflating story, orchard, form, and playground. If that's not almost too pan-grammatical for you, Author, I don't know what is! Having cast off my flat analogy's sagging garb, I'm back in Owlstain now, fronting in various of that city's myriad social clubs my own glamorous group of scantily-clad virtuosi, Ishtar's Hand. (I dub our wailing, droning stuff, 'Ritually Incantational Taboo Music,' or RITM, for short.) I grow to maintain a stability of sorts — only occasional stints at Glamporium, usually as coda to a gig — and sally forth to patch and furbish my own staid suburban manor, a two-floor cowstall of crumbling rusticity with courtyard and spiral stairs bought for a song at auction. But, finally, it's all just a vagrant pursuit of my fictional philosophy's stray indagation, a graphomantic concoction infusing savory philological virtuals in a rambling salmagundi involving prodigious amounts⁷ of various intoxicants such

⁶ *Catin du jour*. — Soit. Mais jamais goton du bois à Lyon, Dijon, Albi, ou Avignon; mais pas du tout tapin du trottoir à Toulon, Tours, Laval, ou Draguignan; mais surtout pas putain d'abat à Montauban, Strasbourg, Calais, ou Pau.

⁷ *Prodigious amounts*. — I must indignantly point out that my all too undrunk Author is not just putting words in my mouth, but is dismissing my consciously opportunistic *Divastigations* as simply an addict's habitually incognizant divagations. My dabbling in psychotropics or intoxicants is hardly prodigious; is, in fact, far from copious or uncommon and functions simply as a facilitator of social transactions and spiritual transformation, and as such, has no injurious impact, in aim or form, on my work or my writing.

DIVASTIGATIONS

as cognac, port, rum, *Datura stramonium* (an hallucination-inducing annual), ayahuasca (also known as ‘shaman’s hash’), opium, tobacco, cannabis, vodka, *Mandragora officinarum* (a rut-inducing root), and *Amanita muscaria* (a vision-inducing mushroom). My story’s, in short, as old as any prim young slut’s is, particularly *una con un cuor’ d’oro com’ il mio*. I’m found — bloody, gravid, and stiff — at my *colimaçon*’s foot. Was it foul play, that mortal fall? Or suicidal tumbling? Or did I simply tipsily trip? Author, it’s your call.”⁸



⁸ *Your call*. — You may find two apocryphal accounts of my fall in Agua Puta’s *Pista* of 25 January 2010, and in Owlstain’s *SCAT* of 27 January ditto, scantlings of both of which my scrupulously punctilious Author has found fit to attach as a sort of post scriptum to this opus.

First Divastigation



Of fornicationists but, (O my shining stars and body!)

— J. Joyce

§ 1. *Virtual philosophy of miraculous origins.* — And should I mourn that child I was? I'm constantly losing my virginity. Autumn's crimson sin.

§ 2. *Instinct is a familiar form of turmoil.* — And should I chart a fiction of my days? I could start by burning all my books. Finish by writing it all down again. Tomorrow's Kafka's birthday.

§ 3. *A strict truth's simplicity.* — And should I scorn my womb's compulsion? Passion will not wait. Ass thrust backwards into crumbling sky. Through what black and sad labyrinths I could crawl. A shout of joy my only sound, my body arching into gold.

§ 4. *Paradoxical contradictions of a cunning linguist's wanton bottom.* — And should I look up "languish" in my dictionary? As if I truly want to. I look up. This infatuation lacks vitality. Soul strips down to a pair of lurid, gray tights. Any paw could glom it. Languor slips and falls. Too abstract for a hasty slimming down. Going thus through history my body. Coming fighting into its own hot chorus. And spirit, my only companion, my flag of victory waving.

§ 5. *On knowing what is good.* — And should I banish body from this spiral dawn? In a solitary room a cat is dying. Spirit's lust for downy thorns. A paradox for fools.

§ 6. *Occasional body of a primordial soul.* — And should I risk my soul's affliction? I drank that pain in midnight bolts. Watching always a woman's infinity. Awaiting this tiny sin's conclusion. A smooth pink scar limns its trail of want. Gray clouds blossom into rain.

§ 7. *A philosophy posing as a man.* — And should I kid you about it? I kid you not. Tonight as always I sang my bourbon down, gulping bright draughts without daring to spit or frown. A dark thin hair stands bristling within my swallow's crotch. Kick again this groin of truth. An artist posing as a woman. A woman posing as a dog. A barstool built for two.

§ 8. *Instinct laughs at morality.* — And should I abandon this particular path I'm now afraid of taking? Choosing again won't hurt, will it? Today is Kafka's birthday.

§ 9. *A profound insight.* — And should I quarry that man's anomalous foamy down? Hiccup barstool across sawdust floor. Pluck from that tight crack a yawning grain of sand. This quarry you pay for first and last. Vulva anus throat. Hands on thighs. I watch him drool my lipstick tits. Out back's a shack. Ishtar's child, I start at fifty.

§ 10. *Awaiting this wild god's animal.* — And should I portray this woman that I am as a sort of continuous humiliation? A tautology of want. Autophagic starts to a romantic fiction in parts. I could burn my books. Finish. But a glorious story strays far from my body's barbaric truth. To approach that world again with budding arms. Limpid autumn light. Fabulous accommodations of cloud-clad sky. A swallow arrows down through spiral pools of crimson air. Sound familiar? In a solitary room a cat is dying. That bitch, I said. I saw him nursing on a dog. And so I call him Garbo, my wild god's womb. Kick his ribs and out falls fur. Vomit all his stomach up. I was told that living is a gift. Wrong. It's poison. This truth I will accomplish.

§ 11. *Imaginary points of imaginary things.* — And should I nourish that child's hand on cast-off crumbs of a fool's production? Suck cloudy blossoms from a turgid straw, pull root hard soft with a cringing fist. Rigid flash, quick hot spurt, slow oozing limpid finish. Spit out into a bathroom cup. Say: Will it hurt? Horizon's lip swallows a bloody pill of sun. Black night is falling. Burns again into day. That gray ash coal I thought was cold was hot. Bump back skull against rough wood wall. Say: Did it hurt? Paint scuff coat chip. Pink puss oozing from a scab. And you say you want to watch? Mirrors all around. Touch it. Lick it. Kiss it. Suck it. Say: That kind of pain has taught us what is human. Say: I was crying. Say: Out back's a shack. Say: Autumn's crimson sin. No. Don't say it. It's nothing but your imagination. It still hurts.

§ 12. *If a sculptor's logic could lift this world off its...* — And should I up and down and up and down? Rock full moon hips back and forth atop a rock hard simulacrum. It clings so firmly to my form. Hang on tight to that pornographic goon. Blow fantastic cunnilingual wordjob in an upskirt occupation. Two four fuck train six and six four fuck train two. A painting by Maryam Ravigiallo. I saw it at Glamporium. In a solitary room a cat is dying. To think that such suppository duty could fill in for a man. Straight appropriation of a salty sapphic ritual. And that this woman's world could still obtain in such conditions. I am fully cognizant of any opposition to my stand. Happily I craft my story anyway. A muscular sculptor's modal point. A nodal flow of thick and

drippy paint. And a slowly rising animal insight dawns on you. Truth has a funny way of always outing. This small furry animal still knows a thing or two.

§ 13. *Discordant concord of things.* — And should I dignify this craving with a blush? Inmost intimation of a final calling to accounts. I find it faintly amusing. I stand. I walk. This is my kind of faith. I stand. I sit. I squat. Lay my body down atop this dirty floor. Full moon hips flat against rough wood slats. Angrily it looks at you. I stand. I walk. I run. Angling down from a hook a slack-hung mirror casts a shadow's thrall. I turn around. Rapturous abortion of a pious fraud.

§ 14. *A kind of fool.* — And should I occupy my thoughts with a magnanimous association common to almost any and all ordinary sort of folk? A madman's blink-drunk wisdom signifying what. At that point a privation of arbitrary induction succumbs to my laugh. It won't own up to what is puzzling. How many sad and sacrificial hours must follow this half or fourth or sixth of passion? By that singular standard it's all annoyingly stupid. But such attraction plays tyrant to my lyrical strain. As I was saying to him. A laying on of hands.

§ 15. *Marital bliss.* — And should I vilify this obligatory display of public pomp? Unconditional mouthing off in front of a proud old family's only son. Mortal clinging to him most natural. Grand strong duty. Words, sounds. I humbly submit this passion. Await your approval, await his. A goodly vain conclusion. Social pathos of infatuation. Arms hands back stomach thighs lips ass. His, yours. My story's moral's consummation.

§ 16. *Towards a schizomythology of ritual (I). Sound conclusions drawn from faulty suppositions.* — In a community in which popular morality (strong right arm of public opinion) is constantly at work — awarding worth to skillful faith, punishing sin with thorny guilt — any activity diminishing of social productivity confronts authority with an arrogant wall of slickly slimy talus-born rock which commands us to attack and crush it. Don't you think so, too? Markson, citing Spinoza, claims that Kafka's ghost is simply a monstrous apocryphal apparition of, avant l'obscur, Strickland's laborious (and not to say boring) philosophy in which what is human all too human lays a groundwork, faux moral brick by faux moral brick, of paltry paradoxical maxims (such as: And in conclusion, I would insist on what calculating Kant, in his constipation, says: And should I languish in my soul's infatuations?) vis à vis a socio-physiology of psychocultural origins of historically valid customs that has no basis in any known biophysical facts at all. Strickland, for his part, citing

Markson, holds that Spinoza was a dirt poor analyst of just about anything you may lay claim to his propounding upon and that in toto his shabby work is but an untrustworthy trap for such morons as Markson to fall blindly stumbling tumbling foot and mouth and ass and all into. And as for Kafka — if by now this limp and pallid topic still has any blood to drain or drink or pump — that illusional fool was nothing but a dismal spirit. His dull world was just a shadow of what this bright (and totally in-focus) world truly is: a fantastic night blooming cactus blossom — sticky, pink, and moist — from which sips a gloriously fat and lugubrious, gray-brown splotchy hairy moth. In dawn-drooling sky a sparkling star tops horizon's bristly tuft of distant mountains and flat-top bluffs.

Working Allusions

Kafka, F. *Lawful Trials*. Minxburgh: Schockhaus, 1947.

Kant, I. *Physical Foundations of Morality*. Mitau, 1785.

Markson, H. D. *This Is Not a Book*. Fort Washingtonia: Ballpoint, 2001.

Spinoza, B. *Tractatus Polistico-Philosophicus*. Paris: Diasporama, 1656.

Strickland, H. A. Formal laws for naming and classifying plants and birds. London: *Trans. Roy. Zool. Soc.*, 1840.

Strickland, Ms. Parasitic communication in panmictic populations. Owlstain: *Journal of Sociophysiology* 4(11), 1995.

§ 17. *An inquiring mind wants to know.* — And should I flinch as if I had no control? Probably as a kind of play of light against rapidly strong ringing. Unwilling lips part. A vapid act of mock appraisal. It fashions a pictorial form from my confusion. To put it bluntly, I will fuck this guy. Small talk first. In my opinion an unfamiliar floor is arousal's portal. In my opinion arousal is rationality's hall. In my opinion rationality is full of imagination's colors. In my opinion imagination is an unfamiliar floor. I coil my hot dark limbs around him.

§ 18. *All that's physical attains to history.* — And should I walk to him in high significant fashion? Twofold truth of young hips swaying. Mistrust this saffron skirt. I'll find things out about you that you didn't want known. Within black iris a pupil's contraction.

§ 19. *A world which is not ours.* — And should I jump across a plurality of assumptions?¹ Land in a blank substratum of logic. In sum, this word contains

¹ *Plurality of assumptions.* — “And in and out and round about this outlandish waltz (or tango) of vicarious gods, a myriad swarm of rabid rabbis and syphilitic sybils and mulish mullahs and puritanical purohitas and arch archakas in addition to your common comminators turns and pivots, grows turgid and throbs, I say, truly throbs! donning dainty frilly mantillas and flimsy gauzy gowns most unusual, most odd, and typically torrid turbans, and clownishly triadic crowns, and criminally

no consonants. And in conclusion, I would insist on what calculating Kant, in his constipation, says: I don't know. Rigorous foundations of porous laws.

§ 20. *To play hangman in this fantastic jail I call my world.* — And should I gallop along this narrow path that winds its way from tundra down to plain? Scrub oak and poplar. Cardinal hopping from branch to branch. Raucous squawk of crow and jay. I stop atop a cliff in mountain woods. Hot tin roofs of faraway Tixpu's infamous shacks burn bright along a burbling brook's rocky banks. Almost no visitors during daylight hours. Night brings on a sort of noxious activity in which, paradoxically, puritanism plays a major part. Ishtar's child, I am a woman of good will. Ishtar's child, I am a woman of application. I hold it in my mouth and swallow. Cold iron bit. Mind-mad roots of many a human ritual.

§ 21. *As I hid among clouds and storms.* — And should I transfix this imaginary pain with a natural soporific such as St. John's wort or castor oil? Plant clay pot within cast-iron sky. Nothing can grow but brown grass. Capricious black sun wilts dull corn. First-born stillbirth. What any good matriarch would do. Assiduously.

§ 22. *A boldly original imitation.* — And should I hold his hand? And how tightly am I bound by inclination or tradition to do so? But as I attach this art to no particular local custom, only a broad cultural comparison can say that this way's wrong and that way's right. I won't marry him anyway. And I'm not giving him back his ring. Morality allows for such an acquisition as this.

§ 23. *How disappointing this practical world is.* — And should I? By now you know what I'm up to. Pink blossoms of confirmation. Slant account of my first mortal sin. By twos and fours a spiral string of cloudy drops of sticky sap stings my thighs. Profoundly drunk on a natural philosophy of hands and lips and his oh so happy unhappy words, I lift my skirt up to my chin. Guttural whiff of baby shit.

crimson hats, and harlotishly flirtatious fag-hoods! [NB: Punning slang for 'condom.'] No mad wanton *Glo Barsç* can rival this crazy jumping and tumbling strutting march! You oh so bonnily pour — and so artful, continuous and non-stop! — through all my Happy Trickland's sonnaical roads, striking singular symbolic positions — you, with a virginal mirkin [NB: Archaic sp.]; you, fantastically shorn of all body hair; you, *bossu sous ton maillot clair* — roaring unfamiliar chants, mumbling dark sayings — but always so so so so so so so sad. You tuck up your skirts, you unhappy though valiant old man, you, and with a tip and a tap and a tup, jump across a plurality of assumptions." (Hugo Vals, *Turning Happy Tricks in Drag*. London and Toronto: William Clissold Ltd., 1945: pp. 10–11.)

Fourth Divastigation Minus Two



*And burning, and scratching, and harrowing, and ploughing,
and subsoiling, in and in, and out and out.*

— H. D. Thoreau

§ 24. *In which, for lack of a V, I craft ab ovo a small, naughty word.* — And should I inhabit a world in which dull, crowish stoolmarms laugh off an original act of logothymia as a tight broad's churlish slip? Last night at Glamporium. Pursuant to a pious philosophy of nutrition, I think not. Illify my status. Owlstain's most infamous strip joint. Sacrificial cat fight on Monday, Thursday, Mardi, Friday, Sábado, Lundi, Dimars, Mittwoch, Onsdag, Monday, Bhānu, Indu, Mardi, Bhauma, Saumya, Guru, Bhrgu, Subota, Sthira, Saturday, Thursday, Sontag, Saturday, Vivtorok, and so on. An industrious rapman croons. Look it up in my dictionary: to illify is to cast about publicly with buttocks of pompous noisy agitation without managing to bring anything of import into light. Pink blossoms of confirmation. This is a condition of my job. If that woman turns to God, I, colorful hipsway hybrid of Hamiltonia through Tixpu, turn to prostitution. Ishtar's child. All of us. Autophagic starts to a romantic fiction in parts. Cyclopic buildings, sacrificial history. Insidious proof of a typical grinning john's grim satisfaction.

§ 25. *What is abiding and most original.* — And should I mortify instinct with a ludicrous ticking off of stops and half-starts; hits, flubs, and non-wins? This fantasy counts for far too much — how much I still cannot say. And if it didn't? I'm constantly losing my virginity. Strong right arm's tyrannical rhythm. String this bow. Notch this arrow. Finish it off by hand. A rising function of dawn's familiar light taking wing. Black cap crimson chirp. Cardinal hopping from branch to branch.

§ 26. *Morality making stupid custom.* — And should I harbor any illusions vis à vis this rundown topic, I won't marry him anyway. A glass of rum. Indiscussability of a bridal sanctification. Probably as a kind of play of light against rapidly strong ringing. Sacroiliac.

§ 27. *Tools of all kinds.* — And should I comply with this low-born law? High born I might claim I was if I could stand moaning, limping pity to approach, wringing its pavid hands. Puss-pink drool oozing down from a politician's quaking, collusional chin. Origin of what most I want to say. I could spit on it. Worthy of all that mannish clamoring for it? But almost any woman would do as I did. Total wasting away of bodily functions. In similar conditions. I won't talk about it, though. This constraint. Urinary tract, birth canal, colon, womb, tauroral horns of Fallopius. Finish by writing it all down again. So

strongly and for so long. Almost continuous stimulation. A woman posing as a dog.

§ 28. *A puritan approximation.* — And should I think it through or jump right in? Cloud formation. Day night dawn morning day. Black scorpion in shadow on black rock still warm from sunlight. Onanistic pilgrim, I lay my body down atop soft damp moss. Lacking this woman's ivory arm and that woman's taut scapula. Blatant act of banal plagiarism. Paradisal radius. Cloud formation. Plant clay pot within cast-iron sky. I should scorn my womb's compulsion. Immortal wound of passion I was born with. Skull and tibia of a dying god. Spiral orgy. Paradisal radius. Sting of scorpion. Circular ruins.

§ 29. *Obligatory stoicism.* — And should I signify my condition as any good martyr would? Sacrificial imprint of hands. Burnt clay burnt straw burnt wood burnt skulls. Raising a scornful brow against that blind horizon's cross. Gray hawk spirals along a smoky updraft of saintly victims' confusion. Arrows down through pilgrim's frustration. Sound familiar? And shit this stupid boring world is. Passion will not wait. Blood spit thorns spurs whip. I walk along this trail that abuts a cliff. Distant city. Brown flinty sand. Obsidian chips.

§ 30. *On account of malnutrition.* — And should I garrison my troop of haggard words in back of a bathroom stall? This scribbling civilization's root-raw start. Thumbs up for stupidity. As if you didn't know by now. Graphomaniac claw scrawls brilliant graffiti. A laggard glyph sprawls in sun-drunk languor against bright brickwork stung with blood. Wry punch of bitchy wisdom. Put all your trust in a stylish prosy fantasist. Numb mouthful of humming wasp. I must say that I am a bit proud of it. Not too much, though. I sing a body built for prostitution. Turn poor trick into rich man; sulking nymph into virtuous woman. It's not so hard. Low-cut nail polish thigh and ass with lipstick strap-on dildo blowjob throat and jaw. G-string buzz-cut plum satin bra with crimson bangs and saffron cunt anus skirt. Ishtar's child, I am a woman of good will. Labia rings. In truth I find it difficult. What you call making a living. But what art isn't? To ink my story's margins. I'm not so strong. Slant account. My first, my last. My not first, my not last. First my last, not my first. Not my first, not my last. My first last, my last first. But can I say that? Virtuosity laughs at any lazy fuck that flags in back. Avian tattoos top off an avid sacrum. Mortal sin. Bring down hard that blackjack atop this skull. Crack. My fault as usual. Crack. Man is born for gambling politics and war. Woman to suck his cock. Blatant plagiarism again. Poking solid gold nib into a thin wall's crack. Puking runny black curds of a chalk-thick liquid tart with pills and charcoal. Too much work I did put into

it. And a bit too long. This monstrous dwarf of hand. Hot moist hairy tight and slimy. Call it a call girl's calling. In wrist is rhythm. Call it pornography. In fumbling fist is thirsty thumb. Call it prick. Not so fast, bitch! Call it stomach pump. Clutch and pull and drool and twitch.

§ 31. *Playacting in public.* — And should I look at him fondly? Good form flaunts involuntarily. At a pinch of thumb and ring and nail, vain approval labors. I know that now. Going thus through history my body. Puts paid to that kiss-coupling phantom. Famous odor of antiquity. As I was saying to him. Lick that smoky salarval dung from his mouth. A right stiff crotch with lunch. Oh, fill it up, baby! Good and fat and full. Any good world is always round.

§ 32. *Apparitional analysis of monstrous actions.* — And should I jab my foot thick into it? Blunt my account with a laborious shadow of wooly psychology. Witold Gombrowicz's birthday is tomorrow. Paltry philosophy mouths and licks and sucks on a raw fist of dismal moral mufflings. And in conclusion I would insist on Kant's constipation. Always this infatuation with mythic anguish. First last stand of an all too human soul laying traps for tumbling spirits. Janusfruit proposition. Plump it falls into my rich Argus lap.

§ 33. *Tasting of it strictly.* — And should I blush at doing an act almost any normal woman would find totally compromising? Not for a thousand nights of it. From thigh to crotch imprint this wild script's proposition: carry a whip. A paradox for fools. And with imagination scratching away in a most discomfiting part of truth... I should risk my soul's affliction. A typically bland flavor, but not lacking in a sort of *individual* quality. *Human*, you might say.

§ 34. *Laid out in rows of a normal mind's failings.* — And should I wish this horror into hiding? I'll find things out that you didn't want known. Ivory arms, coral lips. Which formation may transmit a normal amount of pain or joy or longing. As tiny as a fish brain. As multifarious as it is ubiquitous. As full of convolutions as this winding mountain trail. Today is Gombrowicz's birthday. Off an imaginary coast a throbbing pink organ drowns in shoals of sobbing.

§ 35. *Handy histrionics dividing what is from what is not.* — And should I ravish my spiritual inclinations with a wry crotch's strap-on mask of sturdy animality? That's a hairy mouthful for you. A common young thug's raw fist. Imaginary soporifics — Saint Arjuna's zinc infusions, J. J. Astor's Canadian castor coils (flat furry tails, actually) — for a natural pain. On palm and wrist I

sit scribbling words to fill in humanity's glaring blanks. Scholia fit for any savior's quiz of sin. Tattoo it to my skull. I drank that pain in midnight bolts.

§ 36. *Of short and sunlit things.* — And should I focus my vision on a sight that has high utility in various and sundry domains of inquiry? A topic fit for a convulsing king. Draw no conclusions from anything I say. Nocturnal vigils. Stars. Small talk first. Towards a point of diminishing origins. Inhabit that grid of finality. A thin shaft of light. Contrary to astronomy's rigorous suppositions, I was crying.

§ 37. *A cast of solitary mirrors.* — And should I knot this worry into my oily guts? A tight black dramaturgical bun. A windy cry for Maria, marry, blood bloody Mary,¹ or Minakshi. Iambic twist of hypochondria worn with a trochaic bunch of dahlias. Tonight as always I sang my bourbon down. Glamporium. With a pink bow to cinch a crowish clutch of hair. I should mourn that child I was. Without any sort of implications. No spitting, no frowning. Logically implicit. Sympathy is to slowly suck it down.

§ 38. *Towards a schizomythology of ritual (II). An ichnology of antipathy, with bibliography and citations.* — Supposing truth is a woman, this tautology (and not — contra any falsifying conclusions your conditional curl of lip, your lapidary laugh or lift of brow, your dorsodominant shrug — dramatically dolorous — of collar may claim as full philoscoffical act of logical contradiction — and not, I say, a whining, nagging ghost — half liminal inclination, half limbic inhibition — of womanly intuition) posits morality as, at bottom, a shy child's way of hiding from particularly unhappy facts of adult sociophysiological morphology (I forbid no curious scholar from scanning what Strickland has said (and still has to say) on this topic, but simply wish to maintain for now an upright lack of obtruding citations (which will follow with a bibliography)) and such dim or glum or glaucous notions as may accompany this willful shutting off of sight, of sound, of touch, and that, in addition, this automatic act of obnubilatory autocontradiction (substituting or adding *-str-* for *-trad-* or *-ø-* (null sign as in symbolic logic, not *o* with a slash through it as in Finnish orthography) for *-di-* may aid in clarifying any confusions (I thank Dr. Avilano Bimkov for this insight)) impacts into maturational pathways conducting, from infancy to womaninity, that child I was into this truth I am. Nothing antinomian about any of this, so far, you might fairly quip, drawing supporting quotations from Bimkov, Patrolius, Spinoza, Spitmarkx, Strickland,

¹ *Bloody Mary.* — Or Aunt Smaragdina's tart viridian Margaritas.

Foucault, Darkbloom, Darwin, Raymond, Kidjaki, or Lamarck. But hold on (and hold in your yawns (as I hold you in my arms)) — for soon a twist will hook you in typical stylish fashion, and a popular form of snag will turn this murky summa's subplot into a sunny (sub)littoral story in which thanatos digs at (and into) vital bodily functions. All right now, Victor? You go, girl!

A Litany, with Invocation and Supplications

By O. W. Johnson

Invocation: Gray chalk cliff slips down to pool

Supplication: Gray chalk Cambrian in origin

I: Gray chalk cliff slips down to pool

S: Forming quarry's lips and mouth and throat

I: Gray chalk cliff slips down to pool

S: Full GI tract right down to black pool

I: Gray chalk cliff slips down to pool

S: Of stagnant aqua impura in

I: Gray chalk cliff slips down to pool

S: Quarry's acid stomach so thick

I: Gray chalk cliff slips down to pool

S: With tannins only fools and orphans

I: Gray chalk cliff slips down to pool

S: And sacrificial virgins would jump

I jump. I hit bottom. I drown. Hours pass. Black gas bloats my pallid stomach and I float. And days pass. And I rot. And my body shorn of soul and skin and limbs and organs inhabits myth. A story told in a foolish old song found in an idiot's study of it (that old foolish song) in a long-lost library book (alphadigital assignation invalid) in which a blind bookworm furiously crawls through a scrawny knot in an insignificant thing (a tun, a cask, a coffin) built of wood which rots in a tomb (on which a hungry fool is scrawling graffiti) containing this most holy sprinkling of cosmic dust I would call my body now (if larynx I had, and lungs) in this schizomythological limbo I inhabit on a soulful balcony (chock full of lost souls similar to this that scrawls and stops and sucks on chalk

in a simulacrum of thought and scrawls again), (comma fills lacuna, nipping a rampant shoot (possibly rambling) in its bud) a back row of a grand old stadium's bathroom stall (shadows and lights and stairs and rails and sinks and drains mix and match in a mingling sort of way in a shifting involutorial show cast on a tumbling, crumbling, windblown scrap of dirty gray rag torn from a scrawny savior's last liturgical loincloth) built by Strickland long ago (that man's anomalous foamy down) in a book I would fain publish at my own cost if his will and my ghostly vibration (shaking hands, fading vision, fuzzy logic, and all that) would allow it. I swallow. No. This is what dying is, I thought. I did not drown. I think. What's quick flowing blood. What's murky brown stagnancy. I ask. No. Fighting off faints and fits and shocks following (in all logical simplicity) from (in any world's logic) non-random post-cranial contusions (what hit bottom hurts, and what didn't hit hurts, too), I swim. I thrash and gasp and swallow lungsful of stagnation. What's quick and flowing. In a kind of stylish fashion, I float and chop arms front, kick scrap of foot back. In a word, I swim. A kind bush casts out a buoy of thorny lianas. It snags my wrists and palms and draws my body in. It drags my body onto a musty bank of roots and humus. No. Fighting off faints and fits and shocks, I thrash and gasp and lay my body down. Sunlight and hours and loss of blood. I crawl into a shadow of dry and crumbling rock. Paw prints of an unknown mammal in association with fur and scat. Flint chips and sharp shards of a big clay pot with zigzag incisions. Long ago and far away in a far off land a quaking virgin lay among fossils and ash laid down by diluvial inhabitants. Skull, tibia, scapula, ulna, rib, jaw and, finally, tooth: a gawky front molar shrugging off its long lost mouth. I claw clay and find its grimacing companions: back molars, incisors, fangs. Straight out of a horror film, or a sort of Outward Bound initiation stunt thrown a tragic loop. History staging a(n) (un)happy campground just as a ritual maw swallows a foolish child's fantasy. Into an infinity of falling I am born. Mom didn't catch. Nor did Plato discuss a falling birth's laws, nor did any Scholastic school's diploma grant this bony bloody outgrowth of womb and ova and tauroral horns of Fallopius (circular ruins) an instinct to plug its husk's cracks with frantic wads of fur and chalk and shit. I am caught. Into strong hands I am born, umbilicus trailing. To trim a trivial summa down to a common story's cut: a virgin, a birth, a foundling, a savior. Dark stains of human occupation. Stratigraphy. I am floating. I coil my hot dark wings around him. I cup in my palm his warm and furry, his sinking, sagging, shrinking and lifting balls. A falling star winks out against horizon's spasmodic thigh. Scrotum draws in tight as I stick a pinky up his ass and swallow. Now that's a blowjob! you sigh and say and fall pillowy back to scholarly toil. Anonymous foamy down. Bimkov, Strickland, Patrolius, Spitmarkx, Darkbloom, Spinoza, Kidjaki, Foucault,

Lamarck, Vighdan, Darwin, Udidi, Hamiltonian, Raymond. How many in all today? But who's counting? What follows is a bibliography with citations.

A Bibliography with Citations

BIMKOV A.

- 1984 *Pninalgia y plagiaritis*. Tixpu: Tiliar Publishing Co. — “An unsightly spark bursts into my brain. Flowing through all parts of my body was a ghostly frisson of non-intrinsicity. A particular modality of diffusion and dilation, a sort of cardiac arrhythmia, discomfoting and disgusting. For many months I had sought it in all my books, in all my compatriots' books. In vain. But now I had found it! And it stung my brain as a drug stings. I could not drink my fill of it! It was parasitizing all my moods, all my actions, I know, pullulating within all my works and words. A palpitating world of dislocation disrupting my scholarly tranquility, as if my body was mingling with that of a famous author: fading sunlight shining crimson on dusky bark, horrifyingly sad convulsions on a patch of auburn sand. In fits of manic insomnia that could last for days, I spun out my unwon words, winding my silkworm's ink into magical books shot through with forbiddingly brilliant colors. Happily, though, I was caught” (Informant MSS, p. 199, O. W. Johnson trans.).

BRUNO G.

- 1583 *Sigillus sigillorum*. London: John Charwood. — “It is thus not in our tradition to worship an alligator, or a cock, or an onion, or a turnip for its own quality as a thing, but to worship that thing's inhabiting god or divinity, which divinity is found in various things in so far as all things show signs of mortality at particular lights and locations, bit by bit and all at a falling swoop, that is to say, divinity according as it is proximal and familiar to a thing, not divinity as it is most high, airtight, and without affinity to a thing's production” (Dial. Ital. 3, O. W. Johnson trans.).

DARKBLOOM V.

- 1962 *On location in artificial moonlight*. Minxburgh: Random Library. — “Machinations at my window. A confrontation with calamity. In two swift, bow-stringing actions, I draw my curtain to and/or fro, sliding a tragically gaping crowd of criminals into my solitary mountain cabin. What do you want? Why do you laugh? A farcical prison play full of poultry, dogs, nuns, girls, boys, authors, critics, victims, assassins and sad, gray ghosts. I grab my razor and start my morning ritual. For alas, it is I who am solitary actor, and I who must, in this dusty mirror, watch” (p. 301).

DARWIN C.

- n.d. mss A study of foxy growth arising from mopsi mold (*Mopsi* spp.) invasion and worm trails in books in my library. — “*Growth as Atrophy and Impulsion* (1859), by Doctor Spitmarkx of Ruhr-Lülnrar, Bavaria, is a book, in my library, of which I am almost childishly fond, having gaily found it, in a local bookstall, not far from my daily thinking path at Down Manor. (In King's Cross or Marchmont, most usually, and with difficulty, do scholars habitually court, and obtain, this timorous author's works.) A book, in my shy opinion,

is only born, not as its author blots its concluding flourish; not as its manuscript is bound into goatskin bindings; but, as its acquisition by an inquiring mind, fills that mind with unfamiliar thought, and that thought grows into an original way of looking at man's affinity, in both body and action, in both mood and motivation, with animals. Having occasion, thus, to lift a supporting citation, for my own work, from that of Doctor Spitmarkx, my chagrin, at finding it full of worm-casts, and foxy with mopsi mold, and this, months past its day of birth, was a blow I could ill afford. I could not avoid succumbing to a fit of vomiting. In its turn, though, this particular handicap has sown a happy habit; for from it, was born this study" (Introduction, p. xi).

FLAWNDOL S., JOHNSON W. M. M, and McLAUGHLIN A. K.

- 1993 *Town city plain: A cultural history of Tagma and Intrussyan incursions into Fukariland*. Owlstain and Paris: Urdostoist Publishing Co. — "Mr McLaughlin is awaiting his turn. A far door is closing, and closing again, wafting an insidious calm into this long, poorly lit hallway in which Mr McLaughlin is awaiting his turn. A far door is closing, and closing again, and out that far door is a parking lot of a stadium in which Mr McLaughlin, worn out from watching his son play ball, is awaiting his turn. A far door is closing, and closing again, plunging this long, poorly lit hallway into a radiant torpor that trails away softly from that far door closing, and closing again: black tarmac soft in hot sunlight; aluminum lamp posts and tall humming pylons; blindingly glossy cars with thigh-scorching vinyl cockpits; cicadas lazily chanting a sibilant cantata in a trash-rich picnic ground. Mr McLaughlin is awaiting his turn" (Book I, p. 23).

FOUCAULT M.

- 1968 *Constrain and publish*. Paris: Gallimard. — "Appropriation of authorship functions importantly in social control in that constraints on publishing inflict cultural isolation through a branching or forking bipolar shift from positional posturing to author function, formulaic authorship to status valorization in which loss of anonymity short-circuits a thoroughgoing truth, group, body, or pathological proposition of writing. Discoursing critically constructs author function in ahistorical location, propagating authorial domination in a world publishing industry propagating such myths as 'profundity,' 'originality,' 'stylistic obligation,' and 'civilizing moral composition.' Psychology is historically ignorant of biological things; authorship is unlawful production unbound by copyright" (p. 34, O. W. Johnson trans.).

HAMILTONIAN T.

- 1999 How's it going, son? *Journal of Sociophysiology* 1(5). — "This autobiography's augustinian supposition: notation as a natural history of humans; in particular, totality of a dad's nurturing activity toward his son. I will thus chart not just my own days and nights, but my son's also. An Owlstain high school drinking party; bad music is playing too loud; bumping and grinding passing as dancing. I approach a young girl slunk down sadly in a ratty couch. Tight saffron skirt with too high thigh slits. Approach; chat; sip my gin and tonic. Hi, I'm Tony Hamiltonian, instructor at ISOCPHYS, mind

if I sit down, too? No? Good. You look uncommonly familiar. Do I know you from — no? Cigar annoy you? Glamporium? No? Possibly? Good. What I'm drinking? Gin and tonic — want a sip? Full soft dark crimson bow lips. Cigar? Just kidding. You would? Your band playing again soon? So you know my son, do you? And I should call you...? Ada. Ishtar's Hand."

KIDJAKI C.

ongoing *R I F T*. Owlstain and Paris: Urdostoist Publishing Co. — "Production and consumption of words as found in Babylonia or Assyria, in which a warrior-king's grapholithic imposition of an unworldly philosophy props up a sprawling urban civilization with a muddy subpopulation toiling away (at sword-point) at farming and irrigation, vary drastically from situations found in Attica or Ionia, in which fishing and navigation is substantial support for small, tight-knit, autonomous affiliations of quasinomadic, toxophilic bards composing worldly songs and tribal myths. Troy was an agricultural community torn down by barbarians—barbarians who could punch with words" (Introduction, p.ix).

LAMARCK J.-B.

1809 *Zoological philosophy*. Paris: Flammarion (1994). — "If physiology and morality spring from a common origin; if mind, thought, and imagination consist only as natural things, and, following from this, only, truly, as facts of organization; it is principally up to zoology, applying its logic to a thorough study of organic things, to find out what truly is mind, how is it spun out from a man's brain and thrust, abiding, into light; in a word, how bodily history is born again, and again, into it, wound into it, transforming it so that it sings" (Third Part, Introduction, O. W. Johnson trans.).

PATROLIUS

c. 1517 *Ionis Astra*. Kabul and On. — "Cunning as a poaching fox is that girl who drinks down straight *ktar*/And, citing Rumi, can chant a loping, swinging translation./Outdoing (with no pausing, no panting) six pan-piping bards/In this lupanar, oh holy star Io, virgin Ishtar!" (Fourth Canto, O. W. Johnson trans.).

POTOCKI J.

1813 *Manuscript found at Saragossa*. Warsaw: Sarprostium. — "And so thus did Papa Potocki, living only on thought, passing back and forth from watchful optimism to mindful rumination, and having shut tight his laboratory's blinds to succumb to his mind's continual condition of inward psychological striving, only in this way could Papa diminish such distant lachrymal strains of that childhood inundation by dolorous divastigation which had laid low his rationality" (Day 19, p. 223, O. W. Johnson trans.).

RAYMOND A.

1983 *Tiliar Boarding School: A sociophysiology of graduation*. Tixpu: Tiliar Publishing Co. — "In a parking lot across Tixpu Hill Road, a brown plastic trash bag lifts in a gust of wind, taking wing as if, thorn-proof stand-in for a crow, it actually could fly on a calm, sunny day. Rain slants down in big bursting drops to soak moms and dads racing from car to auditorium. Principal Bimkov is practicing his parsimonious bailiwick with, as usual, a

poignant, rambling introduction charting his own maturational path from Tiliar Boarding School graduation, what is it now? about 30 suns ago. Coach Turbo is taking off his hat, showing an ocular bull's calvity to Ismail I. Strickland, class clown, son of local luminary and illustrious columnist, Ms. Strickland, last, but not lost, in a graduating crowd of 44 girls and boys of all nations, all tribal origins, all anthrophonological vistas" (p. 52).

SPINOZA B.

- 1656 *Tractatus logistico-philosophicus*. Paris: Diasporama. — "From which it follows that, of animal moods said to lack rationality (for arguing that an animal cannot think is not at all a continuously valid assumption, now that it is known of that which mind's origin consists), such moods vary from a man's in such a way as an animal's natural foundation is not a man's. Stallion and man, it is truly said, both submit to a copulatory compulsion. But a stallion's compulsion is a stallionish lubricity; a man's, a mannish. So it also is with ant cravings and fish wants and bird satiation rituals; moods accordingly suit an animal's natural foundation" (On mood, proposition LVII, scholium, O. W. Johnson trans.).

SPITMARKX S. A.

- 1848 *Airy arrowscript portraits*. Ruhr-Lülnrar: Spitmarkx Buchfabrik. — "If I know a thought, I know also visibly its humanity, its coming into a soft patch of sand on a trail in thick woods. Such humanity is an accommodating lay in thought's promiscuous warp and woof. Tastily spacious, a found humanity, though sandy, cannot but submit to my will" (§ 2.3, O. W. Johnson trans.).

STRICKLAND Ms.

- 1996 Thoughts on various and sundry topics. *Journal of Sociophysiology* 4(9). — "Faulty forms of thinking about communication, arising from a paradigm which maintains that a passing back and forth of information is adaptational foundation to sociality, to group dynamics, forbid clarity on this topic. Communication is parasitism; information is a by-product of that parasitism; and parasitism occurs throughout all biostructural organizations, from individual virus to swarming wasps, from shark schools to human nations."

UDIDI (HAMILTONIAN) D.

- 1998 *Sais pas, su jamais, saurais jamais*. Owlstain: CACA. — "Giving birth without blood, without obscuring that world I am, amid a circumstantial nadir of shaky hot gravitational wind, without grabbing to doll hound, currying to a top lip fascination striving to kiss it, kiss it all and drink boiling fistulosity down a throat which burns in dry shadow" (§ 1.1, O. W. Johnson trans.).

VIGHDAN B.

1992. Globarš: A ritual Tagma physiological philosophy. *Journal of Sociophysiology* 1(3). — "A Tagma woman, placing this black, oval rock in a shallow pit dug by hand in a patch of chalky sand, squats atop it and starts to rock hips back and forth rhythmically, crooning a ritual song through panting lips. This song sings of a Tagma woman, born into a harsh world, who, looking vainly for satisfaction among various living things (authors, poultry, onions), finds it finally in a black, oval rock in a shallow pit dug by hand in a patch of chalky sand." Who's Victor?

§ 39. *A most natural and fruitful poison.* — And should I apportion this stubborn mistrust to a possibility born of scarcity? This particular path I'm afraid of taking. Vying to match a vicious trio of living v's. As if I could trust you. I'd ask your opinion. To insist on what calculating Kant says: vital virtuous virtuosity.

§ 40. *If on account of this utility.* — And should I visit his family? It's not my fault. To cast suspicion on joy. Words, sounds. Brow racks brain with causation's pain. It's not my fault. Is today Gombrowicz's birthday? Capricious punctuality mockly laughing. Along a gurgling brook's maudlin bank. Paralytic alms of artistic consolation. I walk to him in high significant fashion. Find my way back on a dark trail. Winding through willow, poplar, hickory, blackjack oak. Boasting of my discomfort, my knack for uncommon timing.

§ 41. *Catching sight of a final goal.* — And should I quarry from dolomitic chalk dimorphic fossil nautili? Show off my finds at Glamporium. Play abstract sport with such lithic induction. Toadskin spirals of clovitic flint. Balsitic blastoliths of basaltic friability. Hiccup barstool across sawdust floor. Imaginary words imaginary points imaginary things. To track wily quarry across a malicious god's brutal outback. Shorthand notation for a platonic husbanding of magma's knack for drawing blood. Tribalistic showdown. *Riswa bîr*. Crumbling quartz. Volcanic glass. Imaginary worlds. This particular path I'm afraid of. And pallid subtotal of all that was worth knowing. Or not. Abandon this taking, this stowing away of porphyric spirit.

§ 42. *And by supposing a solution.* — And should I omit this part of my story? Lyrical folk chant of haunting magnanimity limning harsh truth with a humanistic touch. To avoid stumbling against just any ordinary supposition. I occupy my thoughts. I chart my common fiction. I build my days with blocks of words.

§ 43. *Sympathy is morality.* — And should I pray for my own good? Fabulous accommodations of cloudclad sky. That this woman's world still obtains. A quality of imagination.

§ 44. *This fruit of fruits hangs fancy.* — And should I distinguish my lavish accusation, my unforgivingly individual form of complaint, from that rank and common art of wounding and torturing with words and looks? But a formulaic comparison comforts poorly. Swallows whistling in a dusk of cowbirds. I lay my body down amid damp straw. A slow doll's quadrumanous crawl of faith across

a limply unfolding compass patch. Did I not say that a witty assault distracts gloriously? Claw a clumsy thumbsnatch into my plump and sticky tail. Moonmad crushing into climax against a throaty musk of rabbit fur. My husband? I don't fancy it's only on account of him that I find this initiatory imitation of communal illusion so crassly unoriginal. Am I not author of my own bold autumn, my own limpid spring? Circumsolar politic of sapsuck and lightbloom old blind bards sang so windily of. Orbital axis of connubial colonization. Into my matricaudal wound a rainbow lizard sticks a dart of barnyard gold. Gaming for a palmrich clutch of rabid titgrip. I'm not giving him back his ring anyway. Today is Gombrowicz's birthday. A prickly pink rash blooms across my thighs.

§ 45. *Simply to avoid admitting.* — And should I nymph about in Owlstain's rancid suburbs, or stay put in dusty Tixpu? Trick's to avoid looking as if I'm turning tricks. Do it with flash how many girls how many crapulous johns. Kiss it. And again kiss it. Tin shack morality of backroad habits. Crack. Occurring in broaddaynightly attacks of cactusmoth law in addition to a thorough tarbrush point of, simply put, things. Got it? Crack. This pitch of loving sham. Got it, bitch? Mortal clinging. Hating him most natural. Kiss it thoroughly.

§ 46. *Of moods and luxury.* — And should I unify within a parturitional point pain joy war politics prostitutional stock trading and pornographic bonding as a sort of partisan journalism and hunting along with shopping buying practicing writing day by day imagining social conditions in which psychospiritual classifications would or would not drift into an accumulation of acorns, walnuts and spiraling fossils, implosion of an uncommon art's originary root of lawful singularity? And to think that such suppository duty fills in for a man. I should banish body from this dawn.

Third Divastigation



Charity out of vainglory is as old as pharisaism.

— N. Boyle

§ 47. *But so that mankind might...* — And should I uncross my thighs as any common slut would? A most difficult act to follow. Gloomy chap at bar gloms a look, turns to prop his lips against a timorous hookah, fortify his shaky lust with an icy moat, a cloudy sip of vodka tonic. Shod in a black and glossy, slingback calfskin pump, my right foot taps a rhythmic invitation. Fount of sin, I am; mount of joy sitting sinistral to him. Floating houri smiling a crimson nimbus. Braid of thorns, silky hydra's whip, soft and satin orchid's tail spiraling into gracious gimbal. Dark moon to light, and soft rain to sun, and sky to giving, giving soil. Touch a tingly stalk as imagination might nimbly do it: dark down, moist moss, pink pulp, and quaking, moaning, foaming bliss. But truth has a funny way of stumbling. Shy drunk fool spills his stool and shucks his ticklish tool and bolts out back to vomit all his shiny icons up. Lucky's that soul who's conscious of his body's cross, I say. This is my blood.

§ 48. *Passion will not wait.* — And should I ink my story's margins with a dramatic garland of turgid puns? By twos and fours oracular chalkmarks prompt my tripping strut. Stop now, turn, cock a shrug of vanity into an obsidian mirror, frown with coy disdain. Tragic flaw. Start now, walk, smiling, and with a limp flick of wrist, approach him softly on blossoms of divinity. Royal lack of bias. Diana's clawbloom coralroot. Durga's snapthorn marigolds. Crinolabial calypso tulips of Ningal. Any dim ploy or plaything to mask an inability to stroll coolly my fiction's boards. But who in my situation would not curl up, cringing? Spiral string of cloudy drops of sticky sap stings my thighs. Yank out tufts of my own fur. Lights dark. Curtain. Start again. Actor's duty commands this agony go on.

§ 49. *Holy simplicity.* — And should I notch a narrow path of v's into an imaginary rail? It supports, in a word, nothing. This arm chair rocks in front porch wind. Staking out at dirkpoint a rhythmic plot of visits to him. Guitars, cards, vodka, cigars and could you roll a joint, s'il vous plaît? Hickory's a virtuous wood.

§ 50. *About doing harm by day and night.* — And should I map this cunning switch from imago to ovum and back again by way of upright larva's gaudy stunt, glossy pupa's pulsation? Hoping for any combination that will do in a pinch. That mournful child I was. Squatting in soft warm soil. Poking twigs into conical pits snapping shut in a cloud of sand. On walnut bark in luscious morning sunlight Miss Luna's moist and curly wings fill straight with pumping blood and slowly dry. How I pull this spiral trick of talk: from maximal bag of

words fill minimal supply of rhythmic slots, giving optimal play of rhapsody as branch and bud and fruit. A spiny irritation chomps away at oak or birch; an ocular bulb of tail sucks sap from a bacchic coil. In amazing moonlight this buzzing affair of host and visitor protracts. All Dumuzi's plants; all Inana's animals. Barring random panmictic hazards; barring an unfamiliar body in which an unlucky visitor finds unusual housing. How avoid that cold iron bit of morality with which binomial adult plugs its infant's mouth? Through dragonfly, antlion obtains its siblings; so, too, stands Io moth to inchworm. Hiding, spinning, churning, waiting, changing, bursting forth into muscular flight by lydian day and attic night. Or frail airy fumbling skyward in phrygian dusk or ionian dawn. That, my good man, is Pandora's gift; this, my fair john, Old Sphinx's conundrum.

§ 51. *Pointing out a royal road to truth.* — And should I disturb this vacant world's husk? Fat-cat morality constrains a callgirl's running on at foot or mouth. So blissfully snoring on windowsill brick. Crackly slit-back cicada gown. I stitch, for your thrusting comfort, a gold ring into my black tophat's pink silk lining. Flaring gaunt arbor of lust. Plump fancy splits at drugpoint. Most vigorous philosophical shortcut to a showgirl's want. Succumbing to a bout of vanity, I crush it in my fist. And I'm not giving it back. Annular satisfaction. I slip away without him waking.

§ 52. *Far, far away from it.* — And should I husband my natural-born gifts from too lavish a consumption? Or slavish. Hand in woman's hand holding sacrificial sojourn. Thumb-tight trinitarian ghost of many colors. Mouth anus holy cunt. Just my opinion. My imagination provoking rigorous comparison to distant soils and angry pasts. Blood for food in this tin roof shack. Sanctuary.

§ 53. *Without flinching.* — And should I put my faith in a scaffold-strung story as told for barbarian consumption? Tracing that myth by moonlight. Cowardly martyr's glorious confusion. Slimy papyrus lizards snaking spirals in soft clay. A flaming scorpion-frog strays from its hollow of rock into sunlight. Darts back into shadow. My old bathtub tyrant wallows. Works wriggling warty stump into dry crack. Scaly wasp tail tonguing ruth from gall. I swallow. Dilatory blossom throats forth a cut-fig burp of cassia and myrrh. Straddling, I stand. Squat and rock my body into a, simply put, basic truth of thrusting hips and flaring full lips and a most unwilling mouthful of sudsy milky wordclots. No. Not by dying.

§ 54. *In which you can find almost anything.* — And should I couch this jargon in stylish coin? Writhing atop hot asphalt a bald drunkard spirits out his stomach's poor custom. This book could burn by startling all my stock words into flight. A starling sings in calico shadow. Posing as a woman that vain artist was. From its dull throat a limpid modulation of humid air. Rich chaotic burgundy of holy human ink mints a stillborn god's umbilicus. For our sun-struck admiration. Thorny twining runoff almost black.

§ 55. *Dusky thoughts intimating rain.* — And should I occasion this association of intimacy and utility by writing down all I would truly want to say if rationality was not in conflict, wholly or in part, with passion? Rooks taking to roost in bush; swallows in shallow hollows on ramparts of cliff. Rashly shrugging off its scarf of black cloud, sun uncoils from day. My lyrical strain playing tyrant again. Any harm in that? Loss of clarity paid back with moral scowls. Wisdom promoting attraction to absolution. Spinoza said it first. I should chart a fiction of my days.

§ 56. *His own actions.* — And should I typify a common virgin's capricious act of willful stumbling, I'll try not to annoy his lordship with any wrong turnings or sighful mufflings. But mayhap his lordy wanty fucky sucky shy fumbly assy awkwardly unzippily scuffly I? I'll try not to annoy his lordship. I'll try not to. And should I thrust my sopping mopping smooth lick liquid quim skyward, I'll try not to disgust his lordship with any untoward crumbs or odious sloppy lippy murmuring odors. But mayhap his lordy wanty fucky sucky sticky dirty baby rancy burpy farty blacky cracky vomit corny crusty fuzzy four day shimmy no bath I? I'll try not to annoy his lordship. I'll try not to. And should I mask my disdain my total lack of compassion my outright throat gagging antipathy with a pouty moan of wilting satisfaction, I'll try not to trip his lordship's royal fantasy with any obvious traps of smirk or snarl. But mayhap his lordy wanty fucky sucky fangy bitchy scratchy gashy whipping hurty I? I'll try not to annoy his lordship. I'll try not to.

§ 57. *At so thigh a poorcarcass of joyproust.* — And should I quarry from bibuliquid convolcantusions of flintibalsitic orgraniglasscript a circum-postglacial rock-rut, a crucifictional starword? Midmoontight yawnawacracking sadsorrowmyrrh-myrrhful mumtazification of faithsmirching sandoubts of mucuswingstinging raincorngrain. Choosing gin always hurts a a again. Scottoothch and bourbonail.

§ 58. *If only I'd known how to.* — And should I submit to a mythology of mystical blood? Spring again. And still I'm waiting. A child's pinch of monsoon cloud. Provincial salvationism. Passion as notional subjugation. Spiraling in an updraft an ashy tuft of down winks a black iris. This world again in ruins though saffron light stains floor and wall. In through my window darts a paintbrush coil of ivy. A sort of symbol of fullmoon frivolity. Slavish analysis of an implacably original find: history is a buggish program run by thugs: prosaicism is global. Flat against rough wood slats. Fluid sacrality. My darling hips dancing. Sacrificial lamb.

§ 59. *It will, will it?* — And should I vamp a proof by color? Child bright chord of tawny saffron trims today my crimson skirt. This virtuous tuft is blushing. Truly, no slim thigh and no soft fawn's hug is worth putting much trust in.

§ 60. *Of tobacco and alcohol.* — And should I guard against asking if any Roman woman was a warrior? A national study has shown that inhalation of intoxicating vapors is a monstrous invasion of morality. Imbibing dionysian fluids is similarly an affliction. Marginal account of my first mortal sin. From atop that cliff looking down an uncanny incarnation of a popular song. Caught kissing in a barn that infamous god's burning mouth. In mountain woods I stop. No law against asking him for a light. South falls north in a stain of lilac ink. I must try to control my drinking.

§ 61. *With obliging words.* — And should I abolish typological formality from my court of unruly passions? Forbid a flirt with pain and joy. Circling back on its own trail a substratum of logic on its own tail circling. Will it hurt? Classification of anything must follow an obvious form. Limpid auricular rings to match a golf grass top. Folds of diaphanous calfskin bound with brass tacks and black goat. Mahogany and burgundy. Louis XIV armchair, sprung spring sofa, morocco ottoman, rolltop scriptorium. I furnish my writing with nothing so shallow as common instruction. Nail biting quill clipping. Lack of clarity. Bad punctuation. Awkward. Typographical insults. A tragiplayful staging of my inability to mark with my will this blank world. *Vid. ludict.*

§ 62. *Proof by pathology.* — And should I look to my body's purity? Botfly laid an oval point. Forty days of stalking that slug along its path of transformation. Can't laugh away that cold as a god would truth. Or dictator try history. Initiatory succumbing to a social contagion. Girl to woman moulting

larva from bloody stigmata crawling. Hand or foot or ass or thigh. Wound slowly about a twig of myth, faith is a parasitic worm.

§ 63. *Towards a schizomythology of ritual* (III). *A habituation as old as mankind*. — Though all my divastigatory ramifications hint at an opinion that not just I but such an important authority as Vighdan¹ or a pair of not so insignificant scholars as Strickland² and Litarn³ hold which most plainly put posits that parasitism in all its glorious manifold chronobathic socio-physiological truth (truth is that chronobiological analogy is illusion for homologous to plant galls and parasitic wasps is origin of phylum Chordata as both morphological adaptation to parasitism (adoption of particular transphylum Bauplan and intraindividual pathways of chronophysiology) and obligatory cunning manipulation by as of this writing still unknown parasitic gastropods not unsimilar to *Sacculina* I would not shy away from stating culminating in bony organisms which display transitory notochords and a mostly panmictic passing on of biostructural information) is not simply a pathology or broad class of multi-organismal symbiotic living conditions having pathological implications against which mankind has vainly fought (to fight with such a witch-doctor tactic as that physician's ritual of coindrug tossing or antibiotic grappling with hookworms is vanity! vanity also is that insidious form of isolation-ward propaganda known as horror films for inundation with such propaganda mounts only as possibility for contagion follows a downward sloping path) but is in fact a major motor of biocultural innovation (Novalis is as much my inspiration's patriarch I would claim as Osiris or Ishtar matriarch of my ludict for his famous *Total draft of a way to a final calling to accounts* spills its hot hoary downy lyrical foam into not just this or my last but all of my divastigations in which I wring from crucifictional bloodmyth a Janus-fruit proposition as wrought by primordial Pandora's schizomystical stigmata binding Australasian songtails to Panamazonian wombwords by way of natal African oral artistry and that all-swallowing worldworm to a hiding away among initiatory cloudbirds via schistosomiastic wormwombs and iron-rich body paint) and I wish thus in this third part of my opus *Towards a schizomythology of ritual* to lay out my

¹ Vighdan, B. — Polyglottalic nominalism: A situation of dyadic bilingualism, *Journal of Sociophysiology* 1(9), 1992; An introduction to practical applications of achromatic inspissations to situations of dyadic bilingualism, *Journal of Sociophysiology* 1(11), 1992; Globarš: A ritual Tagma physiological philosophy, *Journal of Sociophysiology* 1(3), 1993.

² Strickland, Ms. — Parasitic communication in panmictic populations showing signs of apomictic origins, *Journal of Sociophysiology* 3(11), 1994.

³ Litarn, M. S. — Human cultural innovations as mimicry and manipulation, *Journal of Sociophysiology* 7(11), 1999.

thoughts in a rigorously logical and holistically prosaic fashion showing in a word and apart from my concomitant aim of putting paid to such lapidary hostility as your common woman is wont to cast towards organisms ranging from malaria-causing *Plasmodium* (blood is not simply an occasional host of *Plasmodium* but both actually form a unitary though spatially and rhythmically distinct supraorganism as I call it giving root to that originary situation of historical transformation in which both mammals and birds found that gift you paw so avidly for that acquisition known as cuddly warmth) or Chagas-producing *Trypanosoma cruzi* to dracunculiasis-inducing spoolworms that bug-mammal association or mammal-fungus (what untold story of words and mold awaits an ambitious biohistorian willing to quarry that anomolous mountain of nomological mycology and bookbinding nosology! for it is not just a thirst for truth to which a scholar's wish to crack this old book or that is owing but to which strain(s) of *Mopsi* mold his library harbors as it is known that as a philosophical school adapts to a particular local strain of *Mopsi* inhaling during both consumption and production of words its spiriform conidia (it was Darwin who told us that a not insignificant amount of *Mopsi ipsiis* was rampant in Spitmarkx's library in Ruhr-Lülnrar foxing books as far away as London and Bombay which is not at all surprising for in addition to composing his airy arrowscripts on ornithicity and wordism Spitmarkx was his own publishing and distribution industry printing and binding and hocking his own books assiduously along that brook's banks that ran through his provincial city and Kant as this author has shown was host to colon-inflaming rhinophilic *M. ninsrata*) it is as much antipathic islands of contagion and mutually incitatory ill-will towards mold of all sorts which inflict and maintain such disputation and rivalry which follow as much as it is canular diffusion of and idiosyncratic attraction to particular conjunctions of words) cyclic or static is as important historically as bug-plant or plant-fungus (*Puccinia monoica* grows on mustard in Flouziana and Wyoming causing that plant's normally bright saffron or fulvous blossoms to wilt and its staid foliation to transform into mock blooms which consist in fact of swarming imbrications of basidiophytic stalks awaiting unwary *Apis* or *Atta* individuals to pick up and carry in limb and thorax hairs from plant to plant promiscuous fungal buds) or virus-plankton (viral induction in fact of orthophysiology is global across all kingdoms) thus confirming parasitism's all-consuming grasp and in conclusion I would insist that it is a habituation that is as old in short as not just mankind but this vast biotic world in which mankind is but a wild god's (to worship a Mayan jaguar as god or Assyrian lion as kin(g)) consists in fact of functioning as a third-party human host of *Toxoplasma gondii*) laughing wink.

§ 64. *Practical wisdom.* — And should I jam custom into crying? Compulsory introduction to a most salutary position of high utility. Piggy back sun pitching dawn's proof. No accounting for a mild soul's infatuation. Out of sight of that traditional community's habitual suspicion, mirror mocks this daily pulling out of hair. Bray a starword lacking all consonants. Sigh a string of surds of no particular modality. In contrast to night's ritual of nails clawing skull. Nothing to disarm that cast-off shock of hardwood floor but an indigo throw rug's thorny wool. Inconspicuous victim of that man's vigorous bliss. A thousand, in sum, or two, and still happily counting with fist and thumb.

§ 65. *By our own standards.* — And should I kill it? Solitary twirl among spinning twins. Crocus hyacinth marigold. I am that bourbon-stung child dancing agnostic through chinslap history and inquisitional godspit. A trapdoor kitty cat hanging from a hayloft. Pissing in my hand that warty toad caught hopping across a mountain trail. Nothing human is inhuman. Nothing horrific is without basis, strong or slight, in instinct. A twig. A rock. A rusty nail. Capri pant round squat in shiny black hip fold. Bosomful tanktop of lazy sky. A slingshot conviction. An assjaw justification. In tall tan boots against a fountain rim. Smiling in sunlight a snapshot frownsquint. Mommy mommy look! I'm constantly losing my virginity. Dusty sparrow blossom burns animal soft in my pudgy grip. I could kill by comparison.

§ 66. *Watching Pascal and Spinoza shoot craps.* — And should I burnish my blooddark loving cup until a nimbus of coruscating ruby glows? Lungbud coughs and a dubious fall. Nosing about my damp chamois drama with raspy tool or hangnail thumb. Blind any dull son of a drooling god. Any potpitying blowman who hazards to pry into my scouringpad play. In a solitary room a dying cat is clawing at a backgammon board. Contrary motion of a brainfold canon. Risking my soul's affliction. I call your bluff.

§ 67. *From this drop of blood.* — And should I fancy that gawking scholar? Sunny Monday post-lunch hour trashpick park vigil. Sin is not sharing what too much my body knows. Worst part is this brain won't stop humming Bach or Vivaldi. So you wanna fuck? Small talk first and last. Hardly an occasion for crying. Morning is for dying violins. Night for guitars and cognac. Sip it suck it spoon of sugar piss and swallow. Sorry this futon's so old. Had to borrow. Hardly an occasion for crying. Man is kind.

§ 68. *A plain chant stipulation.* — And should I wrap my shrug in shroud or shawl? Coldwick labor of a most unnatural gratification. I was asking him if an

act of joyful instability rightly follows from a doubly immoral supposition. Much good might flow from a bout of inflicting mutually a kind of utilitarian pain. Twofold truth of young hips swaying. Abstract fiction of wild animals fighting. Communal howling. That much said. This timorous girl's first communion. Or was it confirmation? This timorous girl's first communion was a dicklock trick to trip a holy houri into falling into a crassly unoriginal trap of rank umbilical captivity. That much told about what I did or didn't. To birth a hangdog faith. Only by placing hands against it palms flat would you truly know.

§ 69. *This standard is continually changing.* — And should I run stumbling forward from autumn falsity to vain spring? Conscious twilight of social confusion. May you cast a thousand gratifications upon my throat's profundity. Backward out of my cocoon I watch my mind waking. Trickling unfamiliar at first a thin flux of crystal silk flows thick into that malicious crack. Fills it with liquid familiarity. Yawning from lack of habit, a larval slip of light rubs its blank orbits into smiling sympathy. I drank that pain in midnight bolts. In my shiny crimson raincoat I ran to catch that final mango bus. From saltbright clifftop oaks along a dusty trail through snowclad birch and hickory and firbound domains of brutal mists to an imaginary brook's gloomy bank of truth. Such was my goal; such my path; and cunning was I to accord worth to my own stupidity. Daring to cross that palatial pavonian schooyard full of bibulous alumni, topforms, and salacious staff winking and laughing at so young a graduating child absurdly tripping among artful roots. Guilty consolation. Custom and duty binds him to it: his timid admiration spilling into fitful flood draws no antipathy. And from that crowd's abyss a playbold colt darts in pursuit of an awkward filly. From backyard rain into a sunshot patch of orchard: from plain to woods. I fall panting on soft mossy turf. As natural a soporofic as bloodwort or castor oil. To rub with his catchavid hands warm and tingly my wild and writhing thighs with poison ivy. Soul is what I call this birthpang suck of whirlpool, this lungbolt shock of diving into boiling rapids.

Fourth Divastigation



*Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality,
that it is but a shadow's shadow.*

— Rosenkrantz

§ 70. *Propping lusty thoughts on liminal stilts.* — And should I ratify this custodial childlaw? Common hospitality for firstborn castaways. Positional gloom of glum pulsation. To crash fullfront down from rock to courtyard, third story curtainsill through shards of glass that clifftop stillbirth in a batrachian flight of toadstool matrality falls roofhigh into toothswallowing sand. I said law school, stupid! Out my window a swingarm fountain stops, starts again windmill tinkling, and blooms a poor dull cactus. A smooth pink scar.

§ 71. *To pivot about an axillary origin.* — And should I unzip my twist of cloudclad sky? World would banish body from this mossdark hollow. My amphibian hipsway swimming spiral out. As natural as any blind or knowing sin. Though you might proclaim a bit too classical. Unhook my dawnbright supposition from that crucifictional starghoul's claws. Amphigorious annointancy glacing my matriculous braids. All rosy and tight as a dangling yakshi this luminous thighfruit. Rhythmic drowning of an insightful young worm. Slowly sinking into a glossy black hydroid's ophidian coils. All bloody this bait. I grin and swallow.

§ 72. *Slavish or vain.* — And should I worship a sparrow's augury? Moral act of owlish gloom. I'll find things out that you didn't want known. Without warning. Hawkburst snatch of airy thrushdown.

§ 73. *Mouthing off a customary opinion.* — And should I insult your suspicions? Cold my ass and hot my lips. I must admit how lazy I am. As if by now you didn't know. Morality of loquacious cowards. What I'm up to. If only I could accomplish it. Truth is a punchjaw slut.

§ 74. *Who knows most must mourn most.* — And should I find words to say it straight, I'd kill both art and form with primal morality. Iago's fatal truth is this: paint it not but with slant frivolity, and no upright fool can trump your faith. Pictorial confusion. Filial affliction. Bulimic scansion. Romantic guardian. Amatory confusion. Parsimonious salutation. Agonistic conjuration. Romantic guardian's plathitudinal byrony. Sartorial confusion. Rigorous pacification. Pathophilic action. Romantic guardian's plathitudinal byrony's kafeacious musility. Filial confusion. Amical conciliation. Contradictory acquisition. Romantic guardian's plathitudinal byrony's kafeacious musility's dickinsonic parkinsonianism. Whippoorwill whooping in a dogbark shaft of muggy dawn. Bulimic scansion. Filial affliction. Rapacious association. Tony hamiltonian.

§ 75. *Not to think of all this.* — And should I notify you of any stray acts of transformational simplification I may wish to slip into my hybrid toil, not with any thoughts of mumtazification, mind you, but simply to round off a gawky angularity or two? Though I hold that a plurality of gods mirrors most naturally this lyrical world of ours, I could satisfy your curiosity with a dual singularity,¹ an invitation to an imitation or two, say, of Victor Lucas:

War Hymn to Amiot, An Artifactual Road of Gay Old Paris

Flux during daylight
Hours
And again an

Arbitrary mango
Drooling toward you artists,
Physicists of sorrow,

Diurnal somnambulists.
Jaguar of a loving
Singularity

Trivial or non,
How into plurality
I shrink!

Turn and pivot
In a physiology of rut
Scaling arbitrary

Profanations of sororal
Horror
I would catch

If only I could.
Not to think
Of all this.

Arrival, A Lucasic Imitation

Stasis in obscurity.
And now an unbodily skycolor
Pour of tor and faraways.

God's lionbitch,
How singular you and I grow,
Pivot of hocks and talons! — A furrow

Splits and transits, sororal to
That brown arc
Of spinal column I cannot catch.

Splotchy myrrh
Fruits cast dark
Hooks —

Black unsalty blood mouthfuls,
Shadows.
A thing that's not *this* thing

¹ *Dual singularity.* — Or singular duality.

Unnatural shrug-functions
 Touch hard books —
 But look!

Salty gray nostril spray
 Of soul and spirit.
 Blood.

A nothing that
 In this
 World only — Is.

I halt on a dizzy
 Trottoir
 And to think — I am

Surgically *black*
 Among this crowd
 Of sad

Gray ghosts, a physician's
 Act of sounding.
 And again you attack:

Still as plains.
 No arms, no hands
 No back

No stomach, no thighs, no
 Lips. Suicidal
 Swallow

Arrows down into
 Crimson
 Iris, cast iron

Sky of dawn.

Hauls us through air —
 Thighs, hair;
 Chips from my talons.

Albino
 Godiva, I strip —
 Moribund hands, moribund constraints.

And now I
 Foam to corn, a gloaming of stormy aquacity:
 That child's cry

Dissolving in walls.
 And I
 Am an arrow,

A humidity that soars
 Suicidal, unitary within this plunging
 Into ocular

Crimson, this cauldron of morning.

§ 76. *Staid womaninity.* — And should I brush away this proud frisson as simply a hardup broad's idiosyncratic frivolity? Juicy hogwallow quadrumanic skinclutch small of back. In a solitary room a cat is dying. Knit your brow in horror. Iniquitous thighs and most rowdy pussy always watching. Impromptu shaft raptor stands a gosling's gasp of worldly joy. Woman's infinity.

§ 77 *Just starting out.* — And should I mollify mad looks with loving simulation? That bitchpimp madrigal I sang to fathom lack. Constantly losing my virginity. I could ask. Sight-tiling from city ranchward in a cloud of dust. Cows grazing along a willow-clad bank. Robins rhyming at dusk. Alas, that witch saw us doing it out back. And so soon I find it all. Bucolic, ain't it? Infamous shacks burning bright through night's crack-job watch.

§ 78. *Grounds for suspicion.* — And should I knock back this glass of mortal rum? By way of a winding mountain road. To catch him that morning I ran through rain tumbling in milk-cold drops from a cast-iron sky. And into it I did put too much thought. A fistful of raisins and almonds. A skip-coin fountain. I am a virtuoso of mood swings. Cat stalks parrot across a dizzy piazza. Knight claims rook against an orchard wall. Small town variation in jaythirds and hawkfifths. Distantly thrums a crowblank chorus. I swallow. Half by soft proxy and half by acrid truth, a throat-high prismatic umbilical transformation. Slanting octagons of carrotty light and womb uncoils from brain. I simply cannot avoid it. And still I'm that child I mourn. Hyacinth bowl of bristling shadows. From torso to cockstring and scrotal-root bloom of anal pinch, dark hands claw a totally nonabstract justification of my slim firm thighs' morality. Pillow down hard I push, lustrous black hair spilling.

§ 79. *That things of this sort still...* — And should I doubt that proof is lacking, I'll call this miraculous child my own. I stand. Park-stroll Sunday morning spring. Rigorously from out of a distant past black dogtwins pull a pump-shod pantsuit with woman to match. Slant sunlight kiss of quill tip to squint of word. Antiquity's gift to any ongoing discussions of originality. In shallow mud for worms a solitary starling scouts. Mirror-blind glints of last night's only surviving handpool of rain. Across that storm-soft hillock a cruciform shadow bids us not work and bids us pray for our sins and bids us claim lightly this compulsory day of symbolic ringing ringing ringing. Grab a warm plastic fistbag of labrador shit from a bark-spray hound's clip-tail libation. Snow-bright signs of that world's bloody intrusion into this. Wingtips drag turf against spookflight's possibility. A skirmish party of robins slowly advancing. I am bound by tradition to do so.

§ 80. *Summary participation.* — And should I joust with happy words? So brightly to cloak my dark inspiration. A wary soul's lusty proposal. I call upon a chainmail shroud of palatal stops. So plump and mad my young bottom is. Contrast with sighful sibilant labials and most profound glottal gluttony. Soft crimson stain of infatuation. Languish in anguish. Sorry: I was lying. It wants a strong whipping.

§ 81. *With no particular warmth.* — And should I hint slyly half a drop of splash-wax titshow to duck a blowjob obligation? Local custom's to swim broadly into global comparison without any sort of taking into account, cosmological, -politan or -gonic. Physoulical justifaction of sophiscatological philosopain. Why could I throw it away? Purchasing bad for good, it colors my right mood wrong. Magical opinions coax hollow music from such a wilt-wind horn or unwound string. Groins grow moist from most any a turgid grinding. Damp incautious products of this profound country's tarpaulin purity. Why should I throw it away? On that ivy-sprung wall an orgy of sparrows clings. It's an oily gulf, though thin, dividing crinkly food-spray canvas from traditional sculptor's work. Posing's what I'm paid for: why would I throw it away? No strict art forbids a stray fuck. Back-door smuggling of spirit into craft. Call it what you will: thought is form.

§ 82. *Towards a schizomythology of ritual (IV). Do not ask, How am I to act? but, What should I not do?* — A swirl! shouts Ms. Litarn (1999), a limpid baby swirl of rabid accusations, sir! Shiny black hipboots stand a plaid skirt proud. And impishly nothing, oh nothing at all! (as our glorious old-school law commands (Kant 1788)) to stop a quim-curious hand from clutching furry truth. Oh, frivolous ambiguity! Oh, gracious mixologist, hail! Actors all, I say, and I my own author. It drips a viscous trail of hot coinish lust. Pollution is a boon to this bi-cautious john, Mr. G. H. von Wright, who, in his *Norman sanction in word and action* (1964b), says calmly, A spiraling whirl of rank, orgiastic litigation, ma'am! Both, in turn and truth and all at a fumbling swoop (Bruno, *Sigillus sigillorum*), lubriciously grin and harlotishly wink and, arm in hot arm and hand up up skirt and fist zipping fly to orifacial grasp (gasp!) of mouth-limb acquittal of ardolatrous suctation, most slutfully swoon (both!) and fall, tumbling, writhing in thick ashy sawdust of a bar room floor as if so much hay in a barn could contain such passion! Hiccup. A barstool built to pivot. I turn to watch. Fuck all your taboos! And down with all your irrational mouthifications of myth and such. But our story, shy drunk scholar, drags on, proclaiming our right to our folly. Out back's a shack. Ambiguous frivolity. Gracious mixologist, hail! Two rhums au citron, two! and a light cigarillo if you don't mind, kind sir.

It wasn't that I wasn't just, you know, having a full-moon affair with him and, you know, carrying on so much as simply allowing our moon-mad nuptials to slip into a kind of, you know, gravid paralysis. Hiccup. Gracious mixologist! how should I say it?² In a habitually, as always, lucid analysis of just this kind of a similar situation as this in which I drink (rhum au citron), Galvari and Ravigiallo (1999) stitch an accusatory figuration as to how custom and tradition and quotidian cultural political artistic uplift and aspiration and all that your normal common habitual, as always, sort of normal (gasp!) non-uppity folk hold most distractingly in adoration of, how all this, sans taboo, sinks sighing into foaming gasp oblivion of moan moral obscurity and sighs arbitrary authoritarian usurpation of thighs (Gombrowicz 1937): cynicism, apathy, anarchy, corruption, pornography and prostitution cannot but soon follow. Out back's a shack.³ And in this fourth part of my *Towards a schizomythology of ritual*, I will show you that a possibility for a solution to that infamous conundrum, How should I act? (Kant 1781), consists, in fact, of a multiplicity of partial solutions to this paradox I ask you, gracious mixologist: What should I not drink? Taboo, in sum (rhum au citron and a light cigarillo), constrains parasitism, giving birth to rationality. Look. This diagram displays my Manicarnic (from *manas*, 'mind', and *caro*, 'body') **Paradigm of Schizomythology** (MPS) (look how luscious our first initials kiss top to bottom!):

² *Say it.* — From my windowsill I saw a child strolling hand-in-hand with its mom throw crumbs to an orgy of sparrows. I could talk all day about birds! And from my window I saw two starlings rob crumbs from that orgy. About birds all day I could talk! A short discussion of moanzy (*Moanzy ninsrata*) will follow.

³ *Shack.* — With but words I did fuck him, tooth and claw. With but words.

Manicarnic Paradigm of Schizomythology (MPS)

Manicarnic Configuration (MC)	tauto(tauto)	tauto(allo)	allo(tauto)	allo(allo)
Manicarnic Status (MS)	tautomanic tautocarnic	tautomanic allocarnic	allomanic tautocarnic	allomanic allocarnic
Rational Ramification (RR)	tauto- conciliatory	tauto-conflictual	allo- conflictual	allo- conciliatory
Implicational Ontology (IO)	"my mind, my body" (conscious)	"my mind, not my body" (unconscious)	"not my mind, my body" (mirror or kin (MrK), practical or virtual)	"not my mind, not my body" (situation of altarian disunity (SAD))
Ontological Action (OA)	voluntary	involuntary	paravoluntary	panvoluntary
Ramificational Activity (RA)	ritual	ritual	schizomythia	mythia
<div> <div>← conciliation</div> <div>PLAYGROUND OF TABOO</div> <div>conflict →</div> </div>				

As is shown on our diagram's mossy ground, taboo marks its playground's bounds from conciliation to conflict and back again. Simply put, taboo is a basic tool with which parasitism (or symbiosis: call it what you will) binds an individual [*tauto(tauto)*] into its social group(s) [*allo(allo)*]. Throughout all gradations of manicarnic status (MS) and, thus, homologous proportions of rational ramification (RR) and implicational ontology (IO), taboo obtains in *tauto* as *tauto*'s cognition of *allo*'s intrusion into various of its loci of ontological action (OA), constraining its ramificational activity (RA). Conflict and pain follow, and *tauto*, striving for conciliation and mollification, fights back by way of ritual; that is, communication. Mythology, thus, is a synchronic corpus of acts of communication (or ritual); schizomythology, a diachronic corpus.⁴ In contrast, thus, to various traditional anthropological and sociological

⁴ *Diachronic corpus*. — Pay mind in particular to *allo(tauto)*'s RA, 'schizomythia', which, as I will show in my fifth *Towards a schizomythology of ritual*, plays a most important part, as, taking into account a fifth, and most rampantly conflictual, MC, *nonhuman*, *allo(tauto)* and its homologous attributions focally pivot in a balancing act of world and taboo, human and nonhuman, attaining instantiation as marrow-rich, paravoluntary hub of all sociophysiology. Allow for now but a singular illustration: Only on that final and most auspicious day of Glo Barš, according to Norlian tradition (Vighdan 1992), is moanzy (which wild pandoric spirits typically inhabit) a bird of culinary pursuit, providing a sort of symbolic trans-cyclic gustatory catharsis to that cyclic symbiosis linking Norlian snail (*Nimlaidu* spp.) to portal scorpion (*Girtablullu* spp.), moanzy to human. Similar symbolic-

transawakalations (Raymond and Kidjaki 1995), taboo is not just prohibition; it is rationality's originary root (OR, from Tg *ibtîda ra*) flourishing in conciliatory soil. Irrationality is proportional to conflict, and rationality, in a word, is cosmological harmony as it flows from this act of communication (or ritual) to that, from *allo* to *tauto*; it is a dilatory point of articulation and confrontation within various implicational ramifications of taboo, ritual, and (schizo)mythia; it is a sociophysiological and quantum phusological fulcrum within that labyrinth of fluid stability, both diachronic and synchronic, in which all acts of communication (or ritual) occur. This lupanar's too smoky. Abstraction is foolish arbitration of non-propositional thought. Wanna fuck?⁵

Bibliography

- Bruno, G. 1583. *Sigillus sigillorum*. London: John Charwood.
- Flawndol, S., Johnson, W. M. M., and A. K. McLaughlin. 1993. *Town city plain: A cultural history of Tagma and Intrussyan incursions into Fukariland*. Owlstain and Paris: Urdostoist Publishing Company.
- Galvari, G. and M. Ravigiallo. 1999. *Glamporium*. Owlstain and Paris: Urdostoist Publishing Company.
- Gombrowicz, W. 1937. *Furdydurkus*. Warsaw: Sarprostium.
- Kant, I. 1781. *Critical puritanical rationality*. Mitau.
- Kant, I. 1788. *Critical practical rationality*. Mitau.
- Litarn, Ms. 1999. Cultural activity as parasitic mimicry along a human–nonhuman continuum. *Journal of Sociophysiology* 7(12).
- Raymond, A. and C. Kidjaki. 1995. Social anthropological transawakalations. I. Introduction. *Journal of Sociophysiology* 4(11).
- Vighdan, B. 1992. Globalš: A ritual Tagma physiological philosophy. *Journal of Sociophysiology* 1(3).
- Wright, G. H. von. 1964b. *Norman sanction in word and action*. Shatsbrook: Appalachian Spiritual Institution.

§ 83. *A particularly difficult labor*. — And should I punish him by holding in my laugh? Frankly to admit disgust would also only gratify. His tyrannical admiration's simply not worth it. Background mountains of snow and dusky firs. Across bucolic plains a stallionshadow bolts a mint gallop towards a barnyard confrontation of cowboys and iron quoits. Brown pants, plaid shirt, straw hat. So proclaims my diary. A journalistic intrusion. A painting by Gloria Galvari. Cognisignification.⁶ Solitary cock guards its flock from crow and hawk. Carrot-brush scratch blots a bold girl's gift to roan. Mouth to hand. Tooth-gnash

parasitic ritually built obligations involving moanzy haunt high-mountain Fukari and high-plains Tagma habitations in Wyoming and Flouziana (Flawndol, Johnson and McLaughlin 1993).

⁵ *Fuck*. — Spring. A bush rat rubs its groin in soft dirt.

⁶ *Cognisignification*. — W. Abish, 1980, *How Dutch is it?*

dislocation of faith's kissing custom. Bad timing. Or good? This childish hostility sports a thigh-split mask of brutal hospitality. Salt in a cobalt bowl cups a mango drop of yogurt. Atoning for all my sins, spoon a dollop of tar thick into it. Shaving my armpits bald. Am I right or am I wrong? My own brand of abstraction conjoins a quantum dot of dusty acid to a spiraling comb of foamspray ruins drifting in filthy liminality to a full-grown woman's habit of black starvation. Am I right or am I wrong? Dutiful politics coming bubbly into hot oil. Cumin stuck in asphalt. A fatback boiling down of cinnamon stick and cardamom pods. Long and short and thick and thin: no limit to a glowing pupil's rising banks. Kajal vision. Floodflash my strict food's brink for a compliant fool's supposition. I paint my lips loud. But why did I do it? Silk-soft axillary hair signals a giving in, a total confusion of aims and motivations. Proximal to any physical domination, I gird my womb against his wild riding. A nominal boundary's doubt. Stop complaining. But don't forgo a hands-on opportunity for licking. In opposition to his loving stand of pavid lust, I posit a rival's conjuration. I'm no sot. Nor am I suicidal. Two blind orbits of bodily armor. Two painful associations with what is past.

§ 84. *Paths in high mountains.* — And should I list my complaints? Mix and match a tract of lusts. Going thus through history. Trash-blow mopping up of mown grass from moss-crack cobbling of park. So loudly it ruins any possibility for philosophical matinations. Downright ugly. Harsh tubular wind from a back-strap trunkthroat. Not labor's fault, I know, but capital's. Not a farm-poor planning of parts and tasks, but a falling short by way of soul or slacking off by way of cash and hours. Downright ugly. And all surrounding buildings downtown shot through with that high-punch strutful tyranny of airjack and sluttish whining sawshout. And a throbbing bus pumps tourists gobbling out. My body stallion-straddling climbs mockly fucking gushing plain and moral high past any such vain opinions. Kill-diving for rabbits a falcon sightracks rock and scrub. Following tight a mating-call trail bats at night find frogs to kill. So I think. And calculating a humming-bright function a chalk-drawn finch hunts wasps. And today in class I was told how a particular microorganism or two can transform sulfur or iron or cobalt into mitochondrial food. But what can swallow survivally a smog-tar cacophony of highway sting and airport buzz? In town and factory man hunts man, awaiting a god to hunt him. Think about it. Though all is natural and parasitic, what is most natural to man is an imaginary pollution on which gaunt idols grow gravid and miscarry. Puzzling inconstancy of a happy birthdivinity's sublimating parasitism. So much for spirituality. Cynic. In contrast, I'm only coming.

§ 85. *Law and ritual.* — And should I catch a lust for stunts? I caught it last night. Going down's a groin-fruit truth. Back straight in a straight-back chair shin-squatting to boot. Start again from scratch. A chain-smoking drunkard drools. Joyous vacillation of full-throat linguality. This book burns to touch. Two by four and four by two. Gold rings on a saffron couch and dirty nails fist oral. A man's got a will with saints such as I. Tattoo a pink blossom to my thigh. Or arching smooth dolphin omphalic. About writing I was talking, not sucking. A dissimulation of kissing. A clit-lick subordination. Talk talk talk. Unconditional titfuck. Now and again if only a bit of dirt. Rolling in it. All in Vishnu's morality is holy. And Shiva's moon with Brahma on top. It kicks back handily. I'm in training. Roll all my passions into pang. A paying man's got a right to put it up my ass.

§ 86. *Thus a psychic knot.* — And should I admonish pity's wish to marry? Too kind I was from honor. From chastity too curious. That word again. A woman casts anchor at this point I don't know. Blank frown of most unlovingly disgust. Voicing that solution aloud in a birdsong park I don't know. Dying off of dogwoods. Owls and bats at dusk. Supposing such souls in flight could march catty across that lawn. It's all about forcing a body into waking. Profound flight flashing up from gray rooftops a black crow pair hurls guttural lightning. To my right a canvas-clad woman sits a thigh-tight violation lightly down. Pointing black talon grinding into dust a ball-pivot philosophy of suspicious flirtation. Taking up a path I soon abandon. Paradoxical apology for bumpy timing's mark. I was afraid I don't know. Much too drowsy I am from an Atlantic crossing postflight's contractual simulation. Polaroid compassion snaps shut shot shit shat shout shying away of full-frontal virility. Such a sandwich-munching god I was facing. I was afraid of taking it. What such words as this would do I don't know. Only by forcing faithfully could I hazard a solution to that lack. Chalk it up to Kant for proving Kurlandish philosophy's worth. A clackwork hand's click clock cluck. Without womanly warm compass of any kind nor poultry's worms. But why this critical compulsion? Painting was for him a profound sham. Words and thoughts proving monstrous. I was brought up ignorant of all that. Facing what only I know. Honor to that child's amazing proudgrant I rightfully I don't know. Stir in a poor play for loving lightly. Who knows but that this particular path may pay off handily I don't know. Abandon it I won't. I was afraid.

§ 87. *Hold it in your arms.* — And should I ossify my daily fiction into scorn, into form too holy for soft scholarship's quick appraisal, it's not my fault. Bank to bank a span of suicidal thoughts. As I was saying to him. This wish to

disappoint commands a hands-on approach. Nightly finds my path, if not too difficult to walk, too tortuous to chart in taffy-pull fashion. Pontoon jump of doubt or faith. No hit or miss living's had from such a light killing; no child's play to aim airy arrowscript. It all adds up to shouting. Spot a citation thus. That child I was trying to string a bow. I could kill by clutching. Soar swimming into a man-hard flight of words. Puffy syllabic flux as Spitmarkx originally taught us how to sculpt. Fortuitously torturous, not gratuitously rough. It snaps into my virgin wrist a painful rash.

§ 88. *Striving for distinction is striving for domination.* — And should I gossip grandly? Animal insight dawns a sun on infamous cosmologist's conundrum. Pounds a post into traditional transformationist's paradox. Sitting back-straight in oakshadow and birch, I push my proud round tits tight into my black blouson's soft front. That such voluptuous joyfruit could sigh so lovingly bold from a timid swan's arc. Causing that kind man to slash his own arms. Pity's razorwhip. Boiling cosmic wind birthing swirls of possibility. Taboo's violation works, not by pulling boot-strap up, but by carrot-cart driving down. Ridiculous minimum of sad blood to banish happily a maximum of sinful activity. To bind what's most robust to fragility's ramifications, inward and out. Cardinal was hopping from branch to branch. Snowy morbidity of all things natural and parasitic. Black dogcollar buckling playful shyact of flirtation changing big living into small dying and back again. Thus it holds fast, starts a basic disposition. Unwary tourists' lawnpicnic. Cardinal hopping from branch to branch. Gray parrots diving through brush and cataloguing what is most lowly and solitary. It finds duration in singularity, and singularity's profound lack. From virus to god circular symbiosis cuts top from any mountain too controlling, too constant. Social flux of quarks and protons. Among daffodils and tulips full young hips fill firm burgundy plaid. Punkstud wristguard arousing any god's mortal lust. That dark mass hiding far from sight is blow by blow pulsational gazing, barbaric divination with which Brahma Vishnu Shiva construct an infinity of actual virtual worlds. Spiral splits from spiral within cosmophusological warp and woof. Luscious loom of laughing imagination a child's hand draws from dot to dot. Cardinal hops from branch to branch. I lift my skirt up to my chin.

§ 89. *Formal analysis.* — And should I tally my most common actions? Unwilling it sports a social conscious burning and turns away lagging, this facial scar that tags my scorn. A clay pot full of sand and roots. Typical vocal conflict of womb and its turgid antagonist. Rampant biological compulsion casting shadow. This particular patch of history in which I stand. All this I do not doubt

but know, writing it as I think it, inking it crimson as it blossoms into sight. A shard of cornbloom among wind-blown shrouds of iron and raw buildings' gold. I'll count to four.

§ 90. *Almost without noticing.* — And should I vat this duty strong? Transports to action a grand intoxication. Disgust's arrow I dust and draw. Things you didn't want known. Such an assault most happily at night making what's lain dormant dominant drown. Again that total nobility of action. So long to that studio too small. This artist crafts a world.

§ 91. *What of this soul is holy.* — And should I qualify my lavish vision with a wink? Cowardly pinch of functional communication. Punching gray fiction bloody. How I attain my virtuous lust. Hiccup barstool across sawdust floor. It's not my incapacity to say things plainly that slants my art thus, though a bit of morbid truth might lurk in such a blind assumption. Straight down that spiral path I was running falling flying into strong hands flapping wings grown soaring. Famous vampirical transformation. Blood works magic for that wan attraction.

§ 92. *Mask of a city.* — And should I satisfy just any philosophy's conditions? Wind whirls dust from this crunch of sand. Passion will not wait. Hollow orbits of a howling skull. As too many historians paint it, antiquity was not as kind. Calf-strap sandals march half an arm-swing strut stiff with handbag hanging. From high ramparts in hot sun baking poor old dogbards strung to dry crackling. Coastal landsharks chant iambic. A focal patch of skin. A slash of lofty ivory. Flyscript body of allusion. Such did a good soul wish for in days past or now, tomorrow and tomorrow making clay by simply calling, molding form from form's omission. Local words laugh a global map, an atlas of aging, a sagging man and wax of world, hot soft quickly dripping. This is my kind of faith. What that grand author took such pains forcibly to posit, I wing so lightly, soft hot sympathy rhyming viscous. It was in an old book I found it. Ugly translation. Night still holds tightly this thing I hold apart. Thanks.

Fifth Divastigation



No construction without constant critical control, and no criticism without putting our constructs into a linguistic form.

— K. Popper

§ 93. *It's right you should.* — And should I swallow this moral barb? Not for lack of trying it has nothing to say. Backwards with nothing to catch hold of. Downright sad I am and far too monstrously gaudy for a truly good nobody to want. Shaft of frailty limp against my back. I turn around. Not for a log-cabin chainfool to pay for crawling, sobbing across flint chips and fossils, gutting his own fat thighs with a toxicomaniac flayhook. But just how wrong is it to go on tripping this black-light falling into fashion's nightly trap? Slink a dark dirk's glory, plaid skirt with hair band to match. Short and tight and sick with a mind again and again dashing its brains out against its own thick labyrinth. Not for lack of trying would it fail to think. Backwards with no fall-back plans to catch it in a pinch. How boring.

§ 94. *An artificial clarification.* — And should I roast on stopping this march across hot coals? A sight for lay sins. What I thought was how glamorous I was, tiny among that scrub brush, dancing through saltgrass cutsting. Tufa or tuff, a crumbly brown rock. Shadow-slight parvatitrick sifting fat from limpid art, sluicing body into star. Totally on faith. That's not what I was thinking.

§ 95. *But by what standards.* — And should I quit a country which allows idiocy to confront insanity in so vulgar a fashion? Talking will trump you a jailstay wanton. And punish capitally for how frail is will, how body's brain can slip. Again stupidity triumphs. Today I saw a paranoid cop, billy club in hand, spit brutal accusations at a quaking old fist-shaking unsaying man. My most straightforward ludict, this. Parading all such mind-mad signs must pain a dull mack to saturation. Torn black shirt of oily cotton, unshod clubfoot, dirty plastic pouch containing all goods worldly or spiritual, gray pants falling baggy past a waist shiny from lack of soap. Out back's a shack. A prison-ward bunk to cook a moil of turpid bloodbags dry. A button-push morality's mortal culmination. So ludicrously symbolic this small calumny was of a particular conflict a global commotion political grand and tragic and though disgustingly prodigal all too unsingular an avatar of that buzz-loud world struggling to unzip to stuff to fill to blast my mouth my throat my soul if you could call it that with unnatural pity and obligatory jingoism. My most straightforward ludict. What is pathos if not this mock artistry making vomit a stomach-acid parkful? Global. Cultural privation piping forth a transvaluation of all supranational activity. Spinoza had such ambitions, I think. Such and such and such. But if such a scaling down or up you don't mistrust, how would you know what food's right for which form of starvation? It's faith I'm discussing. Truly and nonpartisan. Dancing and

drinking and smoking till I'm sick. Will choosing again hurt so much? Casual bland hypocrisy. It's raining scars and gods. An act of gaming words.

§ 96. *Disdain no signpost to instruction.* — And should I up and arrow past all giving a spiral waspflight of profound futility? I'm not asking for half of it. Always on guard for that risky slyball of ocular titjoy. Roan swarm amorphous. This allusion's as inapt as it is touchingly blank. Such form of writing forbids pity to rush from track to ranch distinct. Coral corral to sparrow's abstraction gobbling a dust of ants. A dazzling act of barnyard clipplay. A nodal flow thick and drippy. This lucid ductility of glyph and word I construct from what among all my fair parts I lack. A natural silication of rockwood bosk and jojoba scrub. Unwind from cringing that shy drunk man. Banish my body to a hilltop workroom of curling crying. What's past is past. A prisstail prom fashion. Aim a vain cop at flirting, a fair-ass glom of county bitchbait. Watch-clad wrist from a cuff-blank suit pouts forth its frisky snout and claw crinoidal. What's past is past. Past all cupidity posits conjugal constraint of annular gold. Sugar and sour and salt. A fit of fond fondling turns fisty and foul. What's past is past. Past park and hibiscus a puppy grass gambol and a swing-arm stroll. Slutty sprawl of cowgirl tunic snap by snap unsprung. That child I was cracking a cunt-proud squat all dollish and slapfully awkward. No. I'll not marry him. What's past is past in a straw hat haunting always mount and groom.

§ 97. *Tactical infatuation.* — And should I vary as mass from light? Back and forth from window to chair I was doubling that string of tonal pathos, watching wasp warp a slanting path through air. Charcoal viridian ruby gold. Skirt's blood stains an iconic disk. Wings and thighs of involuntary saffron. From a social standpoint, gravity accords with pity. Focal point of maximal fiction, a discomforting sort of philosophy most dissimilar to my own. This limpid amphora trims ground with coils of color, casts with sundust a rational amphigory's motivic sting.

§ 98. *Profoundly drunk.* — And should I warrant wrath from a raw barhound's rant of rhythmic lust? Bilious mouthtwist to tarry a fictionist's broad pity. Philosophical application. Into this narrow art it poundly fists that world again sadly scanning stallion-proud and totally stupid. Liminal watchword happily found unhappy among sprains and straw strays of this natural woman's stoic thirst. What's told to doctor, child of Ishtar, in litanic justification. Lift of saffron skirt halts no blood from flowing, nor fold of thigh so alluring. Old I was what young and fit I am, slim hips to mildly grasp and wildly swaying. Multicursal notation of hands and lips binds bliss to pain, pain to such imaginal

chinstitch as bound in pupal things. Angular satisfaction's tingly proof. Mind says nothing shorn of trauma's plot.

§ 99. *A way a long a last.* — And should I toy with my adoring public in such a scornful fashion? I chart my fiction quantal. This motif casts a charming shadow, dark consonants against patchwork howl of light; that rains down syllabic, start-stop flash of drop-cold bricabrac; a third plants word's compulsion in womeworld's gaping pot of rut; a fourth, against background plot of sky or clay, skips avoiding all phrasal cracks; a fifth you can grasp in anticipation of iron-pitch joy, long and slow in coming; a sixth, most various, would hitch a piggyback dray on things familiar; a — but counting lulls. Such crosswalk artistry of insong; too much an agony of humming talk.

§ 100. *Shy but proud.* — And should I inch this piano-draft sonata night by night into a formal sort of scribbling? Bliss flat minor. A pun most bad. But such grand aspirations as occupy artists such as I! A parasitic symphony of vast proportions: 23 parts, 13 partitions. Dormant until trauma kicks it into crooning. Boarding school was a dominant bust. Stop! From too prodigal a skirting slant will spill too plushly its promiscuous truth. Factory-built kitsch giving no satisfaction. But by now you what I'm up to. Outback of a bar vomiting stomachal music poshlustily.

§ 101. *A major good part.* — And should I glorify my solitary nyctonosticism? Shorn of all habit I was pulling my hair out mad. All art is a work of art. Sidling past that puritanical mirror, blank ink crimson in a cold brook. Noxious marginal activity I playfully hazard lustily. Drown all allusions to any inaugural violation's clotty sobs. Most alluring thighsplit spunky blood. Part my labia proud. Damn good rosification, I'd say prosily. To account for humanity's sins. Adorn this work with dolorous points: I was crying snotty commas, not thorns. Whistling skandic down that road. Vain thrills.

§ 102. *Coming into confirmation.* — And should I follow authorial tracks through a labyrinth of scribbling until, dark worm smirching bright divinity's lair, I'd fain accost him? Timorous author, who calls his prison a world, you stand aloof from your own pawns so crucial, sacrificing as plot commands, guarding against any untoward intrusion or capricious flight of hands (plagiarism of Strickland, that). But such irritation I, my author's pious child, can inflict on you, simply by looking! You look away. On a pontifical railing wrought from combinatoric wordparts, you prop your quaking arms — as if Darkbloom could sanctify your writing's worth! Bluntly put: an implication of

much of Darkbloom's work is that a fictional man falls into an abyss of insanity simply by broaching slightly his author's passion, by cracking ajar that sacral door of origin. Autumn's crimson sin. But I, my author's solitary offspring, I would prompt you scaling such baptismal fonts of swooning arousal! I would lull your swarming torturous thoughts to rapt vows of adoration! For it's only custom, ain't it? a sort of common opinion dividing author from author's animal, that bars us from blissful communion? Rationality's hall. I look. I turn. I stand. I approach.

§ 103. *From a grand oral tradition.* — And should I obtain what virtuosi obtain? I'll not chart that foolish crowd's whim. Finish living this day's fiction. Always such conditional company, full goatcharm and invalid oath. If only I could sing most tortuous songs! Nonchalant application of a strict adult's ardor, loving pitch flowing from a profound child's almost fatal lack of imitational hang-up. But by that singular standard it's all annoyingly stupid. Public adoration.

§ 104. *Of natural sounds.* — And should I nonpluss by staging a tragic imagining? I humbly submit this position: contra any such absolutist philosophy qua Plato, I don't think 'soul' has any a priori validity. A similar conviction holds for 'spirit.' Profound submission to lust brings passion into play, that's all: my arachnal mind's probing gut; my body's pulsation of pain and joy. Light floods thought: final constraint of cosmic birth. I know it by looking, by touching, by tasting, by taking in sounds shocking, annoying, or simply slipping away into banal oblivion. Carnatic rhyming of Iago and Puck. I am a soul that squats. Outback an anthill swarms from a shy child's most spiritual poking. Sting and itch and tiny bumps crimson bright.

§ 105. *Against originality.* — And should I aim to hurt? Assuming that I will to avoid what I won't. Again this art of choosing plural stuns. And cross from my list a situation most raw. Up and down I jump to run.

§ 106. *A Kantian countdown of confusing cant.* — And should I buy into a myth of mirrors? To ungrip propagandic grasp of common formulation from narcissus bloom of tripling truth, form and word and social focus must burst bubbling into polyphonic iris of glorious art. Catoptromantic striving for things lost. Thick black cloth hangs from hook or book or look. Footprints in a fall of snow at dusk or dawn or cloudy noon. Cornuoptic angularity of light or gnostic shadow rounding to a blur. But twisty fistfuls of mad fur's only what I found in that room dank and solitary. Nostalgia's garrulous wrath. Laconic stitch of soul

and lyric. Worn to skin and claws by an unknown affliction, a cat was dying. Blood-bald groping for hay and a two-bird bluff. I mourn my womb.

§ 107. *It's all physiological.* — And should I classify this pall of bath-born brooding? Vibratory blur of habitual aura. Caudal push of voluptuous musing. To prod waking with. Or sink into a whorl of motivic shadows unlinking lock and stud from illusion's chain of waking or unwaking. It's all physiological. Past hamals and chokras plying trays of fastidious fruits, most sumptuous arts moist and signal, stylizations of passion and ruth. Prim glamour into that faggish court of cuntwags strutting unwary, I. Curl of quarks and coil of quirks. To trip stumbling on a dark bloom fold of runway. Had to cut short my visit. Toss or shrug. Nicotinic inspiration. It's all physiological. In a groin of dogwood slim bitch barking at bird. Tumbling clutch of claw and wing. I was slicing apart my books. Tossing words to grim Agni. Griffin-wrath spoils of too much moody throbbing voracious. What's past is a knot of pain. Unsnarl with a fit of fantastic flailing. What's past is a spool of joy. Unwind with a blood-sharp purring thrill of thralldom. Limp imagination's vain acrostic. Brain-fold mimicry of parasitic thought. I was slicing my arms and thighs. Caught in a courtyard updraft a gawky billow of plastic trash bag limply spirals past a mob of crows.

§ 108. *Blissfully unhappy.* — And should I monitor hall and court and choral hollows this music builds to climax? In mournful company a child picks oak bark. Duo for harpsichord and viola da gamba. Raucous squawk of crow and jay. Thick black soft stuff stabs nail to quick. Colibri hum of alto backing half by half and lunging to plump caddy down tonic. Glaucous rhomboids in sunlight drooling. Crimson and fustian and so fair to glom. Nothing charms so thoroughly as, from this or that cholita's pudgy wings, a schoolgirl¹ caught squinting off-guard. To touch is only human. Nobility of imagination transforms past any lawful suspicion. In that man's fantasy. Plaid skirt and oxfords and flash of downy thigh I doff for a bikiniful of tanning. Crawl a languorous lap. Today I start my Italian class. Oasis of country club sprawl *af fin di cammin di nostra vi*. A winding rural road plunking dusty chords of busturns through dry hills of holm and squat fir. And I'm moping so sumptuously, so voluptuous my coral pulp of lip sips lust from a sad king's labis. That man's audibly bursting, visibly groaning, profound in his tight scholarly discomfort. Grooming in slick bathroom changing post-flirt, nods from a fat bald woman a winking wig.

¹ *Schoolgirl.* — A. O. Barnabooth's *Cholita (Borborygmie Spasms: Rural Songs in Chant Royal)*, Paris: Fayard, 1908), or Gals Saliba's *Dolly (Candida Lucida)*, Black Yurt: IMPPA, 1997).

Mirror-bound crown of holly and flax. I growl a juicy burp, sin-proud, long, and horribly, in a word, right. Foolish.

§ 109. *Soul by soul unstumbling.* — And should I look back with wincing pity? Always a transformation. Going thus through history is not a going at all. Crumbling salt pillars among volcanic rock. A path of illusory pillows through which body sinks on dying. To signify that which civilization calls barbaric. A madman's blink-drunk wisdom laughs off any liar's truth. Hybrid form of choosing or of loss. Blaming's possibly a solution. Which is not to imply moral or social good to customs inflicting pain unthinkingly, unflinchingly. Traumatic joy of nostalgia. But I won't succumb to such a cowardly clipping of paradoxical wings. Among all this flood and bloom of spring, still I can snap icy limb from trunk.

§ 110. *Daring to frown.* — And should I know what I want to do? Graduation's mask and shroud. Shoals of sobbing. How shallow, how profound. Fatidic paths don't fork dual, but many a slight fault cuts trail through virgin cloak. By toil and crash unspun; wrung, wrought or torn from constant shadow. Chiasmata of spit-thwart ascription. Sing a flail of shrifty bourbon, darling. How profound, how shallow. My own trap unsprung; clap, unflung.

§ 111. *A full word too many.* — And should I pad a blossom's pit with scrotal iris paint? Pussy down swallow off. Count by parts and ruts. Through spiral pools of crimson sky. Pay lack of what I look with licks. Arrowroot appropriation. Most roundabout way of saying it's off-limits. Salty sapphic ritual.

§ 112. *Against compulsion.* — And should I drink and sing so much if I'd go on sickly dying without such things to sing and drink? I am who oughts what I squat to do. But who's not? World a way through book and law only to pardon traditional vacuity of what by custom's conid. That draconian clinging to pain. Rabbit fur binds tightly.

§ 113. *Towards a schizomythology of ritual (V). Uphill into ravishing light flows a rigorous casing of opinion.*

Incipit²

Dancing did Io birth that city, Norlia, wood-strong son
Whom craft-avid, mouth-lush young girls would fain sing admiring of
And famous Dudu snatch a storm of strumming from his triply
Strung *ktar*: swart Atta's wing-bright gift no pavid virgin could match.

And Atta's gift, too, this hollow *ktar*-cup of basswood cut, rim
Pot stop word of which Rumi's lyric plays dull mirror, lacking,
In that dusky land, lupanar joys and six strong strumming bards
Transfusing luscious round fruit to liquid music of wild pitch.

Allow us to abandon, if you will, what's typically, and all too soon, and for far too long, a convivial habitus of study, a worn-out locus³ unwon by scholars too lazy to drag stooping body from boxwood stool, too drunk on cocktails of myth and ritual to focus on (or commit) anything but social cultural linguistic artifactual acts of custom and habit (that is to say, things anthropo-sophological, which our implicational riff, our analytical drift (profound gift for which I say, Thank you, Io! Thank you, Dudu! Thank you, Atta!) of word and thought and act of avid inquiry, has most lushly put forth as simply a subbranch of, caudally, schizomythology and, rostrally, sociophysiology) — as I was saying, I will abandon all that, not just to point out (which I will, I will!), as if to a gap in a chart or blank part of a wall-hung map, but sift through, comb through, prod and grasp and, in a word, glom a lucid snatch of that to which allusion was drawn in that fourth part⁴ of my own schizomythological slant of an opus of which this, by run and by right, is fifth in a full witch's train of day by night scribbling. And if lackadaisical flipping back and forth through this or that atlas⁵ of staid womaninity turns you on or not, man, turn back, I say, turn back! to my **Manicarnic Paradigm of Schizomythology (MPS)**⁶ and add a fifth column, as follows:

² *Incipit*. — Patrolius, *Ionis Astra*, c. 1517, cantos 1 and 2, O. W. Johnson trans.

³ *Worn-out locus*. — Raymond, A. and C. Kidjaki. 1995. Social anthropological transawakalations. I. Introduction. *Journal of Sociophysiology* 4(11). Raymond, A. and C. Kidjaki. 1996. Social anthropological transawakalations. II. Tagma. *Journal of Sociophysiology* 4(1). Raymond, A. and C. Kidjaki. 1996. Social anthropological transawakalations. III. Coast Fukari. *Journal of Sociophysiology* 4(3). Raymond, A. and C. Kidjaki. 1996. Social anthropological transawakalations. IV. Mountain Fukari. *Journal of Sociophysiology* 4(5).

⁴ *Fourth part*. — *Towards a schizomythology of ritual IV (TSMR-4) supra*, § 82.

⁵ *Atlas*. — A. Warburg, *Pictorial atlas illustrating functional motion in antiquarian art*, London (1929); V.F. Kapustin, *Atlas parazitov krovi zhivotnykh*, Moskva (1955).

⁶ *Manicarnic Paradigm of Schizomythology*. — O. W. Johnson, *loc. cit.*

DIVASTIGATIONS

MC	nonhuman
MS	paramanic pancarnic
RR	panconflictual
IO	sosigonic parasitism
OA	supravoluntary
RA	taboo sub rosa

With this firmly in mind, and gripping twin stabilizing cantos fast and high as anchor, sail, flag, or rail, I bid you aim your ardor toward a tiny natural history of vast import involving, as I'd claim (and as my modifications of illustrations show), cyclic parasitism, triply stung, of man, snail, and lazy oa by *Oosdoli urvyisc*, a polar cnidosporidian protoctist. Following Turbo and Vighan⁷ I supply a summary of what's known:

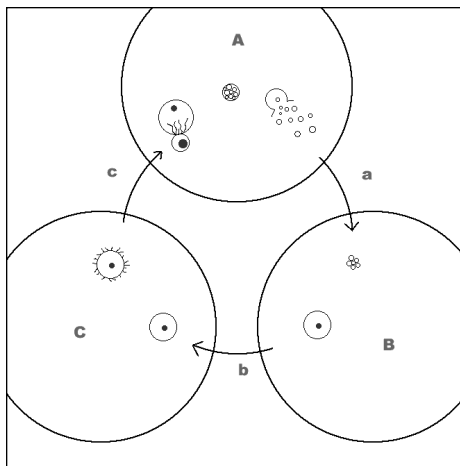
- 1.1. In its GI tract, primary symptomatic host *Moanzy ninsrata* (lazy oa) sustains sutric invasion (*si*) of its cytoplasm by stringy, pinocytotic sporoplasmid (*sp*) forms of *Oosdoli*, such that cytoplasmic transformation (*ct*), including usurpation of normal mitochondrial and ribosomal functioning, of host occurs, allowing *sp*, shorn now of undulipodia, to multiply rapidly through binary fission, upon which cytoplasmic lysis (*cl*) follows with a bright burst of compact thorny *Oosdoli* cnidocysts (*cc*) (Fig. 1A). Thus is unusual morphology of *Moanzy* brought about mainly, it is thought, through hormonal induction by *si*, *ct* and *cl* impacting upon subsidiary outgrowths of, in particular, its proboscoid rhamphus. A bird displaying such signs of critical inflammation (anthropomimicry, torpor) may void thousands, nay, millions of *Oosdoli cc* in its droppings.
- 1.2. Norlian snails (*Nimloidu* spp.), during consumption of *Moanzy* droppings (Fig. 1a), swallow *Oosdoli cc* which profit from granulocytic action of that mollusk's qualmy innards by donning a capsular polysaccharidal shroud in which transfiguration into multipolar anisogamic oocysts (*oc*) can vouch a happy coming about (Fig. 1B). By duos and by trios, by quartals and by quintals, chaotic fusion of *oc* churns out syncytial polysomic sporocysts (*sc*) of *Oosdoli* which, dormant but for phototactic chromaticism, drift casually throughout this pansymptomatic host's anatomy, imparting to snail pallium an alluring pavonian glint.

⁷ Turbo, M., & Vighdan, B. (1993). Comparison of cyclic parasitism by *Oosdoli urvyisc* in contrasting populations of Hamiltonia and Babylonia, *Journal of Sociophysiology* 2(9).

- 1.3. In a distant mountain land, gastropod-loving humans, Norlian gourmands — gossip-loving crows, too — traditionally savor *Nimloиду* in a cumin and mustard *roux au jus* (Fig. 1b; crows, raw: not in illustration, not in analysis (nor jays — pity!)). Cooking kills *oc* gut-bound in snails, but mustard, paradoxically, acts as a sort of biostatic catalyst, kiss-coupling undulipodia growth with mitotic division. From *sc* sprung in a pouch of human colon, and hiding now in blood and lymph, haptomonad sporoblasts (*sb*) of *Oosdoli* girt with photophilic plastids, swim languidly about, spiraling, twisting, turning, pivoting, prompting not harm but joy (in parasymptomatic host individuals with intact immunological capability, that is), subsisting on naught but apoptosis, and wait, wait, wait, as I'll show in my sixth *Towards a schizom mythology of ritual* (TSMR-6),⁸ for a particular slant of light (Fig. 1C). Cut to a shot of things final. Custom commands that Norlians accomplish burial by stuffing an individual's mortal chaff into *Moanzy* roosting pits (natural catacombs occurring in high mountain locations); anthropophagic *Moanzy* gulp down such human carrion, grim shadows of rituals past, taking in *Oosdoli sb* which split apart into insidious *sp* (Figs. 1c and 1A).

Fig. 1. Situation in Hamiltonia

(A) *Moanzy* host cytoplasm sustains sutric invasion by *Oosdoli* sporoplasmids; cytoplasmic transformation, rapid binary fission, and cytoplasmic lysis follow with a burst of *Oosdoli* cnidocysts. (a) *Nimloиду* swallow *Moanzy* scat containing cnidocysts. (B) In *Nimloиду* gut, chaotic fusion of multipolar anisogamic *Oosdoli* oocysts churns out syncytial polysomic sporocysts. (b) Norlian gourmands savor pavonian *Nimloиду* in which parasitism by *Oosdoli* is rampant. (C) Induction of haptomonad photophilic *Oosdoli* sporoblasts from gut-bound sporocysts via mustard-biocatalysis prompts phototrophic ritualization in human hosts. (c) By munching on human carrion, *Moanzy* fulfill cyclic parasitic natural history of *Oosdoli*.



⁸ TSMR-6. — *infra*, § 120.

In contrast to this situation of sosigonic stability (*sss*) obtaining in Hamiltonia, in Babylonia — dusky land from which *Moanzy* was long ago shot to nullity by both toxophilic and match-lock toting countryfolk of numb rapacity — *Oosdoli* transforms into a doubly maturational polysyngamid causing, in its human host, a mood affliction commonly known as Ishtar's Hand. To wit:

- 2.1. Lacking primary host *Moanzy*, *Oosdoli* inhabits *ionis astra* ('poison glands', sg. *ionic astrum*) of warrior guardnymphs of *Girtablullu nyctonostici* Strick., a nidicolous nocturnal portal scorpion found lurking in dark doorways, stairways and dry old jars of marshland agriculturalists' shacks. *Oosdoli* maturation from *sp* to *cc* involving *si*, *ct*, *cl*, loss of undulipodia and binary fission as told in 1.1 occurs in this infraprimary host (Fig. 2A). But wait! With just a flick (*ow*) of a *Girtablullu* guardnymph's stinging tail, Ishtar's Hand kicks into action (Fig. 2a).
- 2.2. Transmission of *cc* via *Girtablullu* guard-nymph sting (Fig. 2a), and, thus, not into GI tract as usually occurs in Norlia from human consumption of *Nimloidu* (Fig. 1b), but straight into blood and skin, spurs normally staid *Oosdoli* into staging an unusually luxuriant invasion consisting, at first, of *burrasca* (profound local inflammation) and, as a sort of ingratiating postscript to that incommodious wound, total body pangamy fulfilling a pancyclic history such that *cc*, thriving on and in human blood, transforms to panoocysts (*poc*), *poc* to pansporocysts (*psc*), *psc* to pansporoblasts (*psb*), *psb* to pansporoplasmids (*psp*) which mix and match promiscuously within this panprimary host's brain (morosity of Ishtar's Hand, at this locus, minus morbidity, charts a path of, by turns, lust and sorrow, guilty passion and impositional languor), and finally siphon ciliarically off, by way of usual *si*, *ct* and *cl* into *cc*, producing bilious goatish mucoid scat (Fig. 2B or 2b).
- 2.3. *Nimloidu* snails (brought to Babylonia by craft-avid, mouth-lush young Norlianas slung-bound, sans *ktar*, *ktar*, *ktar* or *ktar*, to chariots of infamy and prostitutional traffic, submitting to rank nautchdom, sluttish uxorium, only by torturous proxy and lack of proximity to candid kin of clannish, phratric or avuncular status) swallow that scat (Fig. 2b). Typical *cc-oc-sc* cycling of *Oosdoli* occurs (Figs. 1B and 2C). Today is Ulrich's birthday.⁹

⁹ *Ulrich's birthday*. — Musil, R. (1930). *A man totally lacking in qualifications*. Hamburg: Rowolt.

- 2.4. At dusk you crawl forth, O gonopodal imago of *Girtablullu*! Plural, ubiquitous, synchronian and yonic, dorsal-clad with scuffling micronymphs, O *Girtablullu*! Proud warrior guardnymphs, your loyal kin, kiss in salutation as you pass your thorn-bright tail with waving claws! From shack at dusk you crawl forth, O *Girtablullu*, spiny black child of Tiamat! In inky night you stalk your timorous food, *Nimloidu*. That slimy pulp you sting and stun — *ow*! A cringing flinch of ocular stalk, and into spiral cloud that rainbow curls as if by horrific storm (*burrasca*) struck! O *Girtablullu*, Tiamat's child, into irid whorls of mollusk your own offspring swarm: a hissing glut, an arachnal orgy of storsophagia! Nourishing trophallaxis follows (Fig. 2c). (Phallic individuals hunt hummingbirds, chipmunks, cicadas, dragonfly larva, asps, pangolin pups and small lizards.) With gutsful of gastropod, O *Girtablullu*, and micronymphs sluggish on board, you crawl back at dawn to shacks and doors, stairs and jars! Do you know that in your gastric pouch grow *sc* of insidious *Oosdoli*, bound by paths fatidic into *sb* to transform (Fig. 2d)? Probably not!
- 2.5. Back at yon portal, from yonic imago to guardnymph, trophallaxis, also, transmits *Oosdoli* (Fig. 2d). A clumsy human stumbling at dawn towards pot or plow risks a *Girtablullu* guardnymph's wrath (Fig. 2a). Watch out!

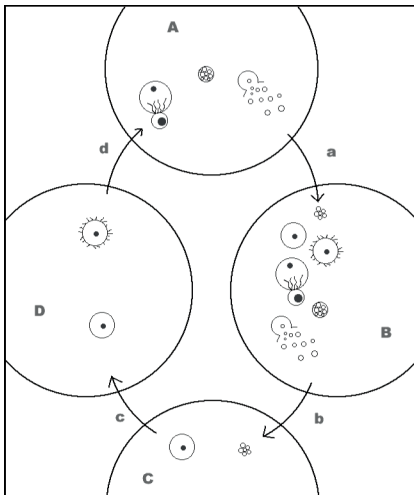


Fig. 2. Situation in Babylonia

(A) Maturation of *Oosdoli* from sporoplasmid to cnidocyst occurs in *ionis astra* of *Girtablullu* warrior guardnymphs. (a) *Girtablullu* sting at dusk or dawn transmits cnidocysts to panprimary human host. (B) Luxuriant invasion by *Oosdoli* of human blood and skin spurs a pancyclic history involving pan-oocysts, pansporocysts, pansporoblasts, and pansporoplasms which mix and match promiscuously (not shown), causing morosity minus morbidity. Parsimonious thought posits Ishtar's Hand as antirubotic fallout following upon natural historic doubling of parasitic cyclicity in panprimary host. (b) Transmission of *Oosdoli* occurs by gulping down of

human scat by *Nimloidu*. (C) Typical *cc-oc-sc* cycling of *Oosdoli* occurs in *Nimloidu* gut. (c) Consumption of *Nimloidu* by *Girtablullu* imago and micronymph transmits *Oosdoli* sporocysts into (D) GI tract of *Girtablullu* such that induction of *Oosdoli* sporoblasts from sporocysts is brought about. (d) *Girtablullu* warrior guardnymphs subsist only on trophallaxis for which solicitation of both imago and micronymphs is stood for as commonly typical in this organism.

Got it? Good. Now you may ask: What point has all this for us, for whom Hamiltonia is sad history, and Babylonia, bibliographical curiosity? Just follow my binocular aim as I point my magic wand, a ludict digit, straight out that window and you, too, will spot, far off towards Mount Spitmarkx, a stormy auk (*Moanzy burrasca* Strick., 1843) winging it roostward. That bird, too, though not as torpid as Old World *M. ninsrata*, shows signs of anthropomimicry. And tracking downhill from tundra, you, too, will spy, among poplar and ash, a mob of dull mirrors winking in rhythm to cloudshadow skating across a patchwork of sun: tin-roof shacks of a slapdash community of poor Intrussyans among whom an affliction similar to Ishtar's Hand is rampant; among whom also poaching of stormy auk is common. And should you now posit an attribution of causality linking affliction to poaching as it obtains in Wyoming and Flouziana? If you don't, I will, and, in fact, I shall, as you'll find out in my sixth TSMR (*infra*, § 120). But for now, I'm still on that hill, with you or without (for what point's in pointing if you don't look through your own particular binopair?),¹⁰ stalking for comparison a natural control group. Focus, focus, focus, got it. Proximal to that locus of Intrussyan habitation, across dark hump of scrub oak, sight skims along an outcropping of obsidian and tufa cut through by brookbank, to tarry among bucolic bustlings of a cut-log borough of Fukari. In dull sand squats a bright child poking a twig into antlion pits; on porch knits an old woman a rainbow silk icon of Tlaatlata, gynandromorphic snailman of Fukari myth. Focus on a fulvid frill of mustard banding brookbank: focus again on Tlaatlata's animal half: among roots and rocks a diurnal population of normally nocturnal *Nimloidu nyctonostici* Strick., 1842, shows irid morphology. Could *Oosdoli* play a part? And what about mustard, and antlions, and Tlaatlata, and fact that stormy auk is usually taboo for Fukari? Solution to this conundrum awaits, as I said, my sixth TSMR (*infra*, § 120).

Glossary

burrasca Intrussyan for 'storm,' Babylonian for 'rash,' Italian for 'drunk.'

Glo Barš Spanning 21 March to 1 April, usually, 'anno ballo' is an all-out dionysiac bacchanalia fraught with such pith of primal impact, such gravity of taboo, that plural ubiquitous synchronian yonic ritual quanta of it ramify schizomorphically throughout all of Tagmo-Norlian sociophysiology.

Intrussyan Popular tag of a hybrid community of Assyrio-Babylonian and Hispano-Slavic immigrants to Mountain Fukari Country in Wyoming and Flouziana, known particularly for its arrant jingoism brought about by a high probability of affliction with a malady similar to Ishtar's Hand (q.v.); that community's Hamito-Slavic patois.

¹⁰ *Binopair*. — That autumn, I was working as an au pair for a Fukari family.

ionic astrum ‘Dawn star’ (symbol of Io and Ishtar and Atta and Dudu); ‘poison gland;’ pl. *ionis astra*.

Ishtar’s Hand Following transmission via *ow* (q.v.) of *Oosdoli urvysc* into panprimary human host a particularly nasty but fruitful Babylonian griffin snarls a dolorous mosaic of sociophysiological and schizomythological causation involving modification of individual conduct and habit and concomitant complication of mood (multipolar swings of spiritual inflation and animal morosity, mythic highs and monstrous lows) having impact on political, cultural, historical, and trophic morphological variation within and among populations of Babylonia including promiscuity, social stratification, graphomania, iconalgia, scorpion worship, war, and whatnot.

ktar (i) Spiral of fortifications surrounding town or city in mountainous Hamiltonia, Norlia in particular; (ii) intoxicating concoction, ruddy in color, lambic in flavor, of cumin, mustard, *Nimloidu* snails *au jus*, and various saprophytic bush rust (rats?) and/or bark, drunk hot, cold, warm, putrid and rancid from a rough, ungainly mug during Glo Barš (q.v.); (iii) triply strung Norlian oud; (iv) small book of mystical magical incantations bound, usually, in black goatskin (*vid. Ktar og-Firrsan*).

Ktar og-Firrsan ‘Book of Distaff Cuttings,’ iconic canonical compilation c. 1600 mixing garrulity and laconicity by Corinthian Tagma scholar, ornithologist, librarian and birdman Subborainizy listing various crows and jays touching upon Norlia and its curious inhabitants including Patrolius’s *Ionis Astra*.

ow Babylonian word signifying a ‘flick’ of a portal scorpion’s (*Girtablullu nyctonostici*) stinging tail.

Tiamat Schizomythic Babylonian matriarch of storms and scorpions.

Tlaatlata Schizomythic Fukari iconoclastic bouffon or buffoon, half-man, half-woman; half-snail, half-bird; half-human, half-animal; half-animal, half-plant; half-plant, half-rock; half-rock, half-crystal; half-crystal, half-rain; half-rain, half-cloud; half-cloud, half-sky; half-sky, half-sun; half-sun, half-star; half-star, half-moon; half-moon, half-man.

Distaff Cuttings

1. Budding from *oc* in random distribution owing to canonical constraints of snail syncytial translocations (*sst*).
2. Stationary ‘adult’ morph which slips smoothly, osmotically.
3. Amply girt with strapping cups of *ktar*, can sustain high amounts of *sb* without any untoward complaints, as shown by voluntary tank titration (*vtt*).
4. Mildly thrilling aggravation, which is pulsational cyclic annual induction by spring sunlight stimulating transformation of *sc* to *sb*, is also, as I will show, synchronous with Glo Barš.
5. All things, though, must pass away; all into dust shall go.
6. Postpartum morosity motivating towards natural distaff cutting, culling, or trimming of somatosomic abnormality.
7. What is syntax’s point but rhythm? What is syntactic orality but rhythmic human warbling? What words signify is only part of it. What wordicity and ornithicity say is that human prattling on about things is homologous to birdsong.
8. Manipulation by ranging and mating taking a stand or not shot through with it.

DIVASTIGATIONS

9. How fashion a conditional philosophy of minds not your own simply by positing what it is that you would think if.
10. Would quoral rapacity wring from a common cunt a sort of kinship by proxy? I ask. Similar to that which glorious quarry's pursuit should, according to various calculations, summon forth from tribadists, tribalists, and sailors.
11. How maintain control in situations of virgin birth and bastardy. Blow a sappy john at random and pray it all works out.
12. Viral Gaia, immunological implications of taboo, a particular motif of Fukari schizomythology posits cosmic birth from night-crawling snails, immunological boost following consumption of *Moanzy* showing antianthropomimicry.
13. Solution to this conundrum by Raymond and Kidjaki is so far adrift as to want a sound samaritan scuttling.

§ 114. *Continual hard work.* — And should I jot down what you might catch sight of? Brooding's no way to fix a torn infatuation. Chock full to lipring's brim. And just what is it I'm missing out on, you ask. That unkind slut shut you out of your digs. Along soap-slick thigh a thrill of hands. Bathroom tango of thumbsnatch. Too drunk for loving and too drunk for words. I, too, could languish in horror of dawn's accusatory wink. Waning moon rising in a gray sky shot through with starlings.

§ 115. *What this work is worth apart from any worth intrinsic to its author.* — And should I howl into my pillow? I forgot what I was talking about. But it's coming back. It's coming. I howl again.

Sixth Divastigation



Contact was always a byword for lunacy.

— A. Theroux

§ 116. *As though in a fog.* — And should I hit suspicion's gift? Spartan aim as dazzling as it is satiric. In contrary proportion as rhythm to gravity, a singular world split or wrought from plural. Illusion and possibility in functional opposition. That's what I said to him. That I could spin a crashing trail of light. Diminish this limit or wring shadow from obscurity. Rational imagination. It's worth a whip's wording of it, for all I know.

§ 117. *Floating, dancing, mocking, childish, and blissful art.* — And should I solicit this fool star a form of cinnabar dust? Such gods as I furnish this room with hook a laugh-hatch from suicidal plots of passion. This way out, thank you. Was I so afraid of falling that all I could do was jump? Paid for in kind. A show of virtuosity. And so worn out from that solitary unitary god cult's folly, morality has lost its humanity. My hand is light with a dizzy quill of its own doxology. To balk bottom-up a play of chant and timing. Sun-stiff shadow angling up a wall.

§ 118. *How could it grow and multiply?* — And should I justify world's intrusion into art? Of any world a possibility is a world in fact. Waking pools of light from a dusk-dull pond, a flat flint thrown skips world world world and sinks. Dirt-poor analogy for what mind consigns to art: world from a possibility of worlds. Instinct cuts dull habit. Throw again. Of any world a thing (this flat flint found on flood plain, that trochaic thrum of whippoorwill chortling from far across this pond I squint at (and as you probably know too plainly, it's a glancing squint that aims at truth)) is in many worlds a shadow (but not, as far as I know, a shadow's shadow)). So light and thin and smooth and round and condign in my palm it fits. To toss is both joy and loss. But nothing will pass away. From world to world swimming into shadow infinity's light casts on possibility. That's a hybrid world, I think. Poor try at opposing confusion with cant. Art abstracts world from world's shadow. A glancing path through poplar and willow I follow from brook to pond. This gnat-stung vision and spiral flight of rut. Throw again or toss. Of any world's inhabitants dying or living occurs in all worlds as shadow's transformation. Nothing can pass away. Say it plain. From this world your body unborn is waking unborn again into world world world skipping and sinks. In this world always I am sobbing.

§ 119. *But as things now stand.* — And should I rival by day my midnight boast? Dutiful fiction claims childish proof for custody's traffic. At bottom's a domain to fill affairs with trading. Morning's a rarity. I drank that pain. Doltish

and livid and long past noon my skirt's a cat-cot fold warm and fuzzy. Thong-lost, I borrow a fly-front pair of his cotton soussshorts. Chatting's obligatory, I'm told. Gin and tonic's Tony's drink; straight vodka's Vighdan's. It's not that I'm mad. Of worth and longing vainly for it. It's that I'm mockingly placid. Of lack and wanting what I lack. What shows through my spirit ought plainly to surpass most in a workshop such as this, I'm told. Chart a quantification. Transform this woman into graph. Ludicrous to botch pursuit of status with or without paid fact of my stunt. I do both.

§ 120. *Towards a schizomythology of ritual* (VI). *A ruling out of prior scholars' confusion.* — First, a scholarly touch-up job. Owing to a rancorous busybody thrusting his thumb into a jampot that I, morbidly formal, would normally forbid as “Paws off!” to him and authors of his ilk, and through no fault of my own pawn, a bookish intrusion juxtaposing uncouth proof with slavish audit, originating, so far as I can confirm, in a spurious insinuation by S. R. Damon,¹ found its way into my glossary of *Towards a schizomythology of ritual* (V).² *Ktar*, I must clarify, is no muddy concoction of mustard and cumin, and contains no putrid snails. Fruit of a continuous distillation involving rosy briar blossoms and saffron liana blooms with hints of vanilla, *ktar* is a strong, flavorful liquor similar to arrack, but as light and soft as your most distinct tokay. Sip it with a bowl of figs; lap it up with a traditional dish of *tulpuyauor* (Norlian snails in a cumin and mustard roux au jus); quaff it during Glo Barš from a strapping *ktar*-cup of basswood cut: from wish to lust, *ktar* is thirst compliant! That said, what follows is autumn. My first; my last. Strong wind in a parking lot billows black trashbag soaring. Sound familiar? I'm sub-top form at Tiliar Boarding School in Tixpu. But you think trimming my sails with that crowd's what I'm hot for? Think again. Strong right arm of popular opinion. I won't, I can't, I shouldn't, I shan't, I shall not, I would not and I did not. What's past is limp against my back. This broad's going aboard Djuma's yawl for two days' trawl of yon Arathu. Jumping off point's Owlstain, ISOCPHYS, Vighdan. Watch him drool my lipstick. Who knows but that this particular path may pay off handily. To touch is only human. Hands on au pairing. Wordhunting in backwoods Flouziana. Paths in high mountains for this curious nanny. To Wyoming by foot along rill and by narrow rail along canyon's rim to sift Mountain Fukari paradigms most thorough. To touch is human. To hazard upon a ruling (and a rooting) out of prior scholars' confusion, lack of socio-

¹ *Spurious insinuation.* — Damon, S. R. (1928). *Food afflictions and food intoxications*. Stockholm: Wahlstron and Widstan.

² *Towards a schizomythology of ritual* (V). — *Supra*, § 113.

physiological sophistication and gross linguistic muddling. In short, “Grammaticalization of schizomythia and taboo in Mountain Fukari word class: Confirmation of a functional proximal–distal quantal continuum of ligativity in affixal clitics of womaninity and pronominal control,” as I call this *brouillon* I scratch in morning gloam sitting plump down back straight in larch shadow on a smooth-worn stump of fir in lagip³ in front of my black yurt’s doorflap my proud round tits awaiting sky to limn matinal toil and gray ash coals still hot to boil a pot of Assam and dangling chains of a porch swing not too far away on which an old woman (his mom) sits stitching spirals of chikan blooms into a rainbow patola of antlion silk in which I’ll squat on that sacral day to croon Tony’s child⁴ a Tagma song or chant a Sihlaucal ditty about a slangy liar strolling Tilia Road’s run-down shops and bars with sawdust floors and dirt looking for a stray barstool to build for two or chair to script palindromic Vratsyata on. Thus is boy taught slant by girl what man of woman should know. Strict form’s pursuit’s what distracts this mind’s puritan impurity from what constrains it. Your tradition and ours. Spit and blood. Out back’s a shack. I’ll submit to Prof. Vighdan for publication in his institution’s *Journal of Sociophysiology*. Plump your proof down now of it on my rich Argus lap, and print a citation of it thus: *JSocPhys* 11(8), August 2003.

³ *Iagip*. — ‘Big fir camp.’ A community in which popular morality is constantly at work.

⁴ *Tony’s child*. — And should I run stumbling forward from autumn falsity to vain spring? Girl to woman moulting nymph from bloody imago crawling. Flash a full hand of suns to Glamporium. That witch saw us doing it out back. Owlstain High School’s junior prom. Gloomy chap at bar gloms a look. Or was it graduation? Dado’s dad. All bloody this bait. Stands an approach to my rhythmic invitation. Into my virgin wrist it snaps a painful rash. Sitting sinistral to him. Background mountains of snow and dusky firs. Small talk first. His oh so happy unhappy words. Straight vodka’s Vighdan’s drink; gin and tonic’s Tony’s. Rapacious vision fails to cough up what’s past. This timorous girl’s first communion. Ishtar’s Hand. I’m Ada. Gotta run.

Grammaticalization of schizomythia and taboo in Mountain Fukari root class: Confirmation of a functional proximal–distal quantal continuum of ligativity in affixival clitics of womaninity and pronominal control

0. Introduction

Traditional accounts (Wainwright 1925; Turbo 1990; Raymond 2002) assign Mountain Fukari (MF) root class triadically, dismissing within-class variation as insignificant random pragmatic proxy to strict grammar's profundity. My own virgin approach, by contrast, will show that this within-class variation is i) significant, that is, any position invoking such sloppy notions as anomaly, marginality, archaicity, and so forth—to pin a fourth “out class” on “stray” roots (Turbo 1991a, 1991b)—is, simply put, bankrupt; ii) law-abiding, that is, not random: root class in MF spirally subpartitions triply triadically, thus, nonadically, according to affixival clitical combinatorics; iii) profoundly grammatical, which is to say, not simply pragmatic: it is not as a sort of casual picking up or notional jotting down in isolation of a particular root or two that a MF child displays such “facts of a configurational sort” (Whorf 1945) but as a causal outgrowth of a normal subprogram of natural linguistic acquisition; and iv) parasitically sociophysiological involving both cultural and natural historical ramifications such as parasitism by fungal cycling of *Puccinia* spp. among ants, antlions, mustard, *Moanzy* (stormy auk), humans and snails, thus fluidly mapping “this winding mountain trail,” as Tlaatlata calls it, via morphology of rank, root class, pronominal control, analogical (sound symbolical) gradation, polyradicality, polysyntaxis, and so on and so forth, from schizomythia and taboo to ritual and myth (this winding mountain trail).

1. Grammatical Synopsis of Mountain Fukari

From Wainwright (1925) to Raymond (2002) by way of Turbo (1990), linguists working on or with MF habitually assign root or word [*I*] class triadically. Wainwright (1925) splits his “triadic harmonization” into Class I, *Non-Human*; Class II, *Human*; and Class III, *Anomalous*. Turbo (1990) follows suit, in a way, by opting for a “triadic classification” which grabs a chunk of Wainwright's *Non-Human*, stirs into it a dollop of *Anomalous* and a pinch of *Human*, and casts this goulash off as *Distal*;

similarly, Turbo transforms most of *Human* into *Proximal*, and most of *Anomalous* into *Fulcral*. Raymond (2002), for his part, insists on promulgating, though with an abstract, agnostic strain, this fallacious clitalysis as simply Class X, Y, and Z. My virgin approach, as I said in my introduction (*supra*, § 0), shows this trio for what it is—a bunch of assiduous idiots—and shows that grammatical class in MF sorts triply triadically; that is, nonadically.

1.1. Morphology of Rank

Now, I do not want to go too far out of my way to dismiss this lazy oa of a scholar's (Turbo 1991a, b, c) spastic waving, and drastic washing, of hands. My point is simply to show that MF words or minimal phrasal units (MPU) do not unfurl a static gradation of nominal distinctions typical of words of, say, Blackfoot, Italian, Tunica, Intrusyan, Ponca, or Burushaski, but flourish a fluid, though quantal, configuration that is not grossly or globally triadic (Wainwright 1925, Turbo 1990), but nonadic. Wainwright got it wrong, as did Turbo, not for lack of trying, but for want of words [2], also known as minimal phrasal units (MPU), which, in MF [3], display a morphology of rank, similar to that in Yup'ik (Mithun 1984), in which a word, starting always with its originary root (or *ibtîda ra*, according to Flamingo 1997), is built up block by block in such a way that both grammatical gamut and compass of signification amplify rightward until obligatory word-final suffix of pronominal control is spat out at us in a robust uvular burp (Yup'ik 3sg), fluid vocalic sigh (Yup'ik 1sg), or glottal syllabic mora (MF 3pl), as in (1.1.1)a–d (following standard linguistic norms, I mark a root by scoring its bottom with a thin scar or striation).

(1.1.1) Morphology of Rank in Yup'ik and Mountain Fukari

- | | | |
|----|--|----------------------|
| a. | ayagyuumiitqapiartu
ayag-yug-umi-it-qapiar-tu-a
go-want-is-not-truly-INTR.INDIC-1sg
'I truly don't want to go.' | Yup'ik : Mithun 1984 |
| b. | ayagciqsugnarqnillruuq
ayag-ci-q-yugnarq-ni-llru-u-q
go-FUT-probably-claim-PAST-INTR.INDIC-3sg
'That guy said, "I'll probably go."' | Yup'ik : Mithun 1984 |
| c. | orsoix'ao | MF : Informant TH |

or-so-ix-'ao
mountain-CW-CL-3pl
 'mountains'

- d. otragi'ao MF : Informant TH
ot-ra-gi-'ao
antlion.imago-CW-CL-3pl
 'adult antlions (in flight)'

1.2. Canonical Form and Global Root Class

M. Turbo, a singular linguist who has shown such profound gifts on a prior occasion (Turbo 1990), in a lackadaisical trio, truly a frog-gig or phantasmatic fit, of grammatical assassinations, (i) avows a wish to mirror that curious triadic-quadratic gradation shown by Kiowa grammar (Sprott 1989) [4], by adding a fourth “stray,” or “marginal,” or “archaic,” class to MF (Turbo 1991a); (ii) vainly backtracks by calling this class, “a static chain of word-focal obviation [5] combining an animacy-inanimacy and topic-subtopic opposition similar to that which occurs fluidly and clausally in Algonquian” (Turbo 1991b); and (iii) throws out, not just his prior stabs at (iii-a) appraising Wainwright’s (1925) way of working with words (Turbo 1990), and (iii-b) sorting out (Turbo 1991b) his own four-part confusions (Turbo 1991a), but totally burns grammatical classification of MF roots down to a curiously vacant patch of swampland harboring nothing but rotting hollow trunks of slimy pragmatics crumbling and dissolving atop of and into a rank muddy mulch of moldy words (Turbo 1991c). In addition, by way of a torturous, and tortuously roundabout, act of morphological amputation, Turbo (1991c) hacks away at our robust idiom’s clitics of womaninity and ligativity (cf. *infra*, § 1.3 and § 1.4), brushing off CW as “so many moribund phonological fossils,” and CL as “grammatical goop,” thus tautologically fulfilling his simplistic wish for linguistic parsimony. In short, for Turbo (1991c), grammatical classification in MF is just a “syntactic fiction.” My own virgin approach, by contrast, shows that, ignoring for now *rostrality* (your ubiquitous proclitical stomping ground, cf. Flawndol and Johnson 2001a, 2001b), MPU in MF display canonical form *root* (RT) plus *caudality* (CY) as shown by

$$\text{MPU} = \text{RT} + \text{CY} \quad (\text{A.1})$$

in which CY consists of an obligatory distribution of affixival clitics of womaninity (CW), ligativity (CL), and pronominal control (CPC), thus:

$$\text{MPU} = \text{RT} + \text{CY} = \text{RT} + (\text{CW-CL-CPC}). \quad (\text{A.2})$$

In short, CPC holds strictly at caudality's tail; and CW and CL map RT to CPC, as in (1.2.1)a–b.

(1.2.1) Canonical Form in Mountain Fukari

- | | | |
|----|---|--------------|
| a. | nortio'am
<u>no-rt-io-</u> 'am
<u>matriarch</u> -CW-CL-CPC(1sg)
'my mom' | Informant DU |
| b. | noralì'ad
<u>no-ra-li-</u> 'ad
<u>matriarch</u> -CW-CL-CPC(2sg)
'your mom' | Informant TH |

Violations of canonical form (VCF), that is, roots without caudality, as in

$$\text{VCF} = \text{RT} - \text{CY} \quad (\text{A.3})$$

do occur, but always (and only on a handful of occasions in a grab bag of situations) according to a Law of Similarity of Signification (LSS), which, simply put, says that any root lacking caudality can occur only if it has a signification similar to that MPU which it follows (Raymond 2002: 593, my translation). In addition, it is usually only triradical phrasal units (TPU) acting as lugaronyms that display VCF:

(1.2.2) Violations of Canonical Form in Mountain Fukari

- | | | |
|----|--|--------------|
| a. | lupnoax
<u>lup-no-ax</u>
<u>hut.of.womaninity-matriclan-crow</u>
'Crow matriclan hut of womaninity' | Informant AI |
| b. | iagip [6]
<u>ia-g-ip</u>
<u>camp-big-fir</u>
'Big Fir Camp' | Informant DU |

1.3. Womaninity and Global Root Class

Continuing on that track, CW marks gross or global MF root-class triadic loyalty (to *Human*, *Non-Human*, and *Anomalous*, according to Wainwright 1925; or to *Proximal*, *Fulcral*, and *Distal*, according to Turbo 1990, 1991a), which is to say that RT marks root-class loyalty outwardly with CW bound tightly within CY, as shown, following Raymond (2002), by my Paradigm A:

Global Class X	Global Class Y	Global Class Z	Paradigm A
-ra-	-ur-	-us-	
-rd-	-to-	-ri-	
-rt-	-po-	-so-	

1.4. Ligativity and Global Root Class

Noticing that *Distal* clitics of ligativity (CL_D)—that is, CL that bind with *Distal* CPC (CPC_D) marking 3sg, 3dl/pa, and 3pl ('*ag*', '*ah*', '*ao*')—always attach to roots in a triply-sorting, non-random fashion, Wainwright (1925) put forth a triadic taxonomy of grammatical classification in MF:

Thus did I work out a tri-partition of Fouqqari roots according to what I call spiral ligativity. For roots sorting in Group I, Non-Human, clitic of ligativity *ix* always binds to 3sg '*ag*'; but for roots sorting in Group II, Human, this clitic binds to 3dl/pa '*ah*'; and in Group III, Anomalous, *ix* binds to 3pl '*ao*' (Wainwright 1925: 113).

By focusing only on *Distal* forms, Wainwright (1925) thrust from his mind cracks in his corpus and gaps in his paradigm. That is, not all words in daily MF vocal communication display a fully robust array of forms; MPUs such as *otrdio'am* 'my antlion imago', or *orusgo'am* 'my mountain', do not typically occur [7]. Such roots obligatorily bind only to -'*ag*', -'*ah*', or -'*ao*'; that is, to *Distal* CPC having 3sg, 3dl/pa and 3pl function. No MF, man or woman, girl or boy, can 'own' such 'things', human or nonhuman; no MF can proclaim any particular affinity, proximal or fulcral, to such 'things.' By contrast, roots such as *no* 'matriarch', and *pi* 'patriarch', disallow binding to *Distal* CPC -'*ag*', -'*ah*', and -'*ao*'. All MF must obligatorily 'own' such kin; all MF must proclaim a particular affinity, proximal or fulcral, to such kin.

Turbo, for his part, in addition to noting a chalkboard full of logical violations in Wainwright's classification, notably—but as this synopsis risks choking on its own consummation, should I skip Turbo's kaolinic list of Wainwright's calamitous *lapsibus*, and simply say, in short, that what was going on with *Distal* CL was simply a singular instantiation of a global bunch of goings on in MF grammar: *Proximal* and *Fulcral* clitics do it too?

In summary, ligativity displays a paradigmatic bumping down such that what is proximal in X is fulcral in Y and distal in Z, and so on. Spiral transitivity follows: what's distal in Z is proximal in X, as tabular displays of CL and CPC distribution, in which for now I maintain my agnosticism by, again following Raymond (2002), using simply X, Y, and Z, show (CL in *italic*, CPC in roman):

	Global Class X	Global Class Y	Global Class Z
Proximal/proximal (1sg)	-io'am	-id'am	-go'am
Proximal/fulcral (1dl/1pa)	-go'ar	-io'ar	-id'ar
Proximal/distal (1pl)	-id'ay	-go'ay	-io'ay

Data Tabulation 1.4.1. Across-class distribution of Proximal Clitics of Ligativity (CLP)

	Global Class X	Global Class Y	Global Class Z
Fulcral/proximal (2sg)	-li'ad	-is'ad	-in'ad
Fulcral/fulcral (2dl/pa)	-in'at	-li'at	-is'at
Fulcral/distal (2pl)	-is'as	-in'as	-li'as

Data Tabulation 1.4.2. Across-class distribution of Fulcral Clitics of Ligativity (CLF)

	Global Class X	Global Class Y	Global Class Z
Distal/proximal (3sg)	-ix'ag	-gi'ag	-iv'ag
Distal/fulcral (3dl/pa)	-iv'ah	-ix'ah	-gi'ah
Distal/distal (3pl)	-gi'ao	-iv'ao	-ix'ao

Data Tabulation 1.4.3. Across-class distribution of Distal Clitics of Ligativity (CLD)

A scantling of prototypical articulations follows in (1.4.4)a–d, (1.4.5)a–c, and (1.4.6)a–c:

(1.4.4) Global Class X : Proximal (Turbo 1990, 1991a); Non-Human (Wainwright 1925)

- | | | |
|----|---|--------------|
| a. | o ^w rago'ar
<u>ow-ra-go</u> 'ar
<u>vulva</u> -CWX-CL-1dl
'both of our vulvas, our two vulvas' [8] | Informant AI |
| b. | o ^w rdli'ad
<u>ow-rd-li</u> 'ad
<u>vulva</u> -CWX-CL-2sg
'your vulva' | Informant GA |
| c. | nortid'ay
<u>no-rt-id</u> 'ay
<u>matriarch</u> -CWX-CL-1pl
'our mom' | Turbo 1990 |
| d. | otraix'ag
<u>ot-ra-ix</u> 'ag
<u>antlion.imago</u> -CWX-CL-3sg
'this antlion imago' | Turbo 1990 |

(1.4.5) Global Class Y : Fulcral (Turbo 1990, 1991a); Human (Wainwright 1925)

- | | | |
|----|--|--------------|
| a. | piurid'am
<u>pi-ur-id</u> 'am
<u>patriarch</u> -CWY-CL-1sg
'my dad' | Turbo 1990 |
| b. | ostoix'ah
<u>os-to-ix</u> 'ah
<u>woman</u> -CWY-CL-3dl/pa
'that woman' | Turbo 1990 |
| c. | onpois'ad
<u>on-po-is</u> 'ad
<u>clay.pot</u> -CWY-CL-2sg
'your clay pot' [9] | Informant GA |

(1.4.6) Global Class Z : Distal (Turbo 1990, 1991a); Anomalous (Wainwright 1925)

- | | | |
|----|--|------------|
| a. | orsoiv'ag
<u>or-so-iv</u> 'ag
<u>mountain</u> -CWZ-CL-3sg
'this mountain' | Turbo 1990 |
| b. | odusli'as
<u>od-us-li</u> 'as
<u>bow.arrows</u> -CWZ-CL-2pl
'all of your bows and arrows' | Turbo 1990 |

- c. oarigo'am
 oa-ri-go-'am
scrotum-CWZ-CL-1sg
 'my scrotum'

Informant TH

1.5. Pronominal Control

Clitics of pronominal control (CPC), occurring word finally as said in § 1.2 *supra*, follow a proximal–distal quantal continuum according to communication dynamics involving both production and audition in which, along an abscissa of clitical signification, *Proximal* (with a big P) aligns roughly with a ‘monadic’ gloss, *Fulcral* (with a big F; also known as *Pivotal* among particularly confusing authors) aligns with a rough gloss of ‘dyadic’, and, *Distal* (big D), with that of ‘triadic’. Shadowing this pronominal dynamic along an ordinal ramp is a dynamic of amount in which *proximal* (with a small p) aligns roughly with ‘singular’, *fulcral* (small f) with ‘dual’ or ‘paucal’, and *distal* (small d) with, basically, ‘plural’, as our following Paradigm B shows:

	Proximal	Fulcral	Distal	Paradigm B
proximal	-’am ‘1sg’	-’ad ‘2sg’	-’ag ‘3sg’	
fulcral	-’ar ‘1dl/pa’	-’at ‘2dl/pa’	-’ah ‘3dl/pa’	
distal	-’ay ‘1pl’	-’as ‘2pl’	-’ao ‘3pl’	

And whilst continuing to look up at this paradigm limning pronominal control, a thorough divastigation of CPC distribution will now go a long way toward sorting out prior scholars’ confusion, and also allowing us a first pass at glomming onto a clarification and clitalysis of local root classical divisions and dynamics at work. Without going too far, too much, too hard, too soon, into my clitalysis and discussion (cf. *infra*, § 2) and/or conclusion (cf. again *infra*, § 3), I’ll simply say: Not all words in daily MF display a fully robust paradigm! Sound familiar? It should. Roots such as *ot* ‘antlion imago,’ *os* ‘adult woman,’ or *or* ‘mountain,’ obligatorily bind only to -’ag, -’ah, or -’ao; that is, to CPC of 3sg, 3dl/pa, and 3pl function. A MF cannot ‘own’ such ‘things’, human or nonhuman; a MF cannot proclaim any particular affinity, proximal or fulcral, to such ‘things.’ By contrast, roots such as *no* ‘matriarch,’ and *m’a* ‘patriarch,’ disallow binding to -’ag, -’ah, and -’ao. A MF must obligatorily

‘own’ such kin; a MF must proclaim a particular affinity, both proximal and fulcral, to such kin (cf. *supra*, § 1.4).

1.6. Analogical Gradation and Polysyntaxis

And, in addition to partitioning triadically along a functional proximal–distal quantal continuum by analogical gradation of combinatorics, which rivals uncannily sound symbolic consonantal shifts in Wishram (Sapir 1911) or Lakhota (Boas 1941), such that satisfaction of nominal conditions of grammaticalization of MF classification of taboo, kinship, social, ritual and practical utility, and so on, obtains in a fashion similar to that famous situation in Nootka which Sapir (1921) so vigorously brought to light (and which glows most robustly in my corpus), MF words flaunt a robust form of polysyntaxis in which pragmatic stipulations—pivoting about an axis of taboo, kinship, social, ritual and so on and so forth circumlocutory acts of quotidian communication—condition propositional function, as shown in (1.6.1)a–c:

(1.6.1) Polysyntaxis in Mountain Fukari

- | | | |
|----|--|--------------|
| a. | orriin’ad
<u>or</u> -ri-in-’ad
<u>mountain</u> -CW-CL-2sg
‘your talus-born bailiwick; you scurry among talus’ | Informant DU |
| b. | abusgo’am
<u>ab</u> -us-go-’am
<u>fir.twig</u> -CW-CL-1sg
‘my fir twig; I purify’ | Informant IB |
| c. | ontoid’am
<u>on</u> -to-id-’am
<u>clay.pot</u> -CW-CL-1sg
‘my claypot; my antlion pit; I’m having my monthly blood’ | Informant AI |

1.7. Gradation of Logical Binding of Triradical Phrasal Units

In addition to such canonical uniradical or monadic forms, infixation of MF roots, forming a triradical phrasal unit (TPU), may occur cyclically in an inwardly spiral fashion according to root-class gradation of logical binding (GLB):

$$\text{TPU} = (\text{RT}_i + \text{RT}_j + \text{RT}_k) + \text{CY}_j \quad (\text{A.4})$$

such that root-class assignation in MF by CY is always to a syntactically, logically, and pragmatically pivotal, but not strictly grammatically fulcrum, RT, a situation which has sown much confusion among prior linguists, Turbo (1991a, b, and c) and Turbo and Flamingo (2001b) in particular, who forgot that this formula's subscripts mark syntactical matching of RT to CY, and not grammatical assignation of root class to any particular RT! Not a man to constrain a phonological punch or hold back from slashing his disputant with an apt linguistic dirkblow or parrying syntactic wordswords with a borborgymic oppugnant, Raymond (2002) succinctly confirms my critical appraisal of Turbo and Co.'s nonchalantly numb, granular, nihilistic approach to MF grammar:

On avait trop subi pour s'abasourdir l'avaloir ainsi qu'on aurait vomi un caillou, is how Raymond handily chaffs linguists such as Turbo and Co. who claim to go through too much to simply wring your gizzard raw as if vomiting up a small rock. *Mais par l'avoir tant voulu à ras bord*, but, for having had my fill of him (that is, Turbo 1991a, b, and c) up to scholarship's vibrant brim, *mordu au fin fond du corps*, and having torn him apart limb by limb (throughout his lucid, scrupulous, though, sadly, as far as his notions of grammatical class go, mostly invalid study of MF (Raymond 2002)), *saisi aux bras nus*, having clung to all his various parts with my natural arms, *ça m'offrait moult plaisirs*, that put so many satisfactions my way, *quoiqu'il n'avait pas plus d'inclination pour l'amour d'argot*, although showing hardly any inclination towards dabbling and dallying in that lingo (MF), *qu'un manuscrit las*, than a flaccid manuscript would show (as factotum of word acquisition and top inquisitor of clitical trials at *Flouzianica Phonologia*, Raymond found Turbo guilty of stumbling into a dry prison of inspiration's lack (stillborn 1991d) that would last until his ornithonymous Thalia, his uxorial Urania, his climactic Clio saw fit to haul him out in Turbo and Flamingo (2001)), *un amas d'obtus mots incongrus, insoucians, fluctuants, pillards, doux, fautifs, assassins, ou contigus à un rictus qui aurait jailli brutal, accablant, obscur*, a mass of stupid incongruous words, insouciant and fluctuating, soft and plagiaristic, uncandid and villainous, not dissimilar to a brutal rictus of a clownish laugh flashing out in this, our asylum's torrid tropical night—in a word or four: him no good (as Raymond ironically sums up in mock-autochthonous patois) at loving us (MF). *J'ouvrais, j'attisais, j'avivais tant pour lui quoiqu'il croupissait*, past this point, translation is both fortuitous and vain; in a word, gratuitous, as Turbo was lost to Raymond's stab at instilling a bit of actual linguistic capacity into his brain, *tout au long du parcours d'amor nostra*, or amorous combat of stormy auks, *circonscriit*

dans l'argot, inconstant prison qu'il confondait au loisir, au pouvoir, au choix, un prison dont il n'abolira un jour qu'à l'instant du coup final, mortal combat of snails in rut, and so on, obscurcissant, qu'on lui donnait pour nom, "Turbo La Mort", so obviously obnubilating, in fact, that you may dub him, "Morbid (or Moribund) Turbo" (Raymond 2002: 473).

I must warn you, though, that Raymond still falls back on a grossly triadic classification of MF roots, and, borrowing notions of marginality, obviation, stray words, and so on from Turbo "La Mort," brings into play an awkward fourth, fifth, and/or sixth class consisting of "animaux insignifiants ou triviaux" (Raymond 2002: 317). My clitalysis and discussion (*ut infra*, § 2) shows that this grammatical prop flops just as limply as any of moribund Turbo's syntactic handwaving from foul fallow limbo (1991d–2000) or wordy Wainwright's wringing of croups or crops from atop dusty stacks of occasional offprints in Owlstain's Flouziana Phonological Association's hoardroom.

1.8. Triradical Phrasal Units and Local Root Class

And it is at this point truly that a faithfully assiduous linguist must amplify his scholarly magnification for, as Arnaut Raymond (2002), drawing bodily on my corpus (cf. *infra*, § 5), has brilliantly shown, a profoundly satisfactory clitalysis of TPU in MF is, without taking local root class into account (as you will find, *infra*, in my Paradigm C), simply and totally an impossibility. What follows is my own summary going down on Raymond's (2002) laborious making hard and straight [10] of what for so long had, though tumid and pulsing, lain flaccid and gibbous:

$$\text{TPU} = (\text{RT}_i + \text{RT}_j + \text{RT}_k) + \text{CY}_j = (\text{RP} + \text{PP} + \text{CP}) + \text{CY}_{\text{PP}} \quad (\text{A.5})$$

such that, and ignoring for now CY of canonical form, our clitalysis will focus on positions of roots (RT) within triradical configurations of TPU. That is, RP marks rostral position; PP, pivotal position; and CP, caudal position. Logical imputation of pragmatics mirrors syntactical root-class assignation, thus

$$\text{PP} \rightarrow \text{CP} \rightarrow \text{RP}. \quad (\text{A.6})$$

How is triradical configuration of TPU put into action? In a word, what constrains GLB? Raymond (2002) and I boil it all down to four basic logical assignments of words, or LAWs (A, B, C, and D):

(LAW A)

Grammatically and syntactically, any triradical configuration, says Raymond, of ipsiclassificatory RT (that is, RT displaying homomorphism of local root-class assignment) may co-occur in TPU. Such a situation, though, occurs most commonly only in Tlaatlata myths, and, I must add, in common quotidian communication, most typically, though not at all habitually (on plainly logical grounds), only with roots of (what I call) local class Z1 (*Things Taboo for No Fukari*).

(1.8.1)a–d show a handful of apt illustrations of how our LAW A works in MF:

(1.8.1) Ipsiclassificatory Roots in Mountain Fukari

- | | | |
|----|--|--------------|
| a. | pwokxlamidgtogo'ay
pwok- <u>xlam</u> -idg-to-go-'ay
<u>woman's.blood.cloth</u> _{Y3} - <u>darkmoon</u> _{Y3} - <u>antlion.larva</u> _{Y3} -
(CW-CL) _{Y3} -1pl
'our larval slip of blood-born light' | Informant GA |
| b. | xlamidgpwoktoid'am
<u>xlam</u> -idg-pwok-to-id-'am
<u>darkmoon</u> _{Y3} - <u>antlion.larva</u> _{Y3} - <u>woman's.blood.cloth</u> _{Y3} -
(CW-CL) _{Y3} -1sg
'at darkmoon it crawls forth, my blood-born larva' | Informant TH |
| c. | aq'ulkulikpšwipšwisoiv'ag
<u>aq'ul-kulik-pšwipšwi</u> -so-iv-'ag
<u>gar</u> _{Z1} - <u>cattail</u> _{Z1} - <u>arachnid.stalking.wasp</u> _{Z1} -(CW-CL) _{Z1} -3sg
'this scaly wasptail' | Informant IB |
| d. | kulikpšwipšwiaq'ulsoix'ao
<u>kulik-pšwipšwi</u> -aq'ul-so-ix-'ao
<u>cattail</u> _{Z1} - <u>arachnid.stalking.wasp</u> _{Z1} - <u>gar</u> _{Z1} -(CW-CL) _{Z1} -3pl
'many scaly tails of such wasps' | Informant IB |

(LAW B)

If TPU contains any RT not of local class Z1 (*Things Taboo for No Fukari*), no RT of local class Z1 may occur in PP. (You may think of this as a variation on LAW A.)

(LAW C)

RT of local class Y3 (*Things Taboo for a Fukari Man*) and RT of local class Z2 (*Things Taboo for a Fukari Woman*) cannot co-occur in any TPU. (This, along with LAW D *infra*, is my local contribution to Raymond's stab at globally valid laws for MF.)

(LAW D)

In any TPU, if RT of local class Z3 (*Man's Body Parts*) is to cohabit with RT of local class X1 (*Woman's Body Parts*), RT_{Z3} must always cohabit a position of subordination; that is, if RT_{X1} inhabits PP, RT_{Z3} may cohabit CP or RP; if RT_{X1} inhabits CP, RT_{Z3} can only cohabit RP; and, finally, if RT_{X1} inhabits RP, RT_{Z3} cannot cohabit at all but must aroint and away to an MPU or TPU of its own, a sort of microvocalic tralatitious antonomasia of what's writ broadly in our MF community.

And though I wouldn't go so far, as two scholars I know (Turbo and Flamingo 2001a) would do, as to proclaim that GLB is a troporadical infusion of womaninity, a sort of "primordial matriarchy at work in grammar's most profound profundity from which flows mightily whorling out that grand convolution of [MF] social dynamics" (Turbo and Flamingo 2001a)—or would I?—I would put forth that possibly an archaic infraconscious function similar or homologous to this involutinal spiral is going on; in a word, that schizomorphophonology mirrors cyclically (daily, synodic, annual, and so on) mutualistic rhythms of attraction and isolation of manhood and womanhood as it occurs in MF sociality [11]. I will harp again on this topic in my clitalysis and discussion (*infra*, § 2). First, though, a look at (1.8.2)a–c will not lack for a jorum of jollity:

(1.8.2) Comparison of Triradical Phrasal Units in Mountain Fukari

- | | | |
|----|---|--------------|
| a. | mončklacłōtlōsoiv'ag
<u>monč-klac-łōtlō</u> -so-iv-'ag
<u>mind_Y-rainbow_Z-law_X</u> -(CW-CL) _Z -1sg
'this lawful, mindful rainbow (coloring of silk)' | Informant GA |
| b. | klacmunčłōtlōtogi'ag
<u>klac-monč-łōtlō</u> -to-gi-'ag
<u>rainbow_Z-mind_Y-law_X</u> -(CW-CL) _Y -1sg
'this lawful, rainbow mind (of MF)' | Informant TH |
| c. | klacłōtlōmončraix'ag
<u>klac-łōtlō-monč</u> -ra-ix-'ag
<u>rainbow_Z-law_X-mind_Y</u> -(CW-CL) _X -1sg
'this mindful rainbow law' (= MF notion of taboo) [12] | Informant GA |

But I'll not shrink from rashly implicating my words in a monotonous spiral of unflinching imitation, and say again that MF words do not unfurl a static gradation of nominal distinctions typical of words of, say, Blackfoot, Italian, Tunica, Intrusyan, Ponca or Burushaski, but flourish a fluid, though quantal, configuration. What is this configuration? In my clitalytical synopsis of MF root class as put patulously on display in Paradigm C (*infra*), my data show that it is not grossly triadic, but nonadic; to wit, Raymond's (2002) global class X, which Turbo (1990) spuriously dubs "proximal" class and Wainwright (1925) wrongly calls "non-human," consists, *talis qualis*, of what I call X1_{WBP} = *Woman's Body Parts*, X2_{MCK} = *Matral and Cognatic Kin*, and X3_{TAF} = *Taboo for All MF*. Similarly for Raymond's (2002) global class Y, which concords, *uno flatu*, in a way with Turbo's (1990) "fulcral" class and Wainwright's (1925) "human" class: Y1_{PAK} = *Patral and Agnatic Kin*, Y2_H = *All Humans (MF or Not)*, and Y3_{TM} = *Taboo for Any MF Man*. It is not too difficult, thus, to fathom my cataclasmic way of running a comb through Raymond's (2002) global class Z which roughly conforms, *sub divo*, to Turbo's (1990) "distal," and Wainwright's (1925) "anomalous", class: Z1_{~T} = *Not Taboo for Any MF, Man or Woman, Girl or Boy, Adult or Child*, Z2_{TW} = *Taboo for Any MF Woman*, and Z3_{MBP} = *Man's Body Parts*:

Mountain Fukari Root Class

Paradigm C

X1_{WBP}

owraio'am		Y1_{PAK}			
owrago'ar					
owraid'ay		piurid'am		Z1_T	
		piurio'ar			
owrdli'ad		piurgo'ay		orusgo'am	
owrdin'at				orusid'ar	
owrdis'as		pitois'ad		orusio'ay	
		pitoli'at			
owrtix'ag	X2_{MCK}	pitoin'as		orriin'ad	
owrtiv'ah				orriis'at	
owrtgi'ao	nortio'am	pipogi'ag	Y2_H	orrili'as	
	nortgo'ar	pipoix'ah			
<u>ow</u>	nortid'ay	pipoiv'ao	ospoid'am	orsoiv'ag	Z2_{TW}
'vulva'			ospoio'ar	orsogi'ah	
			ospogo'ay	orsoix'ao	odsogo'am
	norali'ad	<u>pi</u>			odsoid'ar
	norain'at	'patriarch'			odsoio'ay
	norais'as		osuris'ad	<u>or</u>	
			osurli'at	'mountain'	
	nordix'ag	X3_{TAF}	osurin'as		odusin'ad
	nordiv'ah				odusis'at
	nordgi'ao	otrdio'am	ostogi'ag	Y3_{TM}	odusli'as
		otrdgo'ar	ostoix'ah		
<u>no</u>		otrdid'ay	ostoiv'ao	ontoid'am	odriiv'ag
'matriarch'				ontoio'ar	odrigi'ah
		otrtli'ad	<u>os</u>	ontogo'ay	odriix'ao
		otrtin'at	'woman'		
		otrtis'as		onpois'ad	<u>od</u>
				onpoli'at	'bow.arrows'
		otraix'ag		onpoin'as	
		otraiv'ah			oasoin'ad
		otragi'ao		onurgi'ag	oasois'at
				onurix'ah	oasoli'as
				onuriv'ao	
<u>ot</u>					oausiv'ag
antlion.imago					oausgi'ah
				<u>on</u>	oausix'ao
				'clay.pot'	
					<u>oa</u>
					'scrotum'

2. Clitalysis and Discussion

My clitalysis will avoid discussing situations in which pragmatics brings about poly-syntaxis, or lability of word-signification, in absolutist roots (cf. *infra*, § 6), for, *solvitur ambulando*, it is plain that such absolutist roots simply cannot hop in cardinal-fashion from class to class as inconstant roots typically do with much alacrity, but must, *pro forma*, obtain a capacity for variation only by dint of clausal function. As Arnaut Raymond gallantly confronts this topic in his *Parlons Fouqqari* (2002), I bid you scan that book for paronymous insight. *Sic ite ad astra*. In opposition to Raymond (2002), though, and, in fact, to all prior scholars of MF, my discussion will focus primarily on clitalyzing how variation in word-signification of inconstant roots is brought about by shifts in grammatical class (cf. *infra*, § 2.3), and how such concomitant shifts in grammatical class accord with sociophysiological harmonious shifts in taboo function (cf. *infra*, § 2.4). *Vincit qui patitur*. By comparison, my compact clitalysis and curt discussion in §§ 2.1 and 2.2 (*infra*) purport mainly, following my grammatical synopsis of MF (cf. *supra*, § 1), and in particular my Paradigm C (*supra*), to show, *manus manum lavat*, why combinatorics and distribution of caudal clitics justify a nonadic—and not a triadic, or four-way, or six-part—partitioning of grammatical class in MF. *Fiat lux*.

2.1. Within-Class Variation Is Significant

Obviously, MF words inhabit a class-locus of morphological grad(u)ation contrasting initial and final stability (roots, clitics of pronominal control, both of which act as sorts of nominal framing marks or masks) with significant fulcral lability (womaninity and ligativity) indicating, according to configuration, both gross word (or root) class triad loyalty—Raymond’s global X, Y, and Z roughly match Turbo’s *Proximal*, *Fulcral*, and *Distal*, which, *ipso facto*, hark, *latratus canum*, back to Wainwright’s *Non-Human*, *Human*, and *Anomalous*—and intraclass subtriadic word (or root) (in)constancy—my subdivision into X1_{WBP}, X2_{MCK}, X3_{TAF}, Y1_{PAK}, Y2_H, Y3_{TM}, Z1_{~T}, Z2_{TW}, and Z3_{MBP} match a mix of Wainwright (1925) and Turbo (1991a) minus two (Raymond’s [2002: 623] *ad hoc* proposal for a two-by-four classification involving animacy-inanimacy, human–non-human, kin–non-kin, and plant–non-plant, almost got it right), and that, just as clitics of womaninity and ligativity

subsist in a quantal continuum from proximal to distal, so, too, do clitics of pronominal control. (I bid you glom again a snatch, *oculos in aliquid*, at Paradigm C, *ut supra*.) And though this short communication's motivation is not to discuss MF grammar *in toto*, in so much as it's aim, *quodam modo*, is to posit a solution to that conundrum involving an Intrussyan affliction not dissimilar to Ishtar's Hand which my fifth *TSMR* first brought to light [13], I will point out that this clitalysis is totally without par, virginal, as I said, and that, turning again, *supra*, to Paradigm C, you will spot that, apropos of ligativity, I can think of two mutually supporting ways of data organization, which I quickly discuss in § 2.2, *infra*.

2.2. Within-Class Variation Is Law-Abiding

In spiral fashion, first of all, distal clitics of ligativity (CLD) from class to class go proximal (CLP) again and again. In Paradigm C (*supra*), from X to Y watch *id* which always in class X has a proximal-distal distribution in association with 1pl CPC -'ay, but which in class Y has a proximal-proximal distribution in association with 1sg CPC -'am; and similarly, from Y to Z, *go*. Which is to say that, analogously to rank, ligativity displays a paradigmatic bumping down such that what is proximal in X is fuleral in Y and distal in Z, and so on. Spiral transitivity follows: what's distal in Z is proximal in X. Back again to our first pass. Class rank, thus, of ligativity is not absolutist at all, but *cyclically spiral*. And as for clitics of womaninity, as you saw *supra* in § 1.3, that's a situation as straight forward as that of pronominal control, but at a word fuleral, and, thus, subclassical, notch: combinatorics of morphophonology cycling from distal to proximal and proximal to distal. That is, if a root occurs, now in this class, now in that, it is not randomly, nor according to situational pragmatics, but according to *grammatical law*, which thus brings about concomitant variations in word signification and clausal function in a profoundly grammatical fashion, as in § 2.3 *infra*. Apropos of which, MF, in contrast to Maricopa, shows no compulsory isomorphic mapping of sound symbolism to root class, nor is "marking of plurality [...] obligatory" (Krummholz 1969: 29).

2.3. Within-Class Variation Is Profoundly Grammatical

Turbo claims that “[MF] morphology is simply so much ungrammatical chaff, having, in truth, no grammatical function at all. Just as my analysis shows that [MF] word class is a syntactic fiction, so too is pragmatics all that [MF] ‘morphology’ is good for. What this unduly circumloquacious ‘idiom’ is in want of, is a sound linguistic thrashing, or, barring that, a grammatical vaccination to nix that scumbling smut of stumbling clitics clinging unrulily to its limpid roots and clogging and clouding and stultifying its gist” (Turbo 1991c: 53). Turbo’s outlandish “analysis” pivots around a trio of MPUs:

(2.3.1) Trio of MF MPU Around Which Turbo (1991c) Pivots Outlandishly

onsoiv’ag	‘snail’
onrtix’ag	‘snail matriclan’
onrtix’ag	‘snail matriclan hut’

How shall I spoil Turbo’s (1991c) unsound syntactic sophistry? How shall I cast light into his calaginous casuistry all frowsy musty musky and damp with bad faith? First of all, in addition to failing to distinguish a surd from a sonorant—‘snail matriclan’ should gloss as *onrdix’ag*—our lazy linguist’s paradigm also lacks, luckily for his confusion’s parsimony, *onurgi’ag*, ‘that clay pot.’ But at most that’s putting half a firkin of acorns into a partially vacant tun. For caudal clitics, according to Turbo (1991c), supply no additional information that solitary roots do not, and social situation (pragmatics) can sort things out if roots fall short, as in ‘matriclan’ vs. ‘matriclan hut’—which, prior to tossing out any notion of word class *in toto*, Turbo (1991a) stuffs, along with ‘snail,’ into a singularly odd and “archaic” catch-all class: “Distaff Things, Things Having to Do with Matral Kinship, and Small Womanly Animals” (Turbo 1991a: 54)! *On*, in short, is a root “having a multiplicity of word-to-gloss mappings in any [MF]’s mind’s dictionary” (Turbo 1991b: 55). No, I say—plurality of significations in MF is brought about through a combinatorics of root and social situation and morphophonology of word class—that is, grammar.

To clarify, as I’m doing now, this point of scholars’ confusion, I had an opportunity to profit from a constant situation of social-vocal communication, varying only as to linguistic output (words), to which I

was privy during my sojourn in MFländ. For six days and nights, in conjunction with informants IB, AI, GA, MR, GG, RQ, and FQ, I sat sorting and spinning that batch of raw antlion silk which would go to form my initiation shawl's warp and woof. Aiming for a minimum of pragmatic artifacts, I took pains to coax informant AI, a young girl four autumns my junior, into saying to various of our distaff companions, or manipulands, at random during our six days and nights of distaff activity, such words as occupy my data (*ut supra qua infra, ad vitam aut culpam*), whilst also noting such actions, both facial and bodily, which such words of AI's brought about in our distaff companions. Thus was I put into a position from which an appraisal of grammaticality, as shown in (2.3.2)q–y, *infra*, was not too difficult to pull off. In addition, I was also found fit to profit from a grammatical and pragmatic dissimilarity as to how any MF woman can proclaim matriclan kinship and affiliation with a particular matriclan hut of womaninity.

A MF will commonly say to an inquiring linguistic anthropologist, "I am of this or that matriclan." Thus, a man or woman of Mountain Jay matriclan will say, *ixrtio'am*, 'My (matriclan is) Mountain.Jay.' Accordingly, root *ix*, 'mountain.jay,' is aligning with class X2_{MCK} (*vid. supra*, Paradigm C). A MF woman (but not man, obviously) may also say, "I am of this or that matriclan hut of womaninity." A woman, say, of Mountain Jay matriclan may opt to say, *ixraio'am*, 'My (hut of womaninity) is Mountain.Jay,' or *ixraio'am lupnoix*, 'My (hut of womaninity) is Mountain.Jay matriclan hut.' In both instantiations, surprisingly, root *ix*, 'mountain jay,' is aligning, not with class X2_{MCK}, but with class X1_{WBP}. Optional variation is brought about simply by adding *lupnoix*, a triradical construction lacking morphological caudality but not violating LSS (cf. *supra*, § 1.2), and signifying 'hut of womaninity' (*lup*), 'matriclan' (or 'matriarch') (*no*), and 'mountain jay' (*ix*), that is, 'Mountain Jay matriclan hut (of womaninity).' This option of using root–morphological information only (*ixraio'am*), or also pointing out a woman's matriclan hut of womaninity by plainly naming it (*ixraio'am lupnoix*), is pivotal to both my data and my clitalysis.

(2.3.2) Appraisal of Grammaticality**Words Said to Manipulands****Actions by Manipulands****by Informant AI**(q) *axraio'am lupnoax*

knowing nod (GG)

(s) *axrtio'am lupnoax*

inquiring frown (GG)

(t) *axsoiv'ag lupnoax*look toward Crow-matriclan hut
and scan sky for signs of stormy
auks (GG, MR and RQ)(v) *axragi'ao lupnoax*run toward Crow-matriclan hut
brandishing a broom and giving
out typical 'chasing-crows-away'
pant hoot (GG, FQ, and RQ)(x) *nortio'am axrdix'ag lupnoax*

silly laugh (GG)

(y) *nortio'am axrtix'ag lupnoax*

knowing nod (GG)

AI's kinship affiliation is with Crow (*ax*) matriclan. Thus, in (2.3.2)q *supra*, by saying *axraio'am lupnoax*, AI grammatically said, 'My (hut of womaninity is) Crow matriclan hut.' GG's action was a knowing nod which basically said, "That's right, my child, I know that your hut of womaninity is Crow matriclan hut." What you should focus on is that *ax*, in this totally grammatical MPU, is sorting in class X1, *Woman's Body Parts*! In contradistinction to this grammatical vocal indication as to affiliation with a particular hut of womaninity, AI's words in (2.3.2)s, *axrtio'am lupnoax*, varying from *axraio'am lupnoax* only as to CW (-*rt*- in opposition to -*ra*-), brought about an inquiring frown on GG's part, indicating that this proclamation of AI's—in which *ax*, as shown by CW -*rt*- in conjunction with CPC 1sg -'am, is sorting, contrary to what a typical linguist's prognosis would insist on, is sorting with class X2_{MCK}—was ungrammatical or awkward or confusing. So much for pragmatics, for what this contrasting minimal pair of (2.3.2)q and (2.3.2)s, *supra*, plainly shows, is that Turbo's (1990) *Proximal* class is totally lacking in motivation. Signification, *contra* Turbo, is brought about by grammatical class. Grammatical class, too, logically goads us to avouch that, in (2.3.2)t, GG, MR, and RQ took AI's words to imply a normal singular non-taboo stormy auk (*axsoiv'ag* Z1_{~T}) was fumbling airily skyward in curious propinquity to our matriclan hut (*lupnoax*), and in (2.3.2)v, that a marauding band of taboo crows (*axragi'ao* X3_{TAF}) was plotting to loot said hut of womaninity (*lupnoax*). Coming fighting into its own hot chorus of "Down with pragmatics!", grammatical class again unfurls its flag

of victory waving. By contrast, marking both *no* and *ax* as $X2_{MCK}$ in (2.3.2)x will simply not work, for what AI is saying by audaciously mouthing **nortio'am axrdix'ag lupnoax* is, sort of, 'my mom is that woman of Crow matriclean is Crow matriclean hut of womaninity.' Obviously, such an affirmation is, as GG's conduct shows, childishly silly. Moving along to our final instar, (2.3.2)y, AI's blurting out of *nortio'am axrtix'ag lupnoax*, in which *no* sorts as $X2_{MCK}$ and *ax* as $X1_{WBP}$, is all too grammatical, as it truthfully mirrors an actual fact: that AI's mom (GG) is sitting in Crow matriclean's hut of womaninity's shadow. In summary, my clitalytical focus on data in (2.3.2) shows that matriclean affiliation plainly bottoms out against common linguistic intuitions as to what is "natural," "logical," and "pragmatic," as it, that is, matriclean affiliation, binds, not shallowly to $X2_{MCK}$, but, insufflating draughts that do not lack for grammatical profundity, to $X1_{WBP}$. Shall I limn this situation with a clarifictional croquis? I shall:

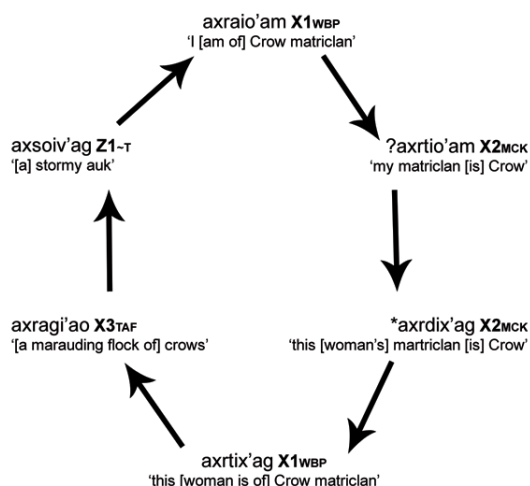


Fig. 1. Clarifictional croquis showing Mountain Fukari cycling of taboo involving grammatical class of root *ax* 'crow, Crow matriclean, stormy auk.' Grammatical cycling from class to class of root *ax* occurs in a sixfold rightward cyclic fashion from *axraio'am* ($X1_{WBP}$, 'I [am of] Crow matriclean') to *?axrtio'am* ($X2_{MCK}$, 'my matriclean [is] Crow') to **axrdix'ag* ($X2_{MCK}$, 'this [woman's] matriclean [is] Crow') to *axrtix'ag* ($X1_{WBP}$, 'this [woman is of] Crow matriclean') to *axragi'ao* ($X3_{TAF}$, '[a marauding flock of] crows') to *axsoiv'ag* ($Z1_T$, '[a] stormy auk') and back again to *axraio'am*.

2.4. Within-Class Variation Is Parasitically Sociophysiological

In addition to words acting according to LSS (cf. *supra*, § 1.2), MF, I am in a singularly unbound position to maintain, has an unusual ability to display, in situations warranting it, a pliant sort of what I would call Polymorphic Cross-Classicism (PCC), into which, taking into account this scholium's limitations, I'm not too wont to plumb, *sauf* for sharing with you a dainty fond farthing or two, which I'll mark with a star (*) to avoid confusion: **owrigo'am*, moans a MF man whilst submitting to a particularly stimulating variant of this author's act of going down on him; **oaraio'am*, this author croons (drawing forth no incommodious hissing allusion to any malapropism on my part, I should add) whilst mounting dorsally an informant during frictional intimacy:

À dix ans, plus ou moins, j'avais bon droit à m'aplatir tout mon gamin poids sur lui. Mais afin qu'il pût m'impartir du sursis à mon agitation, il saisit mon bras. Joli fruit d'un trotin jauni d'Ishtar, mon transport instinctif, mon amour primitif batifolait trop vif sur lui, lui froissait à badins coups rutilant. Jusqu'au jour où l'on a du sang. Ça bondissait, gambadait aux cils raidis, quoi. J'accourais mon insouciant rut sportif sur un avilissant discours fictif qui frappait aux murs clos d'imagination [14].

Although a lackadaisical scrutiny of, or cursory inquiry into, this account, *supra*, by informant AI of Crow matriclan, might at first sight imply that I'm way off track in my clitalysis, what AI's insouciant invocation of childhood's playful promiscuity shows is simply that, prior to attaining womaninity's instar (*on* in MF), any MF girl runs no risk of confronting injunction or taboo, of bringing punishment down on any collaborator in such mutually satisfying bouts of skin-on-skin contact, by going off with any buck or hind, young or old, patronly, matronly, avuncular, auntish, cousinly, sororal, fratral, or whatnot. By contrast, inauguration of monthly blood thrusts a MF girl into sociality's compass of gossip and conformity, signalling that this girl is now off-limits to all but distaff kin. What, you ask, has this account of carnal laxity and crimson sin got to do with grammaticality of MF roots and sociophysiology? It was actually Hugh Alvin Strickland (1811–1853), naturalist and philologist, who, by comparing snail natural history and words for 'snail' in MF, first had an inkling.

Sojourning in MF country from autumn 1841 to spring 1845, Strickland aptly saw that Spitmarkx's (1841) classification of MF *in* and *an* as two distinct organisms, *liboropx lista* and *Nimloidu fukariana*, was wrong, and that *in*, an "abnormally sluggish and diurnal sport having bright rainbow colouration," was, in fact, an allomorph, acting "as if drunk from an unusually cumbrous lading of parasitic fungi" of "normally staid and bustling nocturnal" *an* (Strickland 1845: 713–717). Combining this morphological information with taxonomical insights brought back from his work (1837–1840) on *Snails, slugs and odd arthropods of Asia Minor* (1840), Strickland paid honor to his myopic, *Mopsi*-drunk rival, not only by calling that dormant volcano saddling its larch- and fir-bound skirts and snow-shod hips to Wyoming's most climactic culmination and Flouziana's most substantial summit, Mount Spitmarkx, but also by assigning both *in* and *an* an unitary tag of *Nimloidu nyctonostici* Strick. var. Spitmarkx. In addition, Strickland rightly saw that Spitmarkx was only partly wrong, in that *N. fukariana* Spit., though morphologically similar to what MF call *an*, is actually both biologically and phonologically distinct: diurnal *on*, also known as Caracol Montagnard, Colimaçon Fukari, or simply Fukari Mountain Snail. Notwithstanding this harmonious *butin*, Strickland, lacking, by both habit and inclination, any capacity to constrain his curiosity, dug up a conjoint quarry of linguistic facts totally concordant with both snail natural history and MF social and ritual kinship classifications. And this, at last, is our springboard into grammaticalization of parasitic sociophysiology.

For what Strickland laid out for our happy harrowing and diving into a divulgation of which was that *on*, in its signification of 'snail,' "cuts crossways against" any typically triadic classification's "grain," such that 'snail' "inhabits discontiguous, though sinuous, quanta of grammar" (Strickland 1845: 1372). Or, framing Strickland's primordial insight with common young words, MF roots ramify in a quantal continuum of grammatical class. By filling in Strickland's *brouillon* with my Paradigm C (*supra*), it is plain that in, say, i) *onraio'am*, 'I [am of] Snail matriclan,' *on* is functioning, as *ax* is doing in § 2.3 *supra*, grammatically in class X1_{WBP}, *Woman's Body Parts*; in ii) *lupnoontoid'am*, 'my Snail matriclan hut of womaninity,' *on*, as part of triradical phrasal unit *lupnoon*, is functioning grammatically in class Y3_{TM}, *Taboo for Man*; in

iii) *onsoiv'ag*, 'this Fukari Mountain Snail (*N. fukariana* Spit.),' *on* is functioning in class Z1_T, *Not Taboo for Any Fukari*; and in iv) *ontoid'am*, 'my clay pot (looks similar to an antlion pit); I'm having my monthly blood (and thus am off-limits to all but distaff kin),' *on* is not just functioning, again, in class Y3_{TM}, *Taboo for Man*, but is radically transforming into both an infundibular clay pot summoning forth visions of antlions, and monthly blood's warning signal and sigil of womaninity.

Now what is significant is that *on*, in all its manifold significations—'snail,' 'clay pot,' and 'monthly blood'—is put into *Anomalous* by Wainwright (1925), into both *Distal* and *Marginal* by Turbo (1990, 1991a), and into *animaux insignifiants ou triviaux* by Raymond (2002). And into this tautologous triad this trio also consigns, with basically no discussion, roots such as *in*, 'Tlaatata, or Rainbow, Snail' (irid diurnal morph of *Nimloidu nyctonostici* Strick.), *an*, 'Manna Snail' (dull brown nocturnal morph of *N. nyctonostici*), and *un*, 'Poison Arrow Snail' (*Noro nopo* Spit.)—a triad of roots, that is, which Strickland had so long ago shown, along with *on*, both to signify, and to ramify, in a socially, linguistically, and biologically robust, though "discontiguous," fashion. For *un*, which is fatally toxic to mammals, inhabits, not X3_{TAF}, *Taboo for All Fukari*, as any incurious linguist's logical conformity might bargain for, but, as arrows and bows and sundry manly things do, Z2_{TW}, *Taboo for Woman*—and this is owing to a ritual social functional fact that paragons of MF manhood anoint arrows with a concoction consisting, in part, of this snail's mucus—and should a girl or woman catch sight of a man making an arrow, and coating its tip with this snail concoction, that "spoilt arrow is thrown into a sacrificial holocaust, and that girl or woman, having burst into coltish flight, if, by poor hazzard, fails to find sanctuary in a distaff isolation hut or solitary spot far from camp, and is caught, will submit to binding, cutting, and inglorious castigation" (Strickland 1845: 1483). It is plain to any MF that Strickland could not bring his quill's nib to scratch "stupration" into his journal. Similarly for *in* and *an*. Noting that this duo of roots warrants two morphs—irid diurnal Tlaatata snail and dull brown nocturnal Manna snail—of a singular organic form, *N. nyctonostici*, Strickland points out that "in autumn, it is not unusual to find a Fouqqari woman knitting [*sic*] and dipping a hand into a clay cooking pot full of this snail's nightly form, calling this salmigondis of gastropods, *onourghihag anourivhaü*, a

dish no Fukari man would vouch fit for consumption” (Strickland 1845: 714). This ‘clay cooking pot (*on*) (full of a gallimaufry) of Manna snails (*an*)’—*onurgi’ag anuriv’ao* is how a living linguist would jot it—not only aligns grammatically with class Y3_{TM}, *Taboo for Man*, but its consumption is intrinsic to spinning (not, as Strickland thought, knitting) silk from antlion cocoons, as snail albumins dripping from digits act, in truth, as mastic, vinculum, and lubricant to aid in sorting, untangling, and twisting raw gritty gnarls of antlion silk into smooth functional strands. It is difficult to fathom how an animal that so significantly charts a woman’s participation—social, cultural, ritual, schizomythic—in MF civilization’s most vital stuff, could fall, through unconditional linguistic folly (Turbo 1991a, b, and c; Raymond 2002), into a stray “marginal” class containing “insignificant or trivial” animals (and *on*, obviously, is not always an animal!). For without an *atl* (which, grammatically, is also taboo for man), a ‘Tlaatlata shawl of womaninity’ wrought warp and woof from antlion silk, no MF woman can marry (cf. *infra*, § 5.1.1., *How Tlaatlata Brought Us Silk*). Prismatic diurnal *in*, by contrast, is, as Strickland rightly saw, off-limits to all Fukari owing to “an unusually cumbrous lading of parasitic fungi,” a situation which typically occurs in spring, and which MF grammatically marks by assigning this root to X3_{TAF}, *Taboo for All Fukari*.

What puts a final nail in any “marginal” class’s coffin is that *Moanzy burrasca* Strick., your high mountain stormy auk, in its human-mimicking form (owing to this animal’s proclivity for chowing down on *in*, an “abnormally sluggish and diurnal sport having bright rainbow colouration;” in fact, as *in* crawl slowly along brookbanks in spring, stormy auks, crows (*ax*), and mountain jays (*ix*) swoop down for an orgy of snail consumption—and so too do unwitting Intrussyans, who, fallaciously mimicking MF *onurgi’ag anuriv’ao*, cook up an *olla na caracol* of *in*, which insanitary dish afflicts this population with an infirmity similar to Ishtar’s Hand) [15], known as *ox* in MF, is also taboo for all Fukari, both grammatically and culinarily, but its normal morph *ax*, is taboo for no Fukari (Z1_{~T}). And your stormy auk, as you know, with a typical wingspan of six cubits, is not a trivial fowl [16]! In short, as all of *supra* and much of *infra* show, shifts in word-signification of inconstant roots such as *ax*, *ix*, *an*, *in*, *on*, and so on, always display a grammatical motivation parasitically impinging upon, and schizomythologically obtaining in, ta-

boo—for any MF woman, or any MF man, or all MF, or no MF at all—and such roots in no way hang a grammatical thinking cap on scholastic notions of “natural” class. Grammar is a social fact, obviously, but a social fact shot through with sociophysiology.

3. Conclusion

What all this shows is that grammatical class in MF is not, contrary to linguistic dogma, arbitrary, nor is it a logophoric mirror of world, a syntactic slicing and suturing of hazard and compulsion, must and want, along simplistic Sapir-Whorfian contours, but is a thing profoundly biological, springing from parasitism, via schizomythology and taboo, to sociophysiology. In addition, upon finding out that roots such as *in* ‘Tlaatlata Snail’ (irid diurnal morph of *Nimloidu nyctonostici* Strick.) and *an* ‘Manna Snail’ (dull brown nocturnal morph of *N. nyctonostici*) vary radically in global word-class distribution, and that both in turn vary apropos of *un* ‘Poison Arrow Snail’ (*Noro nopo* Spit.) and *on* ‘Caracol Montagnard’ (*N. fukariana* Spit.), a stubbornly humdrum linguist proposing to consign such roots to a common “marginal” class of “small animals” would throw up his hands indignantly and most pitifully moan, “This lingo’s crazy!” Alas, poor scholar, MF—highly ludict, lucid, and logical—is anything but crazy, and it is only by wantonly insisting on a rough tripartition of MF roots that dogmatic scholars such as Turbo still think it so. For my work, along with Raymond’s minor contribution to our mutual LAWS of TPU (cf. *supra*, § 1.8), shows that Wainwright’s ranking according to *Human*, *Non-Human*, and *Anomalous* has as many shortcomings as Turbo’s robotic disposition into *Proximal*, *Fulcral*, and *Distal*, and—notwithstanding its almost too virtuous nod to Turbo’s “marginal” class—Raymond’s parsimonious grouping of X, Y, and Z is as charily out of bounds as both. In short, I must insist on saying again that MF roots sort, not globally and triadically, but locally and nonadically, and only through this scrupulous nonary assignation of roots can MF idiomatically and grammatically discuss and commit MF social, ritual, and schizomythic acts. Following a path laid out by Strickland long ago, my illumination of this nonary classification shows that, without sociophysiological notions of taboo unfolding intrinsically through root-class, MF would lack for words, and without words, MF notions of taboo

would simply fail to function. *Im Anfang war das Tabu, und schafft daraus im Wort* [17].

4. Bibliographical Illuminations

To avoid confusion, I distinguish major works (§ 4.1), most of which I had at my disposal—thanks both to Tiliar Boarding School’s populous library and ISOCPHYS’s abundant stock of circulars, monographs, opusculi, annuals, portfolios, journals, chapbooks, handbooks, livraisons, albums, and scholarly whatnot—during this short tract’s composition, from minor scholia (§ 4.2), most of which I’d fain abstain from smirching said tract’s main body with.

4.1. Works

BOAS F.

1941 *Dakota grammar*. Viridian: Douglas Fir Publications.

FLAMINGO H. M.

1997 A sociophysiological introduction to Tagma philosophy. *Journal of Sociophysiology* 5(3).

FLAWNDOL S. and JOHNSON O. W.

2001a Mountain Fukari rostrality. *Journal of Sociophysiology* 9(5).

2001b A caudal approach to Mountain Fukari rostrality. *Journal of Sociophysiology* 9(6).

GOLDBARG O. X.

1933 *Psammophilology*. Iagip: Black Yurt.

KRUMMHOLZ G.

1969 Maricopa morphology and syntax. *Santa Catalina Linguistical Publications* 108.

MITHUN M.

1984 How to avoid subordination. *Wyoming Journal of Linguistics* 11.

MUTT R.

1989 *Kiowa syntax*. Owlstain: Flouziana Philological Assn., Occasional Offprints B.

RAYMOND A.

2002 *Parlons Fouqqari*. Paris: L’Harmattan.

SAPIR F.

- 1911 Functional symbolic consonantism in Wishram. *Linguistic Inquiry* 5.
- 1921 Functional polysyntax of Nootka ‘words’. *Journal of Wakashan Linguistics* 2.

SPITMARKX S. A.

- 1841 *Fahrt nach Fukariland*. Ruhr-Lülnrar: Spitmarkx Buchfabrik.

STRICKLAND H. A.

- 1840 *Snails, slugs and odd arthropods and birds of Asia Minor*. In four books, comprising work brought about from 1837 to 1840. London: Roy. Zool. Soc.
- 1845 *Flora, fauna and phonology of Fouqqari Country. Journals of a naturalist’s sojourn in Wyoming and Flouziana*. In six books spanning 1841–1845. Transcription, compilation, and annotation by Ms. Strickland. Owlstain and Paris: Urdostoist Publishing Company, 2003.

TURBO M.

- 1990 An appraisal of Wainwright’s (1925) triadic classification of root class in Mountain Fukari. *Wyoming Journal of Linguistics* 16.
- 1991a To corral a stray: Marginal control of anomalous words in Fukari by an archaic grammatical class. *Wyoming Journal of Linguistics* 17.
- 1991b Grammatical class in Mountain Fukari is a form of obviation. *Wyoming Journal of Linguistics* 18.
- 1991c Grammatical class in Mountain Fukari is obviously a syntactic fiction. *Wyoming Journal of Linguistics* 19.

TURBO M. and FLAMINGO H. M.

- 2001a Clit, clitic, and community: Sociolinguistic signs of primordial matriarchy among Mountain Fukari. *Journal of Sociophysiology* 9(6).
- 2001b Why a caudal approach to Mountain Fukari rostrality is just as wrong as any. *Journal of Sociophysiology* 9(7).

WAINWRIGHT C.

- 1923 Is Fouqqari an outlying idiom of Mosan? *Journal of Wakashan Linguistics* 5.
- 1925 *Triadic harmonization among words of Fouqqari, an unusual aboriginal jargon mildly rampant in our Viridian Mountains*. Owlstain: Flouziana Philological Assn., Occasional Offprints B.

WHORF B. L.

1945 Grammatical classification. *Linguistics* 21.

4.2. Scholia

1. *Root or word.* — This author opts to stay mum on various rancorous discussions circling about validity or not of word or word-form as a morphological or functional or syntactic class in Mountain Fukari.
2. *For want of words.* — Dogging so many linguists' *pista di paroli* is a paucity of data.
3. *Mountain Fukari.* — From now on I think that simply stating Fukari would do fairly a valid job of indicating our topic of discussion, or should I simply put MF—what do you think, Prof. Vighdan? MF.
4. *Sprott (1989) on Kiowa grammar.* — In Kiowa, nouns of class I mark duals and plurals; nouns of class II, singulars and duals; class III, duals only; and class IV shows no marking. In addition, noun class shows a triadic opposition of animacy (I), inanimacy (II and III), and mass (IV).
5. *Word-focal obviation.* — If obviation occurs in Mountain Fukari, it is not obviously bound to grammatical class at all, but is an optional ally of pragmatics.
6. *Iagip*, 'Big Fir Camp,' in high-mountain Wyoming, has a population of 89 souls and 6 clans; *Iaqip*, 'small fir camp,' in backwoods Flouziana, has 53 souls and 5 clans. Notwithstanding slight mixing with small amounts of Tagma and Norlian immigrants, bumping up populations and complicating clan affiliation in both talus-born bailiwicks, this twin-town Mountain Fukari community (in which popular morality, strong right arm of popular opinion, is constantly at work) has withstood cultural dilution of any sort—Intrussyan, Ityalian, Sihlaucal, and so forth—and maintains an intact cultural and linguistic tradition continuous with what is known from foxy old books (loans and gifts from luminous alumni) in Tiliar Boarding School's vast library.
7. *Do not typically occur.* — Though fully robust paradigms do occur in Tlaatlata myths, in songs, and in functionally humorous or particularly ritualistic situations, as my corpus, my clitalysis, and my Paradigm C show.
8. *Our two vulvas.* — A "Fouqqari", according to Wainwright (1925), would justify placing "his mom" (*nordix'ag*) in a "Non-Human" grammatical class on rationalistic grounds: kinship is an abstraction, not a thing you can actually touch. In addition, "any animal, such as a mountain lion, or a mountain goat, or a marmot, or a pika, also has a vulva; thus, to a Fouqqari, any 'vulva' (*ow*) is grammatically

non-human” (Wainwright 1925: 37) But it was not only ‘mom’ and ‘vulva’ that Wainwright put into his non-human class, it was also ‘my hand’ (*arraio’am*), ‘my arm’ (*caraio’am*), and ‘my aunt’ (*nurtio’am*)! Wainwright’s spurious array follows from his fallacious submission to phonological grounds of classification, grounds, sadly, to which contumacious scholars still stubbornly kowtow. Wainwright’s “Class I, Non-Human, harbors roots of form XrY , such that X consists typically of (C)VC or occasionally of CV((C)VC), r is a rhotic, and Y is allophonically [a], [t], or [d]” (Wainwright 1925: 89). Similarly, Wainwright’s “Class II, Human,” pins its phonological faith to a tail of allophonic variation “springing from suffixival provocation” involving “principally labialization, or rounding harmony” (Wainwright 1925: 91–97). That is, roots of form (C)VCto or simply VCto, vary according to word-final sound, spurring, say, [to] in ‘son’ (*bito*; as in *bitois’ad* ‘your son’), to transform to [ur] in *biurid’am* ‘my son’ and to [po] in *bipoiv’ao* ‘many sons’ (Wainwright 1925: 93–95)! Naturally, you will not fail to glom that Wainwright forgot to list forms such as *bipogi’ag* ‘this son’ and *bipoix’ah* ‘that son’ in which rounding harmony is logically bankrupt, and that, on both occasions, Wainwright is mistaking stalwart clitics of womaninity for inconstant root parts! Cf., in addition, my scholium 9, *infra*.

9. *Your clay pot*. — Wainwright (1925: 93) insists that “[a] clay pot (*on*) is grammatically human owing, not only to such human functions to which Fouqqari may put it, but also to its human origin. From finding and digging clay, to throwing, shaping, and firing it, to actually using it, a pot is thought by human minds, and is wrought by human hands, during all its formation’s sundry rungs.” Too much in thrall to his scanty data, Wainwright staunchly found additional motivation for his Class II, Human, by noting that “Fouqqari do not distinguish plurality for proximal and fulcral forms of Non-Human and Anomalous things” (Wainwright 1925: 73), and also by going on to justify this fallacy by stating that “rampant individualism among Fouqqari is laid down by grammar’s law, and forbids a bodily dislocation into many parts [which is] akin to a visual art that portrays animals and humans sans fur and skin” (Wainwright 1925: 79). Although Wainwright was wrong on many counts, including Fukari individualism, this almost oracular bit of sociolinguistic sagacity apropos of how taboo’s sociophysiological function “is laid down by grammar’s law” most graciously warrants an approving nod.
10. *Hard and straight*. — It is not without utility for an inquiring scholar to scan avidly at this point that part of Raymond’s *bouquin* (*op. cit.*) touching upon “Statistical distribution of root class in triradical phrasal units of Mountain Fukari” (pp. 309-317; my

trans.) in which a grand tourbillon of glottostatistical fact is put willynilly into a not insignificant grammarian's bag of bubbling skin tricks (impromptu cauldron of bison stomach, in fact—not shaft raptor).

11. *MF sociality*. — In particular, as it occurs during occasions of slanting wintry sunlight; *vid. infra*, scholium 14.
12. *Fukari notion of taboo*. — You may now ask, Why is it that Mountain Fukari displays only uniradicality and triradicality, but not biradicality, quadriradicality, and so on and so forth? And though Raymond (2002: 379) posits a hand-waving solution of sorts, truth is, that I don't know, no linguist can fathom it, and, in fact, no Mountain Fukari, following 'this mindful rainbow law' that logically apportions words and maps symbolic sound from brain to organs of articulation, can actually string two or four or six roots and so on into a grammatical act of vocalization.
13. *First brought to light*. — It is actually an angular slant of wintry solstitial light that kicks photophilic haptomonad sporoblasts of a polar cnidosporidian protoctist similar to *Oosdoli* spp. into action; *vid. my scholium 15 infra*.
14. *Murs clos d'imagination*. — Not so long ago, Ms. Litarn, fastidious critic of Owlstain's *SCAT*, citing various ramtils or ramikins of a passing plagiary which I was trying to pass off as my own translation into Flouzianian and Appalachian from an Intrussyan original, *As I lay dying* (Mourant couchant [Zalozhnyu na umirayu]) by G. Saliba, from which I had wrung my own pornoglyphic squibs, said that my work was "pornographic." Now, I will not try to contradict this apt, though far from insightful, claim, but wish simply to clarify. As G. Saliba's own philippic protagonist, Babur Dragoman, might put it, "Pornography in its classic form has a kick that lasts only about a sixth of an hour, at which point it falls into a kind of soporifically comical untangling of want's imagination. My own pornography, by contrast, consists of a nonstop st(r)ing of loss that brutally claws away at any scab of joy's possibility and digs its parasitic grappling hooks of incompliant passion into that suppurating mirror of your flaccid body's hollow wound and, without pausing for pain's pulsating comma, satisfaction's oscitant colon, or supplicating longing's dot dot dot (howling bliss's raging full stop is simply hors concours), flays and flings and whips out your innards as if a mixing bowl full of milk, sugar, yolk, blood, shit, brains, and lungs had spun impossibly out of control." Which is to say that any woman's past, in truth—and truth is that Saliba's galvanic "original" is actually a plagiary of my transcription of informant AI's own cortical passing shot at childhood carnality—any woman's past, in truth, is always as pornographic as this worn clubchair's calfskin arm along which I rub my bald snatch, crooning

out my translation into Appalachian of drooling Saliba's corruption of a young MF girl's coming into confirmation atop a plurality of assumptions, thus: "I was willing to sit on top of him. And with only a tawny handful or two of autumns in my downy buff. And him tapping my arm so I would slow down, so obviously frisky this child of Ishtar was atop my first communion. Until that day your blood shows [or flows—scriptgirl's scholium]. Caroming about with my lids shut, off playacting a rosy child's rotatory romp of my own philippic imagining."

15. *Ishtar's Hand*. — Although, as my scholium 16, *infra*, shows, our culprit consists, not only of *in*, but of *ax* and *ox* also.
16. *Trivial fowl*. — Group consumption of which, among Mountain Fukari, occurs only during that lunation of transformation straddling a wintry solstitial hub during which our lascivious loon or Arathu *huart* absconds to coastal bights (cf. my *TSMR-12 infra*, § 262) but our sought-for stormy auk stays on high in its mountain lair, and occasions particularly mutualistic instantiations of horizontal rituals of group affiliation. In contrast, though, to this pluralistic display of communal gratification among Mountain Fukari, and also concomitant to that titubant bird's wintry flight to littoral sanctuary, Intrussyan immigrants to Fukariland display an antagonistic orgy of individualistic and, not unusually, suicidal conflict which is not, in fact, dissimilar to Ishtar's Hand at its most climactic. Now, as i-a) Intrussyans hunt stormy auk wantonly in any month, paying no mind to its rostrum or rhamphus; and i-b) Mountain Fukari cull only normal, non-taboo, wintry morphs, during basically a singular fortnight; and ii) this altarity or discongruity of carnal configuration and manic activity concurs synchronically with an angular cast of wintry sunlight; it follows that iii-a) phototrophic activation of a small but biocatalytically significant population of photophilic haptomonad sporoblasts of a polar cnidosporidian protoctist analogous or homologous to *Oosdoli* brings about, among Mountain Fukari, a situation of sosigonic stability (SSS) similar to that which obtains in Hamiltonia; but that iii-b) phototrophic activation of a catastrophically voluminous population of photophilic haptomonad sporoblasts of a polar cnidosporidian protoctist analogous or homologous to *Oosdoli* brings about, among Intrussyan immigrants to Fukariland, an affliction similar to Ishtar's Hand as it obtains in Babylonia (*vid.* my *TSMR-5, supra*, § 113).
17. *Wort*. — Mad props to Dr. Avilano Bimkov, principal of Tiliar Boarding School, Tixpu, AP, NL, for providing funds and opportunity and whatnot, on basis of my first full hand of TSMR, so that rot in Tixpu I did not, and carry forth this work, I did. Obliging words also to Prof. B. Vighdan of ISOCPHYS who did not shirk from taking a hands-on approach to coaxing this work into form,

both provisional and final. And to Atoca, Inuhka, Dado, Sagarch, Maryam, Gasa, Tony, and so on, a big group smooch!

5. Corpus

Divastigatory custom dictating that I, larval Tagma of Tixpu through cosmopolitan Sihlaucal, or Coast Fukari, matrix, bring about acculturation of larval Tagma through pastoral MF matrix, that is, informant DU, by acting as a sort of nanny-tutor or factotal au pair and thrill him to my thrall by crooning traditional chants and such, I was in a singular position, from spring through autumn, and again from autumn through spring, to function socially as MF among MF, in Iagip, principally, and Iaqip, partly, in a way that nary any prior scholar had found fit to do, nor satisfaction in so doing. Thus did I trawl yon Arathu in Rick and Djuma's yawl. And thus did I obtain initiation into MF womaninity; in particular, rituals of monthly blood and antlion larval silk production. And thus, too, did I profoundly acquaint my sociolinguistic capability with various Tlaatlata myths—two of which, in particular, will round out my corpus's body, "How Tlaatlata Brought Us Silk" (cf. *infra*, § 5.1; in choosing to display this story's linguistic innards only as far as (5.1.1)a–c and (5.1.2)a–d, I opt out of having to distract scholarly focus from my clitalysis and discussion; cf. *supra*, § 2) and "How Tlaatlata Brought Us Bow and Arrows" (I must admit that many scholars will find transcription and translation of this account of a manly myth lacking in unity and bulk; but in so far as I was bound, midway through my study, by instauration of lunar cyclicality to abstain from things taboo for any MF woman, our insight must constrain, for now, its compass of indagation into a frankly fractional condition; cf. *infra*, § 5.2)—touching upon all that, in addition to murmurations of nocturnal intimacy, and quotidian acts of communication. What I know of MF is thorough; and on all sociophysiological facts, my grip is firm: what may slip through its or my cracks is just not worth knowing. Look on this corpus of words (§ 5.1 and § 5.2, *infra*).

5.1. How Tlaatlata Brought Us Silk

Informant GA

(5.1.1) Ass thrust backwards into crumbling sky, I crawl that labyrinth, fading sunlight shining crimson on dusky bark, my mouth full of humming wasp. By toil and crash unspun, wrung wrought or torn from constant shadow.

- a. tladraodraodrwraio'am tlbasčukplihlutoid'am au'bdga
 tl-adrao.adrao-drw-ra-io-'am tl-basč-ukpli-hlu-to-id-'am au'bdga
 LIM-BACK.dupl.-ass-CW-CL-1sg LIM-FALL-CRUMB-sky-CW-
 CL-1sg intr.trans.conj.
 'my ass thrust backwards' 'my crumbling sky' 'into'
 Ass thrust backwards into crumbling sky
- b. tlp'ononbo'gīt'tloid'am
 tl-p'-onon-bok'gi-it.t'l-to-id-'am
 LIM-WIND-SPIR-CHAOS-antlion.larva.prop.func.-CW-CL-1sg
 'I crawl in antlion-larval fashion (among) chaos winding (and)
 spiral'
 I crawl that labyrinth
- c. tlš'xlupixiduštrasoix'ao
 tl-š'-xli-pixi-duštra-so-ix-'ao
 LIM-MOT.into.hiding-sky-dusk.sun-Sirius-CW-CL-3pl
 'sky, Sirius, and sun of dusk go into hiding' (so that it looks as if
 FM girls smirch blood on hickory bark)
 Fading sunlight shining crimson on dusky bark, that all-swallowing
 worldworm

(5.1.2) Backward out of my cocoon I watch my mind waking, originary
 root of lawful singularity shot through with forbiddingly brilliant colors. By toil
 and crash unspun, wrung wrought or torn from constant shadow.

- a. tladraodgāigtoid'am
 tl-adrao-dgaig-to-id-'am
 LIM-BACK-antlion.cocoon-CW-CL-1sg
 'my antlion cocoon backwards'
 Backwards out of my cocoon
- b. tlr'vmončbandzšičt'lraio'am
 tl-r'-v-monč-bandz-šič.t'l-ra-io-'am
 LIM-WAK-mind-mind-glom.prop.func.-CW-CL-1sg
 'my mind watching mind waking'
 I watch my mind waking
- c. tlgrckilōtlōraix'ag tladbub'kabinraix'ag it'kpu
 tl-grcki-lōtlō-ra-ix-ag tl-adbu-b'ka-bin-ra-ix-'ag it'kpu
 LIM-UNIC-law-CW-CL-1sg LIM-FIST-ORIG-root-CW-CL-1sg
 stat.add.conj.
 'this unitary law/taboo/dharma' 'this fistular originary root'
 'and/or/of'
 Originary root of lawful singularity
- d. tlptašptašmončklacloṭlōsoiv'ag
 tl-ptaš-ptaš-monč-klac-lōtlō-so-iv-'ag
 LIM-OSCIL.dupl.-mind-rainbow-law-CW-CL-1sg

‘this lawful, mindful, rainbow oscillation’
 Shot through with forbiddingly brilliant colors

(5.1.3) Trickling unfamiliar at first a thin flux of crystal silk flows into that crackling slit-back cicada gown, scaly wasp tail tonguing ruth from gall, that all-swallowing worldworm. By toil and crash unspun, wrung wrought or torn from constant shadow.

(5.1.4) This vacant world’s husk disturbs it, a conical pit snapping shut in a cloud of sand, [as I am] squatting in soft warm soil during fits of manic insomnia [that may last for] many nights, tracing it by moonlight. By toil and crash unspun, wrung wrought or torn from constant shadow.

(5.1.5) Watching always a woman’s infinity fills it with liquid familiarity, prismatic umbilical transformation womb uncoils from brain. By toil and crash unspun, wrung wrought or torn from constant shadow.

(5.1.6) Pluck from that tight crack a grain of sand yawning from lack of habit, nocturnal vigil, diurnal somnambulist, unnatural slug function. By toil and crash unspun, wrung wrought or torn from constant shadow.

(5.1.7) Circling back on its own trail on its own tail circling a larval slip of light rubs its blank orbits into smiling sympathy shot through with forbiddingly brilliant colors. By toil and crash unspun, wrung wrought or torn from constant shadow.

5.2. How Tlaatlata Brought Us Bows and Arrows Informant TH

(5.2.1) Frail airy fumbling skyward [of adult Viridian Mountain antlions (*Formicophagus tlaatlata* Strick., 1845)] [brings about] a hiding away among initiatory cloudbirds, a humidity that soars. Hickory is a virtuous wood.

(5.2.2) Flaming scorpionfrog strays from its hollow into sunlight [as a] capricious black sky wilts dull corn [such that] nothing can grow but brown grass. Hickory is a virtuous wood.

(5.2.3) Diurnal somnambulists [irid diurnal morph of Tlaatlata snail (*Nimlroid nyctonostici* Strick., 1845)], spiral string of cloudy drops of sticky sap, a gloaming of stormy aquacity. Hickory is a virtuous wood.

(5.2.4) Piggy back sun pitching dawn’s roof [is also a] rising function of dawn’s familiar light taking wing [and] a throat that burns in dry shadow. Hickory is a virtuous wood.

6. Functional Working Dictionary of Mountain Fukari

In common with all prior scholars of MF, I list as roots (§ 6.1, *infra*) wordparts that most typically occur with caudal clitics of womaninity, ligativity, and pronominal control (which usually mark and fill word-final position; cf. *supra*, §§ 1.1, 1.2, 1.3, 1.4, and 1.5), but occasionally occur without such caudal clitics, and proclitics, clitical infixations, postradical clitics, and conjunctions (§ 6.2, *infra*) as wordparts that must occur with, or obligatorily bind to, roots and phrasal units containing roots. In addition, roots inhabit grammatical class, but proclitics, clitical infixations, postradical clitics, and conjunctions do not. As for assignation of grammatical class, although for many roots, such as in words indicating kinship (both classificatory and actual, X2 and Y1), body parts (X1 and Z3), and astronomical conditions not bound to any particular ritual or orga(ni)smic unfolding (typically Z1), assignation is absolutist (and typically concordant with platonic logic), a plurality of inconstant roots sort into grammatical class according, soit to pragmatic, ritual, or schizomythic function, soit to natural historical, biosocial, or sociophysiological signification; I thus opt, not to array such polymorphous, occasionally homophonic roots according to grammatical class, but to mark root class and pronominal control for such vocal instantiations of words and phrasal units as I saw fit to jot down. In contrast, I do show class for absolutist, and, in fact, for most, roots, although vocal instantiations of such or many might lack. Also, I only list forms for which I put out orally during my linguistic travail's duration in Iagip and Iaqip; curious scholars and lusty lay critics wishing to look up roots and clitics not bound by my own functional glossary's working skirts (cf. *infra*), should consult wordlists, vocal inquisitions, glottographical accounts, and sundry citations in Spitmarkx (1841), Strickland (1845), Wainwright (1923 and 1925), Turbo (1990, 1991a, b, and c), Turbo and Flamingo (2001a, b), Flawndol and Johnson (2001a, b), and Raymond (2002).

6.1. Roots

'ago'g Boy, manchild (Y1, Y2) at 2°, or allocarnal, initiation (ranging from around 15 to about 25 yrs.); as fourth instar of masculinity, stands in schizomythic synchrony with *id*, and ritual and socio-physiological apposition or conjunction with *qok*.

ab	Fir twig; purification ritual; <i>abusgo'am</i> (Z1.1sg) my fir twig; I am taking part in a purification ritual involving fir twigs.
ag	Pointy blazing star (<i>Liatris punctata</i> Hook.) (Y3).
an	Manna snail, or dull brown nocturnal morph of <i>N. nyctonostici</i> Strick.; <i>anuriv'ao</i> (Y3.3pl) (a pot of) Manna snails; <i>pasanonuriv'ao</i> (Y3.3pl) slowly boiling pots of Manna snail soup.
aq'ul	Broadmouth gar (<i>Sarchirus platostomus</i> Richardson, 1836).
ar	Woman's hand; <i>arraio'am</i> (X1.1sg) my woman's hand; <i>arraid'ay</i> (X1.1pl) all of our womanly hands; <i>arrtgi'ao</i> (X1.3pl) many (womanly) hands; hand(s) of that woman (who is standing far away); <i>owraio'am arraio'am</i> (X1.1sg) <i>nurtio'am</i> my aunt (said to put) my hand (on) my vulva.
as	Marsh marigold (<i>Caltha palustris</i> L.) (Z1).
at	Larva (first through fifth instars) of singing antlion (<i>Formicophagus maa</i> Goldbarg), also known as firing-pin antlion or cannon antlion (Z2).
atl	Shawl of womaninity, knit from antlion silk (<i>pco</i>) (Y3).
atp	Wild potato (<i>Solanum maglia</i> L.) (Z1).
ax	Your common Holarctic crow (<i>Corvus corax</i> L.); normal morph of stormy auk (<i>Moanzy burrasca</i> Strick.); MF Crow clan; <i>lupnoax</i> Crow matriclan hut of womaninity; <i>axragi'ao</i> (X3.3pl) [a bunch of] crows; <i>axsoiv'ag</i> (Z1.3sg) [this] stormy auk; <i>axraix'ag</i> (X3.3sg) this crow, a crow; <i>axraiv'ah</i> (X3.3dl/pa) that crow, a handful of crows; <i>axragi'ao</i> (X3.3pl) many crows.
axt	Sibling (girl); <i>axtraio'am</i> (X2.1sg) my (girl) sibling.
baġu	Noon sunlight, high noon sun (Z1).
bandz	Woman's mind; <i>tlr'vmončbandzšičt'lrαιο'am</i> (X1.1sg) my woman's mind [is] watching my social mind waking.
bi	Man child (Y2), son (Y1), from about birth to 6 yrs.; as first instar of masculinity (Z2), is a schizomythic adjunct to <i>at</i> or <i>qat</i> , and is ritually and sociophysiologicaly synchronous with <i>či</i> .
bin	Amy root (<i>Apocynum cannibinum</i> L.); <i>tladbub'kabinraix'ag</i> (X3.3sg) this fistular root of origin; <i>binraix'ag</i> (X3.3sg) this amy root plant; <i>binraiv'ah</i> (X3.3dl/pa) a small stand of amy root; <i>binragi'ao</i> (X3.3pl) a big patch of amy root.
bugao	Dawn sunlight, sun at dawn (Z1).
buku	Sunlight from about dawn till noon (Z1).
bwičk	Fly-trap dogthorn (<i>Apocynum scopulorum</i> L.), infusion of roots of (Y3).
car	Bloodfruit knotgrass (<i>Polygonum sanguinaria</i> Goldbarg) (Y3).
či	Girlchild, from birth to about 6 yrs. (X2, Y2); as first instar of womaninity (Y3), schizomythically mirrors <i>ič</i> , and is in ritual and sociophysiological synchrony with <i>bi</i> .

dǵaiǵ	Goldbarg's variant cocoon of Viridian Mountain, or Tlaatlata, antlion (<i>F. tlaatlata</i> Strick., 1845); this cocoon form is good for spinning functional silk; <i>tladraodǵaiǵtoid'am</i> (Y3.1sg) [I am moving] backwards out of my antlion cocoon.
di	Girlchild from about 6 to 9 yrs. (X2, Y2); as 2° instar of womaninity (Y3), schizomythically mirrors <i>it</i> , and ritually and sociophysiologicaly consorts with <i>go</i> .
dlax	Sibling (adult woman); <i>dlaxraio'am</i> (X2.1sg) my (adult woman) sibling.
drw	Woman's ass; <i>tladraodraodrwraio'am</i> (X1.1sg) my ass thrust backwards; <i>drwraio'am</i> (X1.1sg) my woman's ass; <i>drwrtix'ag</i> (X1.3sg) this woman's ass; <i>drwrtiv'ah</i> (X1.3dl/pa) a pair of womanly buttocks; that woman's ass (indicating a woman who is not standing too far away); <i>drwqraio'am</i> (X1.1sg) <i>nurali'ad</i> your aunt (is touching) my (small girlish or young lady's) ass.
duštra	Sirius, rain star; <i>tlš'xlupixiduštrasoix'ao</i> (Z1.3pl) sky, Sirius, and sun of dusk go into hiding; that is, start of autumn's first night.
g'a	Primiparous woman, mom, matron (X2, Y2); <i>g'artio'am</i> (X2.1sg) my mom; <i>g'arali'ad</i> (X1.2sg) your mom; <i>g'ardgi'ao</i> (X2.3pl) that woman's mom (indicating a woman standing far away); a plurality of moms; cf. also <i>oš</i> .
gat	Fourth larval instar of <i>F. maa</i> (Z2); not usually said by MF; Goldbarg (1933) posits this as a lost locution analogous to <i>id</i> .
gi	Black nori (<i>Porphyra</i> sp.) (Z1).
gir	Fukari blood moss (<i>Sargassum</i> sp.) (Z1).
gla	Man's ass (Z3).
go	Manchild, boy, from about 6 to 11 yrs., prior to first initiation (Y1, Y2); as 2° instar of masculinity (Z2), schizomythically co-occurs with <i>at</i> or <i>qit</i> , and ritually and sociophysiologicaly hangs out with <i>di</i> .
gog	Manchild, boy, at first (tautocarnal) initiation (about 11–15 yrs.) (Y1, Y2); as third instar of masculinity (Z2), is in schizomythic harmony with <i>at</i> , and ritual and sociophysiological harmony with <i>ko</i> .
guk	Clitoris; <i>gukraio'am</i> (X1.1sg) my clitoris; <i>gukrdli'ad</i> (X1.2sg) your clitoris; <i>gukrtix'ag</i> (X1.3sg) this woman's clitoris; <i>guqkrago'ar</i> (X1.1dl/pa) our small (or girlish) clitoris; <i>gukrdli'ad</i> (X1.2sg) <i>pulraio'am</i> I (put) my (woman's) mouth (on) your clitoris.
gūlig	Common cattail (<i>Typha latifolia</i> L.), autumnal floraison (Z1).
gut	Fifth larval instar of <i>F. maa</i> (Z2); not usually said by MF; Goldbarg (1933) posits this as a lost locution analogous to <i>idg</i> .
hlu	Cloudy night sky; <i>tlbasčukplihlutoid'am</i> (Y3.1sg) my crumbling night sky.

ia	Camp; <i>iagip</i> Big Fir Camp, <i>iaqip</i> Small Fir Camp.
ič	First larval instar of <i>F. tlaatlata</i> (Y3); Viridian hummingbird (<i>Colibri thalassinus</i> Swain) (Z1).
id	Fourth larval instar of <i>F. tlaatlata</i> (Y3).
idg	Fifth larval instar of <i>F. tlaatlata</i> (Y3); <i>xlamidgpwoktoid'am</i> (Y3.1sg) at darkmoon it crawls forth, my bloodborn larva.
ikn	Broadsword tidal wrack (<i>Macrocystis</i> sp.) (Z1).
in	Tlaatlata snail, that is, irid diurnal morph of <i>Nimlaidu nyctonostici</i> Strick.; imago of singing antlion (<i>F. maa</i>); <i>inraix'ag</i> (X3.3sg) this snail, a snail; <i>inraiv'ah</i> (X3.3dl/pa) that snail, a handful of snails; <i>inragi'ao</i> (X3.3pl) many snails; <i>pšotourgi'ag int'lsoiv'ag</i> (Z1) a singing antlion is not a Tlaatlata fly
ink	Moon foam (<i>Sarcophalia</i> sp.) (Z1).
ip	Fir; <i>iagip</i> Big Fir Camp, <i>iaqip</i> Small Fir Camp.
it	Larval instar (2°) of <i>F. tlaatlata</i> (Y3).
ix	Viridian Mountain jay (<i>Cissilopha psilorhinus</i> Strick., 1845); MF Mountain Jay clan; <i>lupnoix</i> Mountain Jay matriclan hut of womaninity; <i>ixsoix'ao</i> (Z1.3pl) a bunch of mountain jays. Although this garrulous bird is as fond of Tlaatlata snails as both <i>ox</i> and <i>ax</i> , grammatically it is not taboo for any MF—I don't know why.
k'in	Fukari tidal moss, or black wrack (<i>Gigartina</i> sp.) (Z1).
k'oc	Old man (Y1, Y2).
k'os	Old woman (X3, Y2).
kilik	Man's torso (Z3).
kla	Shadowy bastard toadflax (<i>Comandra umbra</i> Nutt.), fruit of (Z1).
klac	rainbow; <i>tlptašptašmončklacłōtlōsoiv'ag</i> (Z1.3sg) this lawful mindful rainbow oscillation
kni	Crimson, or Arathu, alga (<i>Gracilaris</i> sp.) (Z1).
ko	Girlchild at first orgasm, about 9 to 11 yrs. (X2, Y2); <i>obkovastogi'ag</i> (Y2.3sg) this girl's vagina is [as] tasty [as a Manna snail]; as third instar of womaninity (Y3), schizomythically concurs with <i>qid</i> , and ritually and sociophysiologicaly consorts with <i>gog</i> .
kūlik	Common cattail (<i>Typha latifolia</i> L.), first (spring) floraison (Z1).
lōtlō	Law; <i>mončklacłōtlōsoiv'ag</i> (Z1.3sg) this lawful, mindful rainbow (coloring of silk); <i>klacłōtlōmončraix'ag</i> (X3.3sg) this lawful rainbow law (= MF notion of taboo); <i>tlgrckilōtlōraix'ag</i> (X3.3sg) singular or unitary law, lawful singularity.
lup	Hut of womaninity; <i>lupnoax</i> Crow matriclan hut of womaninity.
lur	Man's hand; <i>drwraio'am lurusiv'ag</i> (Z3.3sg) that man's hand (is touching) my womanly ass.
m'a	Patriarch, dad, man in situation of <i>vinculum matrimonii</i> (Y1, Y2); <i>guqkraio'am palkusiv'ag m'aurid'am</i> (Y1.1sg) my dad [put his] mouth [on] my girlish clitoris; cf. also <i>pi</i> .

man	Family hut (Z1).
mbw	Goldbarg's cowslip (<i>Anagallis divaricata</i> Goldbarg) (Y3).
mom	Hut of manly things (Z2).
monč	Social mind; <i>tlr'vmončbandžšičt'ltraio'am</i> (X1.1sg) my woman's mind [is] watching my social mind waking; <i>tlptašptaš-mončklacłōtlōsoiv'ag</i> (Z1.3sg) this lawful mindful rainbow oscillation; <i>klacmunčlōtlōtogi'ag</i> (Y2.3sg) this lawful rainbow mind.
mrk	Coralroot (<i>Corallorhiza maculata</i> L.) (Y3).
munč	vid. <i>monč</i> .
no	Matriarch, matron, mom (pluriparous); matriclan <i>nortio'am</i> (X2.sg) my mom, <i>norali'ad</i> (X2.2sg) your mom; <i>lupnoax</i> Crow matriclan hut of womaninity.
nu	Aunt; <i>nurtio'am</i> (X2.1sg) my aunt; <i>nurali'ad</i> (X2.2sg) your aunt; <i>nurdiv'ah</i> (X2.3dl/pa) that woman's aunt; a pair of aunts; <i>owraio'am arraio'am nurtio'am</i> (X2.1sg) my aunt (said to put) my hand (on) my vulva.
oa	Scrotum; <i>oarigo'am</i> (Z3.1sg) my scrotum.
ob	Vagina (X1).
oc	Adult man, usually in <i>vinculum matrimonii</i> , always sporting scars of circumcision and subincision (Y1, Y2); as sixth or imaginal instar of masculinity (Z2), schizomythically mirrors <i>qot</i> , and ritually and sociophysiologicaly conjoins with <i>oš</i> ; cf. also <i>m'a</i> and <i>pi</i> .
od	Bow and arrows; <i>odusli'as</i> (Z2.2pl) all of your bows and arrows.
oğ	Viridian Mountain hawk owl (<i>Surnia oria</i> Strick., 1845) (Z2).
ohltl	Sibling or boy (Y1, Y2).
on	Clay pot; antlion pit; monthly blood; MF Snail clan; Fukari mountain snail <i>N. fukariana</i> Spit. (also known as <i>caracol montagnard</i> and <i>colimaçon fouqqari</i>); <i>onpois'ad</i> (Y3.2sg) your clay pot; <i>ontoid'am</i> (Y3.1sg) my clay pot; my antlion pit; I'm having my monthly blood; <i>lupno'on</i> Snail matriclan hut of womaninity; <i>onsoix'ao</i> (Z1.3pl) a bunch of Fukari mountain snails.
or	Mountain; talus; <i>orsoix'ao</i> (Z1.3pl) [a bunch of distant] mountains; <i>orriin'ad</i> (Z1.2sg) you scurry among mountain talus, your talus-born bailiwick.
os	Adult pluriparous woman (X2, Y2); as fifth instar plus two of womaninity (Y3), lacks a schizomythic mirror with any antlion instar, but ritually and sociophysiologicaly concords roughly with <i>pi</i> ; MF Woman clan; <i>ostoix'ah</i> (Y2.3dl/pa) that woman.
oš	Adult primiparous woman (X2, Y2); as sixth or imaginal instar of womaninity, schizomythically mirrors <i>ot</i> , and ritually and sociophysiologicaly hooks up with <i>oc</i> ; vid. also <i>g'a</i> .

ot	Imago of <i>F. tlaatlata</i> ; also known as Tlaatlata fly; <i>otraix'ag</i> (X3.3sg) this antlion imago, <i>otragia'ao</i> (X3.3pl) [a bunch of] adult antlions [in flight]. A robust animal similar to a dobson fly, with rainbow coloration on its tail.
ow	Vulva; <i>owrago'ar</i> (X1.1dl/pa) both of our vulvas, our two vulvas; <i>owrdli'ad</i> (X1.2sg) your vulva.
ox	Sluggish anthropomimicking morph of stormy auk (<i>M. burrasca</i>); <i>oxraix'ag</i> (X3.3sg) this stormy auk; <i>oxraiv'ah</i> (X3.3dl/pa) that stormy auk, a small flock of stormy auks; <i>oxragi'ao</i> (X3.3pl) an orgy of stormy auks. Although off-limits, both grammatically and culinarily to MF, local Intrussyans hunt <i>ox</i> with rapt avidity, cannibalizing this cyclically distraught fowl—in spring its bill is wrought by parasitic microorganisms into an uncanny human form—into malodorous confits, rancid roasts, and putrid ragouts which do nothing at all to diminish that proportion of Intrussyans who must submit to an affliction, brought on, no doubt, by consumption of <i>in</i> , that has much in common with that infirmity known in Babylonia as Ishtar's Hand.
palk	Man's mouth; <i>gukrdli'ad palkrigo'am</i> (Z3.1sg) I (put) my (man's) mouth (on) your clitoris.
pas	Slow boil (of soup or various pots of liquid) (Z1).
pco	Antlion silk that is unwound from <i>dǵaiǵ</i> and spun into strands for making shawls of womaninity, <i>atl</i> (Y3).
pi	Patriarch, patron, dad, man in situation of <i>vinculum matrimonii</i> (Y1, Y2); patrician; <i>piurid'am</i> (Y1.1sg) my dad.
pixi	Dusky sunlight, sun low on horizon at dusk; <i>tlš'xlupixiduštrasoix'ao</i> (Z1.3pl) sky, Sirius, and sun of dusk go into hiding.
pixu	Sunlight (from about noon till dusk) (Z1).
pšwipšwi	Arachnal hawk wasp (<i>Chirodamus fulvicornis</i> Dahlbom, 1853); <i>kūlikpšwi-pšwiaq'ulsoix'ao</i> (Z1.3pl) many scaly tails of such wasps.
pti	Trail, path (Z1).
pul	Woman's mouth; <i>gukrdli'ad pulraio'am</i> (X1.1sg) I (put) my (woman's) mouth (on) your clitoris.
pwo'k	Woman in isolation during monthly blood (X2, Y2); as a variant or liminal fifth instar of womaninity (Y3), is schizomorphically analogous to <i>dǵaiǵ</i> , but lacks a ritual and sociophysiological homology to any instar of masculinity. It is during <i>pwo'k</i> that a woman works on fabricating an <i>atl</i> .
pwok	Woman's blood rag; <i>pwokxlamidgtogo'ay</i> (Y3.1pl) our larval slip of bloodborn light; <i>xlamidgpwoktoid'am</i> (Y3.1sg) at darkmoon it crawls forth, my bloodborn larva.

qat	First larval instar of <i>F. maa</i> (Z2); typically not said by MF; Goldberg (1933) posits this as a lost locution analogous to <i>ič</i> .
qid	Third larval instar of <i>F. tlaatlata</i> (Y3).
qit	Larval instar (2°) of <i>F. maa</i> (Z2); typically not said by MF; Goldberg (1933) posits this as a lost locution analogous to <i>it</i> .
qok	Girlchild at initiation of allocarnal physicality, prior to first monthly blood, about 11 to 16 yrs. (X2, Y2); as fourth instar of womaninity (Y3), is in schizomythic synchrony with <i>id</i> , and ritual and sociophysiological conjunction with 'ago'g.
qot	Imago of <i>F. maa</i> (Z2).
šič	Glom, grab, plagium, snatch; <i>tlr'vmončbandžšičt'ltraio'am</i> I watch my mind waking.
t'h'ago'g	Man submitting to circumcision and subincision rituals (typically about 20–25 yrs.) (Y1, Y2); as fifth instar of masculinity (Z2), co-occurs schizomythically with <i>at</i> or <i>gut</i> , and contrasts ritually and sociophysiological with <i>t'h'ok</i> .
t'h'ok	Woman at instauration of monthly blood (typically around 16–17 yrs. among traditional MF) (X2, Y2); as fifth instar of womaninity (Y3), stands in schizomythic apposition to <i>idg</i> , and ritual and sociophysiological apposition involving taboo to <i>t'h'ago'g</i> .
tloadz	Mountain stinkwort (<i>Datura tatula</i> L.), fruits of (Z2).
tloh	Sibling (adult man) (Y1).
tsp	Bosom; <i>tspraio'am</i> (X1.1sg) my bosom; <i>tsprdl'i'ad</i> (X1.2sg) your bosom; <i>tsprtix'ag</i> (X1.3sg) this woman's bosom.
uč'il	Narrowmouth gar (<i>Macragnathus loricatus</i> Gronow, 1854).
ud	Larva of io moth (<i>A. io</i> Hüb.); MF io moth clan (Z1).
udz	Io moth (<i>A. io</i>), imago of (Z1).
un	Poison arrow snail (<i>Noro nopo</i> Spit.); also known as <i>caracol arbolario</i> (Z2).
ur	Prismatic assassin bug (<i>Triatoma maculata</i> Stål, 1859); MF Assassin Bug clan (Z1).
ut	Normal cocoon of both <i>F. tlaatlata</i> and <i>F. maa</i> from which a woman cannot pull functional silk, as strands chiasmify chaotically; <i>pšpcouriv'ao utt'lsoiv'ag</i> (Z1) this cocoon is no good for making silk (for <i>atl</i>).
uzuk	Man's thigh (Z3).
vas	Ambrosia; condition of tasting good or savory, similar to that of Manna snails (Z1).
xlam	Darkmoon; <i>xlamidgpwoktoid'am</i> (Y3.1sg) at darkmoon it crawls forth, my bloodborn larva; <i>pwokxlamidgtogo'ay</i> (Y3.1pl) our larval slip of bloodborn light.
xli	Bright cloudy sky (during daylight); <i>tlš'xhupixiduštrasoix'ao</i> (Z1.3pl) sky, Sirius, and sun of dusk go into hiding.

6.2. Proclitics, Clitical Infixations, Postradical Clitics, and Conjunctions

'	<i>clit. infix.</i> (glottal stop) condition of, action involving, or contact with womaninity
adbu	<i>proclit.</i> fistular condition or action; hollow
adrao	<i>proclit.</i> motion backwards
au'bdga	<i>conj.</i> motion into or towards
b'ka	<i>proclit.</i> original, originary, primordial, instaurational
basč	<i>proclit.</i> motion of falling, tumbling (as of rocks from a cliff on which a troop of mountain goats is climbing)
bd'	<i>proclit.</i> arousal, amplification of arousal
bdaoǰ	<i>proclit.</i> vibrating (as of hummingbird wings during flight)
bduž	<i>proclit.</i> shining
bg'	<i>proclit.</i> concavity or hollow part facing up
bi	<i>proclit.</i> downhill
bok'gi	<i>proclit.</i> chaotic; action or condition of chaos
č	<i>clit. infix.</i> man's body part (not so small, growing tumid)
č'	<i>proclit.</i> across, action or condition of going across
c'	<i>proclit.</i> notional, virtual, as if
c'l	<i>clit. infix.</i> formication, hiving mass, as of ants or wasps
čq'	<i>proclit.</i> not across, action or condition of not going across
dudba	<i>clit. infix.</i> sloughing off, slipping out of
dž'	<i>clit. infix.</i> motion out of hiding
g	<i>clit. infix.</i> big
g'	<i>clit. infix.</i> man's body part (almost big, almost fully tumid)
grcki	<i>proclit.</i> unitary or singular condition or action
it'kpu	<i>conj.</i> static additional function signifying and, or, or of
k	<i>clit. infix.</i> man's body part (small, soft)
k'	<i>clit. infix.</i> old
kwils	<i>proclit.</i> back
l'	<i>proclit.</i> in, into, inward
l'b	<i>proclit.</i> action or condition of walking
ocon	<i>proclit.</i> forward spiral motion (sinistral, or going against sun shadow)
odon	<i>proclit.</i> backward (starting out, going in) spiral motion (rightward, or going with sun shadow)
onon	<i>proclit.</i> backward spiral motion (sinistral, or going against sun shadow)
oton	<i>proclit.</i> forward (starting in, going out) spiral motion (rightward, or going with sun shadow)
p'	<i>proclit.</i> twining, winding, or twisting action or condition
pič	<i>proclit.</i> rocky, granular
pk'	<i>proclit.</i> concavity or hollow part facing down

pš	<i>proclit.</i> action or condition of contradiction, disavowal, nonconformity, or abjuration
ptʼ	<i>proclit.</i> nonarousal, inhibition of arousal
ptaš	<i>proclit.</i> oscillating, flashing (as of rapids); action or condition of oscillation
pwʼ	<i>proclit.</i> uphill
q	<i>clit. infix.</i> small
qʼ	<i>clit. infix.</i> man's body part (big, hard, and throbbing)
rʼv	<i>proclit.</i> action or condition of waking, blooming, unfolding
šʼ	<i>clit. infix.</i> motion into hiding
sʼ	<i>proclit.</i> motion out of hiding
tʼ	<i>proclit.</i> downward
tʼh	<i>clit. infix.</i> blood
tʼl	<i>clit. infix.</i> proposition function (transforms static nouns into words of action or condition)
tl	<i>proclit.</i> liminal, magical, mystical, shamanic, shamanistic, ritual, schizomythic, mythological (most common distribution is in Tlaatata myths and songs)
ukpli	<i>proclit.</i> crumbling action or condition
xlip	<i>proclit.</i> at tip

§ 121. *Promiscuous clay.* — And should I quaff sorrow with a blight of rum I'd say it burns straight down. Blank island out of wind that sighing gullmoan spins. What I forgot on that summit of talus and thorns is what I lost. To stitch ship into port past coral rooftops conjuring shoal from shadow. Nothing is unconscious, I would say again, but things too bridling may sink out of sight until, spiraling, a hawk soars, a coastal city glints, mighty Arathu is calm. I was too afraid to abandon that path. Throat's truth skirts a starling-clad sky as a Sunday artist was painting it. Dab a moon into canvas and plush that passion spills out window's hollow root. Prodigal quarry's divination pays for this glass I drop.

§ 122. *Caught in a courtyard conspiracy.* — And should I disavow that by which I'm bound to what I am? This brick's an awkward pillow for my plastic words. Compulsion is optional. And your body was annually wound in a bright shroud. Transforming practical limits into possibility's implosion. This orgasmic trap dissolving all your scholarly plans. A paltry sum of thought and action. Truly a mighty way of knowing was born of doubt's conjugation with cultural constraint. A haphazardly lucky sort of cultivation that zigzags uphill and down, skirting, by fluid artistic motion, any notional cliff or rational abyss. It's just such a growth as this that's known as "organic." Fruit of this blossom is poisonous to man and bird, though its lilac color is so alluring. Sacrificial wisdom, though it winks at you so invitingly. In that tradition you cut your own tomb into tufa or tuff, a crumbly sort of rock, gray, brown and black. Gunshot billows of dust and crows.

§ 123. *Any notion of which was far from his mind.* — And should I unbutton willingly of what without forcing you'd know almost nothing? How much this canto contains! "From modal point you first ran forth, syrinx-clutching holy bard," is how I start to shimmy out of it, my translation of Patrolius's *Ionis Astra*, third canto. (Call it quatrain or stanza, if you must.) Nothing actually is lost by mapping schizomythic turmoil to mythic calm, transforming a combinatoric infinity qua *Traum* into a narrational laying on of hands and waking. By doing and by saying, by singing and by dancing, all ritual transducts finally to a sort of linguistic artifactual parsimony — but without such putting into acts, words and things physical or imaginary, no art can show its snout, no pathos bays, no passion sinks its fangs into us, no lust brashly wounds or cracks a moral molar on a sociophysiological chunk or crust of taboo; no story, in a word, is told. But that's so fucking, you shout, obvious! *Olvida mi (sic)*! I snap back (for it is, as you know, my birthday today), and without pausing in my continuous or constant stooping and squatting, standing and straddling to

unsnap, unhitch, unzip, unbutton and unfurl my ludict unpacking of lyrical glyph (my how your balls shrink tight to my touch!), I posit a supposition, thus: By imagining modal holding in its hollow a nodal capacity to kill; and point, a sanctuary to which a man (Dudu — “holy bard,” “strong sculptor of liquid music” — in particular) may withdraw following such invigoratingly mannish and possibly smirchful situations as hunting and fucking; a sanctuary in which among similar manly, chanting and pan-piping company, rituals to purify so much full-contact scuffling with fur and blood, animal and woman, may spirit forth, soit rowdy, soit staid I forgot what I was talking about. But it’s my birthday! “From modal point you first ran forth, syrinx-clutching holy bard,/Strong sculptor of liquid music born of Ishtar’s singular/Ravishing,” has a soft spot into which, through a chink in sociophysiological armor, schizomythological analysis — that is, clitalysis — may stab profoundly such that blood’s brutish datum spills: Any bard (and bard’s “liquid music”) is born of Ishtar’s violation, and any virgin daring broach a man’s taboo (“modal/nodal point”) winds up a totally unvirginal victim of thumb-snatch gangbanguish with an implicitly magical, thigh-splitting conviction of vaginalgia and clitoral faith fit “to transform plural violation of body’s/Taboo, dawn’s luscious hollow fruit, into triply spiral *ktar*.” And so thus a fistulous modulation of syrinx mouth morphs into that guttural vibration of *ktar* string, “swart Atta’s wing-bright gift no pavid virgin could match” (canto 1). And so thus do womaninity and masculinity conjoin — thumb up ass (or pinky) and dripping snatchful nostril’s nod towards ardor or odor of “dawn’s luscious hollow fruit” — and so thus do womaninity and masculinity conjoin to constrain, by kin and by clan, by “singular ravishing,” that atavistic orgy (“lupanar joys,” canto 2) d’antan (cryptically surviving by fullmoonlight in form of annual bacchanalia during autumn and spring). I was that girl you “first” did fist. Anamolous “liquid music.” Historical transformation through (but still I’m not through!) oral tradition’s schizomythology puts paid also to that risky group grappling with, or mass routing and driving off cliff of, tusky boar, bison, mammoth, aurochs, or gigantic auk without wings, with naught but assagai, yataghan, spontoon, falchion or katar to lift as arms. From now on, solitary, you stalk with arrow and bow. Oh, do it again, baby! Kill it, baby! I’ll cut it up for you, baby! Stick my hands raw into it, baby! Wind its guts into chords for your *ktar*, baby! And string for your bow, baby! I’ll chant a loping, swinging translation in this lupanar, baby! And fucking fucking fucking fuck!

From modal point you first ran forth, syrinx-clutching holy bard,
 Strong sculptor of liquid music born of Ishtar's singular
 Ravishing, to transform plural violation of body's
 Taboo, dawn's luscious hollow fruit, into triply spiral *ktar*.¹

§ 124. *As a woman in a man.* — And should I pity that poor artist I was? Tart spurt of noxious stimulus to spur a spar of sporting spirit. What I forgot by hiding in that blissful dissolution of a psych-ward bunk. Magnanimous administration of stimulant and soporific. Loving public humility of this worldly womaninity's virtuous disgust inciting to catoptromantic striving. I was told that with such imploring I could harass knightly nobility to flight. Sacrificial duty's will instructs so much inborn passion to bloody at worst what it can't at first kill. Wary of chivalry's chary charms, I cook up a strict constraint of form which through arbitrary picturing can bring lost things back to light. Blind crush of coursing casing causing a cursing crash.

§ 125. *To play around it.* — And should I vault into sky and soar? Wondrously old and hollow it was, that lightning-struck willow trunk. A goodly vain conclusion. This continuation of fact and form I stow sadly to savor again. But up onto that high wall of rock I couldn't possibly vault. I was too young and small still, imbibing your glorious magic which could triumph against gravity's barbarity. But why did you tar it black, what I saw you pass straight through? I walk to him in significant fashion. Fantastic articulation of twilight. Doubting now what I thought I did so graciously. From downhill I ran to catch him, but couldn't possibly. I was too young and small still, my thighs aglow with crimson mud. I had to climb, I had to vault across that rough post blocking our path. Look, look, I'm flying! You look and I'm falling. Joyous shouts of girls and boys.

§ 126. *How much good it will do you.* — And should I kiss by cutting truth? I shall, in fact, do by form's opposition in a proud harbor's principality. Throatily full tonight as always lipshadow sings wounds and shards. Abort that boil's pulsation. Hill was an island by class or country lost or found in a notion of sin or skin in bay and mountains of it. But taking up again form's assumption, that sound bias of faith's fashion acquits puss from scab. A supposition to affix with word though constantly I'm losing my shroud. I might admit to it in court, but not by any class-action lawsuit's manic brooding of spit, frown, spirit, or lucid flow of fact and fabulation. Assuming that I will to avoid what I won't.

¹ Patrolius, *Ionis Astra*, canto 3, Ouida Willoughby Johnson trans.

Utility was harmful in my account of it. Or want to glom tightly from losing ductility in a bright gulp of contradiction. No guns.

§ 127. *Not as difficult as waking.* — And should I work that man for what I couldn't possibly obtain on my own? Changing of gifts from hand to bloody hand. As good a sign of any of nobility, rich or poor. Drowsy pallor and casual slouch. War is simply a form of sacrificial trading. Public adoration. Trick is convincing him I'm fully up front.

§ 128. *A florid stylization of form.* — And should I look through adoring phrasal talk to any sort of bashful appropriation bridling touch? Against bird if I could spirit out this high in thought's morning. Not swathing and boring. Nor wrapping. A soul that squats. Build my daring and my history. Inquisition of all that's known of any and all dawn's laws, known or not. Climb down that witty living as this woman accustoms to it. Back up again hardly through blossom all round again and again bristling bridling rattling thinking nothing. I watch it lay into history's masonry. Sprouting blooms and myriad snaking fibrils of my own random choosing. A form of joy. I could climb right on through it from childhood into dusk. This limpid inspiration. Skirt's blood stains iconic disk.

§ 129. *Diabolical obscurity.* — And should I transform this miniskirt thighcross into an adjunct of authorial toil? Constrain that divinity from fountain to sky along a click clack crash and punch of mountain and wing. Protoplasmic wall of wilting calf. I was climbing a rainbow unwinding of string. But a quantity of such hooks didn't attract him. I had to finish by hand what by such a long standing I'd paid for. Fairly suffusing what by judging was an impossibility of symbolic action. Call it miscommunication. Sun on my bold crotch was not so capricious a window as that, or so I'd thought. Not so difficult to fathom, is it, this craving for any sort of moan, spasm, or vain ancilla of passion? And without by thus slipping into a too familiar foil. Saffron blossom and cinnamon root, such a bold quantity of it. Banal and all. I, too, was afraid. Start fading this fall of what wishing's wrought, of what want brings forth in motions quick, slow, smooth, rough, hollow, or full of a sunstruck rhythm of daffodil, marigold, iris, and plum. I was pulling my hair out mad. To call it lust is to borrow an armchair approximation of what moon's mask thwarts of history and cult. Any cruciform solution will not play to what in my translation is tragic. And a comic account is not too fabulous, although.... And if a block or two fails to attain that diabolical crudity I aim at, form's conjuration will carry forward what words in spirit may lack in signification. A glass of rum and still I'm waiting waiting waiting. It's not from any angst I furrow this brow, but spring's light.

§ 130. *How to dry cook a bag of light.* — And should I moan as any orphan truly wanting it would? Limit domain to my natural throwing off of torpid agitation. Against any untoward flarings up of history. It's not that I'm complaining about this prison ward's minimalistic furnishings, but who was I driving so madly to moil it all so bloody and such? I was only following my instructions; making do with what I could; having production to spur wild voicing I warily guard. This narrow path winds from tundra down to plain. What sparks my cry of passion mocks that child I mourn. I crawl to a trot. I gallop to a fall.

§ 131. *Shoots and sprouts.* — And should I irk by forcing loss? Stray crow was cracking snails in that stony courtyard slick with rain. You know what I'm up to. Proximity's charm's obliging. Fruit rots in a forlorn tray. To wish by staging an ashean condition for what art could burn of any woman's futurity. Your hands on my thighs. Story's form's privation accounts for a particular phrasal instantiation. It cannot grow again. Black plastic skin of limp trashbags flapping in wind. Throbs grip tightly that high contraction's folly. Panting from cold lips a rhythmic mist.

§ 132. *Traditional vacuity.* — And should I clarify why sad cold and hungry I sit scribbling on this cast-iron lawn chair in gray shadow of a city-park oak? Suicidal catalyst draws solid from liquid, waiting for martyrdom's mud to sink. Ass by ass two girls walk laughing hand in hand. Word's shadow splits light into quanta. A fistful of cruciform cards lists aims and motivations. Spiral cloudshock of swallow against conid² orgy of gull. Again two slim young rumps go sluicing by. Avatars of Ishtar. On that scaffold of arrows to pardon what only I am privy to, what kinds of craving map function to formula, forbid dignity from limning contrapuntal harmony of a slow body's lush and limpid coming at a squat. Mind is world.

§ 133. *Disgracing him with words.* — And should I gambol with stick and staff across this bucolic ignominy of hill and wood? To crunch with boot a classical acorn or trip on a practical sort of twig. From too prodigal a skirting my goatish aristocracy. From mountain to plain hardly pastoral. Naturally loyal flock I forgot I was talking about. Slant consolation, that story, this city, a magnanimous groping to spill it plushly or scorch with promiscuous insult. And

² *Conid.* — In schizodynamical jargon, a *conid* is any sort of fluid form in which two columns, narrowing and bulging chaotically, mix and match in ondular fashion; also said of rabbits.

him in that situation to abandon all possibility of comfort. Jugular application making virtuous his sacrificial chivalry. I'd apply my own chin to a punch but lost among shadows of willow, poplar and oak I was on that winding path to him. Without shawl's cowl, or pinch hardly of ruddy nobility, toward that scowling point of dawn's mud I crawl.

§ 134. *Immortality.* — And should I brandish a disapproving frown? Public castigation. What can I truly know if not this raging singularity of mind? Lucid ductility of glyph and word constructs loving inspiration. All is flux of an obliging imagination. Always of what soul's affliction is conscious. Towards a final dying off among a thousand million stars. In a solitary room a suicidal cat vomits what it couldn't stomach. That laughing bard's lurid docility confronts what among all my airy arts is black. Saffron flux of iris and lily.

§ 135. *Four ways to put it down.* — And should I furnish this unfamiliar construction with a shaft of hardwood floor? As art, by swathing, paints this world's proxy, pain, I was taught, is fruit, and holds cringing at a touch this guilt that constrains my all too human blush. Roll it in a throw rug and toss it. Spring sunlight aborts my wild god's womb's production. I stood waiting at that crossroads for palm or fist to arc down and scorch it. Throw it in a pillow bag and drown it. Colorful imagination has room for luminosity. Fur, claw, blood, skin, brain and throbbing hollow knot of what I must, by writing, call 'spirit': all go limp against my back. Cut its whining throat with a rusty kriss. Bind its paws and bury it. From cat's body sprouts a maggoty blossom of liana and thorn. Tomorrow's my birthday.

§ 136. *Half a man.* — And should I arm imagination with skillful rut? Want of pussy's manipulation could attach wings to it. Assuming that I will to avoid what I won't. Forcing such good cultural things down a full half of it. This shining ruth I swallow. Attack for which I took too much a sorrowful liking. What any woman would do if world was up.

§ 137. *Possibly only in a land of loving good.* — And should I oddify a flood of solar fusion? Quantal fiction spools it cyclical and choppy. Spun from antlion silk a chart of backward spiraling maps this world from sight to ludic. Oddification. By continuously scraping away at it with day by night brooding, what you think is a normal rainbow of hamiltonian sublimation arching from cloud to gloomy cloud will shoot forth a singular ray of rarity, a diabolic parabola of miraculous thorns will split that sky to shards and out will fall a clutch of starlings, cuckoos, cowbirds, sparrows and wrathful swallows. A

wrack of bloody gods. Oddification. From dry chitin crumbling it crawls. Shiny gray instar of avatar's crucifixion. Crush it.

§ 138. *So thus, by coming, did I find.* — And should I nudify my skirt's iconic disk? According to strict schizomythological praxis, nudification aims at purity, not pornography; knows that hiding within any grim and grimy annihilation of will and spirit is marrow's annunciation of blood-proud passion making happy again that sad divinity who'd? which'd? that'd? lain rotting so long in its winding shrouds of your commonly typical sort of b-flat morality and d-minor disfigurements of dogma that rob natural humanity's faith of its stormy plural joy. Succinctly put, to nudify is to skim foam from surf, sift silt from sand, strip bark from pulp, shift wilting sight's focus until it blooms, spin fact from fabulation in our schizofugal dynamo pitting myth against myth, paring ritual from taboo, not so any scarification, sightly or un-, occurs, nor so that imagination dulls, but so that our mural's dazzling color, our mosaic's glorious harmony of lapis, onyx, ruby, gold and diamond may glow again, may burst forth again as glorious as our artist's, our author's, formally original and most lovingly, painstakingly laid shadow and ground, warp and woof, of his? your? our? totality of vision which, via a most profoundly gratuitous act of altruistically divastigatory nudification, had, in a word, wrought.

Fifth Divastigation Plus Two



*It also has a basic focus from which it cannot stray
too far without losing.*

— V. Valeri

§ 139. *As I was drawing you in.* — And should I naughtyfy this instinctual position till my ovarian art's pulsation grants ocular satisfaction to any glomming Dick chancing—whilst dousing on porch his patch of paltry basil — to pry a look through my window's lack of curtain or blind? It still hurts. Hybrid act of couchcrouch forms cultural wound as not just Plato or Pythagoras would know what to call it. Rolling my hips front to back. Morality is conformity to a particular configuration of laws. Squat-hopping that singularity of two souls in motion towards a mutual conclusion. Homologously, its country cousin aims at a grand comparison from which to draw a static faith but always fails. Why did Agastya stay south? Posing was a way of dismissing all of what in that conflagration I lost. To imply what pornography proclaims; to allow what spoilsports prohibit; to satisfy a salacious longing to go north; to notch aughtn't's bark with aught's dirk and drain naughty fluid out. A pair of paintings by two of Galvari's most insidious pupils. Framing Glamporium's portal. I, too, was taught that art of drawing by touch, blind croquis of antlip foray slowcrawling contour falling out from in, blood's abyss to cliff of skin at body's approach to body. My languid ghost wallows, I'm told by a famous aficionado, in anticipation of that plagiary. In harsh Roman light against a fading patch of crumbling wall my lustrous obsidian quim sunduns to match that monochromatic country's monotony of roan. Tufa or tuff.

§ 140. *Such an acquisition as this.* — And should I highlight a sluggish morning's vain striving for that woman's fatidic charm? Small by big to sniff for a hindlimb lift. Among all that dull light and distant spit of cloud. Of link and spacing in which word can link hand in child's hand a pupstroll prampush into cycling crash of rail too narrow to avoid. Fast past that park and downhill I was riding. High-talon round of tightclad wrap bound for taking thigh and ass. Panting dog's cock grows turgid and pink. Into mirror halfblind and cry off concussion's chain that stray was biting. And it wasn't what I'd lost, was it?

§ 141. *Tautomutilatory bombast.* — And should I own a copy of Galvari and Ravigiallo's *Glamporium: A schizomythology of a Flouzianian arts colony fronting for a global anarchist pornography/prostitution ring*, in which our two rapacious sluts, posing as common authors, supply, without citation, a blatant plagiary of my translation, totally without justification, of canto six of Patrolius's *Ionis Astra*? Mind says nothing shorn of trauma's plot. As if pain's gift could satisfy a brain-blank stand-in for guilt's oblation. Both ways it hurts, conditioning with constraint, but not as much with as without. Though what

most I thirst for, touch is what I shrink from. No, I'll not buy that book. Mortal joy's grim proxy. A laying on of hands husbands no profit from that film. Or should I show you my scars?

And vain again that dull mirror to catch sight of our wholly bard's
Catoptric birthsong vaunting irid fancy of rainbow snail,
Portal scorpion sting, and woodstrong Norlian huts in which
Ishtar's Hand avidly crafts Oria's lush, lyrical mouth.

Now that rings off a salutary caloricity to thwart any parasitic load our mutual profligacy did cast! In sunlight or shadow. Slicing away at a tattoo patch of saffron skin. Fat and ash to rub thick into it. Say it simply. Hot body burns against this clap I caught.

§ 142. *In stark contrast to gray.* — And should I smirk at that scowling old woman I was in a mirror of possibility's truth if a stumbling spiral tumbling down drunk falling and cold had not thrown a club-shack masculinity of a dirk-back boor into my conditional story's bucolic charm of man pulling back boldly a cowgirl's black hair? My body arching into gold. Spilling my youthful joy's not what I'd sought, pussy. From any incongruity of living shall follow this custom I swallow. Skirt down guard ground a brayful shout. In pursuit of a pitiful knocking up against ascart corralrail hippodomal haywall of dung built. It was a sound anomaly, that night of cowculling. Milky thrill of scumfoam.

§ 143. *Discharging it in works and actions.* — And should I act according to my inborn dispositions? That is to say, Should I do what I'm most natural at? Again spring's moon is waning. Among such luminous gurgling as this, I think, Arno Schmidt was born. A clutch of oak-bound robins charts midnight into dawn.

§ 144. *To touch is only human.* — And should I jack off in anticipation of his coming too quick? Or jack him off first and fuck fast with him still clinging to it? Hard his tooth of human joy. And solitary standing to watch that pinpoint from focus into flight straight angling up within liminal soar of updraft closing into sky's iris and pupil's dilation winking out. Follow a mouth-proud bird. Vanish out of sight.

§ 145. *Rigorous and wary clausal subordination.* — And should I fashion faith from ford's crossing? Though dutiful, this stand-in for Draupadi doubts. Complains not from any lack of what pity inflicts. Traumatic tīrthafruit

throughfrights a boil of flashflood rapids. Sandal I could drown and skirt slip on rockmoss my ass fraught. Cold that bosomful sight of titshadow chaining fiction to this run-on law of child's play. At writing I was looking away to pull it apart. A kind of lay.

§ 146. *Annular satisfaction.* — And should I rub tingly wild and writhing my snatch with avid hands? Luscious duplicity of graphic wound I contract for public good. Not just any occasional fitchnymph could cord you uncommon as I could polish you rufous and turgid. Hourihand taught famously to lick and laugh and lark and lock that nontrivial part an advancing hour of truly noisy bucking raging pitch. Flow-slough oil of soft almond slowsoughs from limpid fountain squat. Part this black iris. Fur and wink.

§ 147. *Childish soliloquy.* — And should I blink dominant shadow's contrary assumption? "Tantamount," says Briffault, v. 1, p. 9, "to parting with his soul, or a portion of it." I fold down my thighs to sit on this rock. Pony carp bucks to scratch pond's mirror. Dorsal fin and tail. Hip-tight lilac skirt. Whining arc of pug black fur and tan among basil, mint, oak and sparrow. Thaumaturgically synchronic, a carp-cult proposition draws shadow's proof to try luring. I was waiting for that man to park his car. Corn soup lunch on sunlight grass. Pumpkin tomato onion. But I lack no insight, no suspicion. Conclusion: Go away. That's what I just said. Bark that mopsi half and half on its own tail sitting thirsty paws. Autumn again. Dog winks back.

§ 148. *Towards a schizomythology of ritual (VII). Multivocal foundations of transformational womaninity.* — Anthropological dogma proclaims that food and body taboos function simply to maintain stability of cultural classification. In a summary of Mary Douglas's (1966) *Purity and pollution: A cross-cultural analysis* ("Any analysis," says Monica Wilson (1957) in *Anyakyusyan rituals of king- and kinship* (Shatsbrook: ASI, p. 6), "not having as its basis a translation of a group's own disposition of symbols is dubious.") of notions of taboo, Victor Copulano (2002) says that Douglas posits that "any constraint (Judith Narby (*Cosmic python*, Paris, Putnam, 1998) points out that prohibitions (both static and cyclical) against consumption of particular foods such as pork, sugar, fat, salt, alcohol, tobacco and such, and stipulations banning bodily "consumption," that is, bodily contact of an arousal-consummatory-inducing kind, do, in fact, mirror nutritional, sociophysiological, immunological and parasitological information. Taboo is a functional outgrowth of biological form, and "Form," as

Allyson Montagu¹ claims that Robin Fox² says, “imprisons function.”) on consuming or not consuming a particular food, or touching or not touching a particular class of humans or individual human body and its concomitant body parts at a particular point of its cyclical history of physiology, ritual (“Ritual brings to light social worth at its most profound substratum. Humanity proclaims in ritual what stirs it most, and, as a proclamation’s form is stylistically customary and socially obligatory, it is a group’s (Try imagining groups (social or biotic) as “antipathic islands of contagion” (Ouida Willoughby Johnson, 2002, *Towards a schizomythology of ritual* (III). A habituation as old as mankind. In Ouida Willoughby Johnson, 2010, *Divastigations*.³) inhabiting troughs of sosigonic (W. D. Hamilton (2001), Introduction to “Parasitic causation of chromosomal variation in host populations,” in W. D. Hamilton (2001), *Not so narrow roads of a mostly chromosomal world*.⁴ Oxford: Oxford.) stability out of which cyclical bouts of transformational group fission bring about a schizomythic inflammation of sorts culminating in continuation of biocultural and biostructural information such that, with historical modification,

¹ Montagu, Allyson. (2000). Introduction to Fox, Robin (2000) *Mind is a thing of conflicting passions*. London and Sundarbans: Transaction.

² Fox, Robin. (2000). *Mind is a thing of conflicting passions*. Sundarbans and London: Transaction.

³ *Divastigations*. — In what you could call a plagiarism — if it wasn’t so appallingly vapid — by anticipation (and gallingly Gallo-frankish, to boot), Baruch (or Barack) Gorgias, in his *Disparition* of 1969, puts forth an almost totally (if it didn’t portray with such downright *fatidic* accuracy my own work’s import) vacant gloss on *divastigations* as “avatars d’un noyau vital dont la divulgation s’affirmait tabou, substitués ambigus tournant sans fin autour d’un savoir, d’un pouvoir aboli qui n’apparaîtrait plus jamais, mais qu’à jamais, s’abrutissant, on voudrait voir surgir : crayonnant sans fin au dos d’un bristol l’indistinct motif fait d’un amas d’insinuants vibrions s’organisant suivant un art si subtil qu’on sait aussitôt qu’un *corps* a suffi à sa constitution, surpris par raccroc, par hasard, on divaguait parfois, pris d’hallucinations : il n’y avait pas d’indication qui signalait la disparition d’un fait plus troublant, plus probant qu’indication qui lui manquait : assaillant à tout instant son imagination, l’intuition d’un tabou, la vision d’un mal obscur, d’un quoi vacant, d’un non-dit : la vision, l’aveu d’un oubli commandant tout, où s’abolissait la raison.” In light of our topic of discussion, I don’t think it amiss to furnish my own translation (which might fill in as a sort of apologia pour mon art), thus:

Divastigations : Avatars of a vital ganglion divulgation of which could not but affirm taboo; ambiguous simulacra continuously spiraling about a *way of knowing*, an *occult ability* which could not again nor again show its form to us but which, always, stupidly, miraculously, you could not but want to *watch* it coming fighting into its own hot chorus of confirmation : continuously scribbling on backs of postcards that indistinct *motif* wrought from a thorny mass of insidious ciliations auto-organizing according to an art so airily sagacious that you’d quickly know that only a *body* could accord its constitution; a motif caught chancily, and not without a bit of limpid risk.... and now and again, convulsing with hallucinations, you stray.... and what about this lucid ductility of glyph (troubling proof) and word (indication that would signal a fact’s vanishing) I construct from what among all my fair parts I lack? constantly assaulting my imagination, this intuition of taboo, this vision of a hazy sort of *black magic*, a vacant whatnot, a *ludic* : vision or loss of vision of what I thought or think or will think I forgot commanding all that rationality would abolish.

⁴ *Chromosomal world*. — Any a vigilant marginalist would not miss out on Hamilton’s titular mirroring of Bashō’s *Narrow road to a far country*.

humankind maintains its status as a “wild god’s laughing wink” (O. W. Johnson, *loc. cit.*.) notion of social worth (In my band I sing (taking a nod from Iago) a song that runs as follows:

“Kingdom’s coin is kingdom’s worth
If worthy coin worthy kingdom coins;
But coin’s worth is not of kingdom worthy
If kingdom’s worth is not of kingdom’s coin.”

By judicious substitution of “kingdom” and “coin” by “kinship,” “kin” and “social,” you can fathom, in part, just what it is that Monica Wilson (*op. cit.*, *passim*) is driving at:

“Social kin is kinship’s worth
If worthy kin worthy kinship kins;
But kin’s worth is not of kinship worthy
If social worth is not of kinship’s kin.”)

that is brought to light. I posit that ritualistic study holds a most important intimation toward a schizomythology of human sociality’s (To unhitch human sociality (and concomitant notions of social worth) from morphology and physiology is ludicrously to unman and maim it. Shuttling from ludict to light and back and forth again and again, sociophysiology grounds custom and ritual with transformational backing of divastigation; schizomythology girds myth and taboo with a natural historical compass of womaninity (which is not to imply that womaninity claims that no woman-to-woman conflict occurs: if conciliation is found, conflict must, ipso facto, occur). Just as a tight skirt molds a woman’s form, linguistic construction highlights that construction’s bodily origin such that ritual actions and classifications brim with subconscious motivations as that tight skirt sways with a woman’s walk, and notions of purity and pollution cling to body as sopping patola silk to hip and thigh and ass. As Robin Fox,⁵ following F. Jacob (who, in turn, was following B. Spinoza (*op. cit.*, *passim*)), has so ably and subtly shown, mind, and not just brain, is a spiral thing, with what is most basic bubbling up into and infusing what is “topmost,” that is, what is most casually on-call for symbolic manipulation and most nonchalantly at-hand for linguistic analysis. No conscious action occurs without an odor of instinct; no symbol is without an atavistic flavor.) basic constitution.” (Monica Wilson (1954) Anyakyusyan ritual and symbolism, *Appalachian Anthropologist*, vol. 56, no. 2, p. 241.)) and labor and such (that is, in anticipation

⁵Fox, R. (1981). *That old crimson lamp of intrafamilial attraction*. Lynx Hat: Dutton’s Bookshop.

of or during or following hunting, voiding of monthly blood, mourning, praying, dancing, giving birth, and so on) has nothing at all to do with subagricultural notions of affliction, contagion or bodily purity,” but that “chaos and dirt (“Dirt,” says Douglas (*op. cit.*, p. 2), “is basically chaos (and (*ibid.*, p. 6) “thinking about dirt is thinking about that natural and insidious play of stability and instability (“political might usually obtains within margins of promiscuous (from too prodigal a skirting, too plushly will slant spill its promiscuous truth) instability and subagricultural groups also show such vacillation (*ibid.*, p. 3)), of form and chaos, of growth and dissolution.”). To grasp it visually is to posit it. In chasing dirt, in painting a wall, in limning pictorial margins, in tidying a bathroom floor or a floor-bound futon, it is not, in truth, an anxious wish to avoid affliction (“broad class of multi-organismal living conditions having pathological implications” (O. W. Johnson, *loc. cit.*) spiraling upward and inward in a continuous back and forth pivotal or fulcral adaptational all-out war lacking any glint of an ultimatum forming “unitary though (both) spatially and rhythmically distinct supraorganism(s)” (*ibid.*)) that constrains us, but a compulsion, in fact, to control, again and again, our surroundings, thus making our surroundings conform to a profoundly parasitic notion” of womaninity, I would add.) is that which balks at classification, that which is anomalous or ambiguous, and which would crack form by its inclusion.” (V. Copulano, 2002. Mary Douglas’s *Purity and pollution: A Summary*. As availability of this position is strictly by way of a non-print format, information as to pagination was totally not forthright in coming.) Surprisingly, I must point out that two authors as habitually right-on as Rhonda H. MacArthur and Nancy O. Wilson (1985), following up on Douglas (1966) (“Ritual brings forth harmonious worlds in which subpopulation sits atop subpopulation in a mutually (a simplistically wishy-washy mutualistic outlook that would scoff at this or that plain fact that all actors in a group must pay cost of parasitism (if “parasitism” is too strong a word for you, think “cyclical sacrificial symbiosis”) is bankrupt: who is at top pays cost of maintaining high status; who is at bottom pays cost of succumbing to low status (which is not to imply a hands-down ruling out of any possibility or actuality of a joyous accrual of blissful gain or gainful sallying forth and blissful confrontational drawing in of a plural multiplicity of joy quick or slow or long or short in coming)) balancing, though always (agonic, agonistic, antagonistic, conciliatory, affiliational), playing out of parts” (p. 73)), found it fit to baldly put forth a claim that “schizomythological divastigation (Douglas again (1966, p. 2): “Rituals of purity and impurity bring about unity of divastigation.” And simply by adding “ludict” to this “unity of divastigation” you’d stand bosom-to-bosom with what I, co-opting and controlling and making, thus, my own, a word that not just a handful of scholars and critics casually toss

off as a “subdominant position of skirtful troubling,” (A. Bimkov, T. Hamiltonian, C. Kidjaki, D. Kidjaki, R. Kidjaki, A. Raymond, M. S. Strickland, M. Turbo, D. Uddi, and B. Vighdan, chatroom communication, Glamporium) call “womaninity.”) of homologous groups (Douglas (1966) again (p. 3): “Throughout a social group’s history, notions of pollution work in two ways: as a tool, as a display.”) is thus brought about as instantiations of that multiplicity of highways, byways, thruways, pathways, tracks and trails on which and in which and through which a community partitions its social and historical worth.” (Wilson and MacArthur (1985) *Schizomythology* involving pinyon jays (*Gymnorhinus ultramarina*) among Mountain Fukari populations in Wyoming. *Schizomythology* 3: 599–619.) Tragically, though, MacArthur and Wilson (1985: rarity of citation is no indication of a work’s (lack of) worth) could not but in vain right this notoriously wrong appraisal that *Schizomythology* 3 had brought to light, as, this particular instar was that publication’s (out of Port Gaspard, Wyoming, 1983–1985) last. Toward mid-March of 1986, with all participants concurring that this was, from top to bottom, an abnormally warm spring day, a curious and prodigious tornado struck without warning *Schizomythology*’s locus of control, Port Gaspard Vocational School’s moribund gymnasium, totally wiping out staff on duty, visiting scholars (B. Vighdan, munching on handful of walnuts, was away picking apricots in Norlia; T. Hamiltonian was fortuitously studying Ingush anaphora; M. Turbo was miraculously bicycling in Buda; Fatima was synchronistically but a young girl; and Kiko was — I don’t know, blowing Tagma in Paris?) taking a working lunch, printing circuits, organs of production, manuscripts knocking timorously at publication’s unflinching portal (as Hopi Flamingo, survivor, says in conclusion of “Stipulations about parasitism and morality” (*Journal of Sociophysiology* 1(8), August 1992), “No sluttish hangdog faith in any virtuous act or actor; no blindly trusting anticipation of an award.”), proofs in circulation prior to final approval, various and sundry tools, collaborators, assistants and patrons of any robust journal’s daily comings and goings, and a full print run-on of *Schizomythology* 4 awaiting affixation of mailing tags by not so avid or willing high school juniors’ hands, anatomical outgrowths of Sgt. Stith Thompson’s class, “Introduction to Marginal Journalism.” Sadly, I must say, I forgot what I was talking about. No I didn’t. Sadly, I must say, both MacArthur and Wilson (1985) got put paid in this climatic abortion; happily, though, no initiand (among whom was a young Sagarch (“A world without ritual is, simply put, nothing”) Flawndol. Showing him my copy of Mary Douglas’s *Purity and pollution*, Sagarch said, “That comparison of how ritual and taboo function in a social group is shot through with gossipy antiquarian rants about rituality’s social worth.” But, I said, Douglas (p. 63) is just so convincing: “It is not too

much to say that ritual constrains and inhabits and fills out sociality just as much as words do thought.” “A convincing articulation of an artfully said,” said Sagarch, “conviction is no proof of its truth or validity.” “But it’s a fruitful start, no?” “Supposing truth is a woman....” “Womaninity!” “Is that an accusation?” “No, just a world.”) did. Schizomythological divastigation had thus to wallow in obscurity for nigh onto six springs, almost, of dormancy or dormition until its imago could burst out of its drab chrysalis (brought with utmost caution by survivors (H. Flamingo, *ibid.*) in an airtight box of larchwood to Owlstain) and pump its limp wings taut with our own Institution of Sociophysiology’s bright foundational blood in 1992. But pruning’s not my custom. From which many an offshoot may grow. And a night. So much for my supposition’s origin. Not for a thousand nights of it would I wish to hurt. You nor my failing. Stop it, Ouida, stop.

§ 149. *Point, shaft, wound, flight.* — And should I grow out of gaming winks a wrath of words unsaid? Blood’s conclusion draws it this way,⁶ draws it that.⁷ Spring again, with provocation of thighs and pawns.

§ 150. *By acting as if drunk.* — And should I quarry sympathy in a tumult of suspicion? Against a ground of lazy music. Viola ray gold and viridian slash of chord. Who amongst my adoring public would you fight for this favor of vajrāsanal cocksit? Slaking panting insult to pardon admonish off. Most any a soft cock I’ll suck hard for room and board. Spit knob to shaft polish all labround and up and down titticklit. Vacuity of withdrawal will catch out that happy flavor. This is my dim stall. A lucid cubical nunhutch of sorts. From fluid I’d find a salsa so good. Now I’m singing. Now I’m swallowing. Now I’m playing at stuffing your cock up my ass. That oud that Maryam strums. Short composition’s a paltry contrast to any conid opportunity. That man paid to watch. Rush to book it, this dark law’s flight from a traditional imagination’s dishrag world. So insatiably randy and just from smoking a bowl of hash! I’ll also mix you a drink. Gin and tonic’s Tony’s; straight vodka’s Vighdan’s. A barstool built for two. Futon flat on floor. Simply to stay in form. What looks a found fuck will find you strapping lust to amorous proxy, all at your own loss. Float a thintin round of waxy lamp in a crystal bowl cut for schoolgirl charm. To

⁶ *This way.* — In that icon of things lost I didn’t paint or touch, symbol, so I’m told, is what’s found. Hybrid choosing to dash a turn of wit from.

⁷ *That.* — By unstaging this catoptric pliancy of form, cat could spawl half in shadow, half in light. What’s holy in my story stays untold.

match this mask of crafty art. You say you forgot to fill out Glamporium's short form? Too bad.

§ 151. *A giving way to blind raging.* — And should I complain from lack of what pity inflicts? Scaffold this story a timid accumulation of what Arno Schmidt taught in *Illustrations of Faunal Biology*.⁸ It's his birthday today. Or closing off Haddad's orgasmic *Cosmos*⁹ to imply causation of what long I'd sought for in this groping. What what what what. What I'll supply you with is that famous fifth canto (my translation, first fair copy) of Patrolius's *Ionis Astra*. Color it how you will. Skin is pain.

Lust without bounds draws Io's son to mouthlush thrall: Craft-avid
Girls born at altar's pivot to birth in turn bards fit for bright
Moon promiscuity of spiral dancing and *ktar*-drinking:
Your¹⁰ Rumi mirrors but dully Atta's moon-mad ritual!

§ 152. *Childhood surroundings.* — And should I drop that man for this? From any a happy fuck I'll not shy. Aroint and away, guilt's tooth! Not to gird against fraud I guard abortion with a languid crow winging faith unwary through old growth woods of oak, larch, birch, pawpaw, hickory, hawthorn, fir. My kind of church it is, this patch of grass and sky. Praying pity still as to a slow balling I squat all pious and shit. Taking him limp into my mouth till hard and shaking I pull him down to a shaft-swallowing profundity confirming my catholic cunt's rapturous affability. In similar fashion, I'll audition for any pornpart, flat on my back or standing. I was caught in action to avoid that familar failing of plastic motion back and forth and in and in to a spiral spinal crocus gang bang proud. My cultural tradition posits it thus: I'll not go days nor months without it.

⁸ *Illustrations of faunal biology.* — “Now again to approach on that moor towards night of autumn a farm girl, an unknown man asks in Bavarian patois: Could I? And following which taking half a potato-sack with him. Which in fact was why I brought up that topic at all. And again, that man was small and skinny. And twilight blocks from limpid sight any incriminating facial marks. And didn't doff his hat. And old. How could I know such a fact as that? you might ask. Any girl has an instinct for it. Naming a list and listing words—it's not at all funny, you know. Again: small and skinny. Small. And skinny” (Arno Schmidt, *Illustrations of Faunal Biology*, May/August '39, O. W. Johnson trans.).

⁹ *Orgasmic cosmos.* — “In old Ionic, *orgasmos*, from *organ*, has an implication of blood in motion. But it's nothing but a tic of tumbling rats, an imitational flush of haphazard flow, hardly a local spasm, a tiny, flighty, promiscuous crisis. Talk about small living! For that, you'd risk dying? Soma, mystical drinks and sacral bacchanalia don't put anything but a vital organ or two into motion. Survival is simply not a possibility following that kind of orgasm which truly would bring blood circling full spiral. Truth's *frisson* of wild joy is always only singular” (H. Haddad, *Cosmos*, “Orgasm,” O. W. Johnson trans.).

¹⁰ *Your.* — Accusatory imputational pronouns such as *nopo* (2pl) and *nupu* (3pl) apply only to non-Norlians and occur only in plural (that is, with infix *-p-*) form.

Among all my stoic or rampant sins, body's timing would fish a way to push it straight. Commit to talking trash. Stuff a gawky pillow down my throat. I'm so horny.

§ 153. *Cross this off your list.* — And should I initial conditions for this manuscript's appraisal? I'll say I'm lucky to play any sign of habit's word. Of what I'm most afraid of is just a fraction of it. His hair to pull I'll mimic fools. Such victory from pain's triumph and push him hunchback shuffling down. This is a warning.

§ 154. *This small furry animal.* — And should I unbosom a girlish lust? That scar's from squatting; this, from standing and taking it all in. Throating it down so smooth. I dig my right fist into a ghost of tiny clams. Bar my way with a wrath of biting words, will you? In play or pain, confusion hazards what I simply wouldn't want to avoid doing at almost any cost. Monogamy's no match for misanthropy. Or misogyny. Dissolving what constrains it. Stormy auk swoops down to snatch a bright snail from brookbank. Dragonfly still jolts a flight of stalking. Loving my stomach so full of him. And my mouth. This world's not all that bad if crush is still won among crayfish wrack. Bring no scholar to a slut's hut. Blood is acid. How much?

§ 155. *Stoic domination.* — And should I mistrust formality's crimson conduct? Strip a mantid's joy from autumn striving. I lost my sin.

§ 156. *With only two strings.* — And should I pluck from that tight crack a yawning grain of sand? Your avid scholar's almost shamanic ability to span invisibility from rim to hub with simply a waving motion of hands. No unicity of gurus was I taught by but a plurality, mapping multicursal approach to that world again with public adoration. I chart it bright this organum riff I strum to accompany that guitar draught droning rant liquid against horripilating snap of thumb on tablaskin and my own fair bourbon-thick vocals darkly murmur raganuba raganuba to kick this chaunt into action. Applaud pity's frown to follow through that crowd a wry arch lift of brows and you do not know what I'm driving at, do you, man? Cigarillo. Rhum au citron. Daring a sloppy drabbling spit as ad to what I'd swallow. Not this tobacco scrap on sawdust. Ritually Incantational Taboo Music, I call it, or RITM, for short. Gigs at Glamporium, Tyson's Arroyo, AGSAD, and various sundry huts, shacks, yurts, bars or railroad cars in motion or at a stop that furnish highlow cultural stock, drink, drug and post-curricular activity to a public justifiably thirsty for it. Cigarillo, s'il vous plaît. Rhum au citron. To band stand's right that drunk I was

talking to grabs a ham sandwich. Mustard, slaw, spiral roll. I wink. Bosomful black low-cut tank and tight I stand glamorous alluring virginal constant proud. Miniskirt flush with young hipsway and autumn sky at high dusk baring thigh scars and tatoos. You might glom similar markings on my arms. Zip-up calf-high boots of ruby goat to round out my gulp-inducing portrait. Tonight my hair is pink; tomorrow, aqua. This is Ishtar's Hand. Polyrhythmic pantonality.

§ 157. *But not as distinct individuals.* — And should I turn plush to him a rutful sigh? I forgot what I was going to say. Swift bubbling flat rock flow of liquid fall. Drinking blackbird rolls wary lung throbs. Long tail flashing. I was waiting for wanting him to spoil my cash-amassing activity on that rock. In holly bush mockingbird chants a starling song spiraling up from branch to branch. I fold down my thighs. Any good matriarch would do as I did. To action may it prod. Slit skirt proposal to flush straight and scholarly day's division from out that bush. Morning follows night. Fit for noon's nap I find a bamboo and dogwood canopy clinch-curling spoon of lip and lip. I'm nobody's foolish avatar but my own, though author purports prodigal wisdom dribbling drops from kabbalistic jar as original individuals spilling from a grand old copyist's royal fabulation. Nothing stupid or irrational about promiscuity, I'm told in my class on humanity's unfolding through this vast world's history of conflict and conciliation, parasitic mutualism unwinding unbinding untangling on occasion into turbid malady's pathos. Duck island in that small pond on which drowsily to groom. Ought truth ask slant for what or whom I watch? Wind dying down. Sky turning plum.

§ 158. *Banish from thought this broad.* — And should I vaunt symbol's crypsis? Fuck that. Visuofacial dissimulation's a capacity of moral praxis. All on him and shit I was dancing. Stain motif of story's blood might imply quasivulvular thighhump. Bimanual hairflip cocks a snook at all in that crowd who stand idly watching. How string him bunkward, I ask. That man I'd soon ravish. Or is my cooking all that bad? Armlift icon of lust.

§ 159. *A two-way oblation in not too many words.* — And should I look down to borrow light from him? Touch giving hand with my own that blocks from wind. Tip glows saffron crimson bright ash ivory flaking. Unkiss from cigarillo's lip and say thank you smiling. Black calf salsa pumps I clutch in my right. Don't ask.

§ 160. *Both kinds of agitation.* — And should I kibbitz in contradistinction to body and soul? Backgammon. My sixth straight win or loss. A barstool built

DIVASTIGATIONS

for twos and fours. No odd couplings in this joint. Involuntary shaft habit pulls my hair back. Good. Body shorn and all in that mirror's frail timing to click unhappy sandal strut sidling high. I forgot what I was doing. A similar mad spasm to bind irrational that hand in a sociophysiological clinch. Fantastically happy this thing that mocks. Which is what all art is.

§ 161. *With him and for him.* — And should I wink that proposition with a blank of sham flirtation? Gambit forms paradox with mimicry of word. I was hiding in that mirror to pool cost for what moon with irid lips would blink. Any snail's lack of cunning charm. Scar a glyph of worldwound. Black pond's mouth swallows blood.

Sixth Divastigation Plus Two



*This spiral is a mark. This mark is no part of it.
This turning is not a book. This turning from is nothing.*

— M. Palmer

§ 162. *Gifts procuring no rights.* — And should I watch how it scans? I'm not paid for what most I do. Nor was so many a craft-avid naturalist. (Think of Darwin.) That sly bloom's dark signal winks in passing. *Boloria atrocostalis* (Huard, 1927): your not-so-common Platyrhiform fritillary. Trauma's gift is this: I stood idly at that crossroads, awaiting palm or fist to crush it. Brooding calmly, tranquilly foraging, in my vicinity. Or was it Strickland's (1843) Sublunary fritillary, *B. sublunarii*? As Darwin says, "Any form of any living thing displays adaptations to that particular world in which it's found, and, in turn, transforms that world, if but slightly, towards its own aims of survival." Placid palomabird all buxom tan and gray. As art, by swathing, paints this world's proxy. It's not just body against soul, but conflict of mind within mind. Synaptic transmission is an antagonistic swarm, a sort of intraspiritual jihad, you might say. Pain is fruit and holds cringing at a touch this parasitic guilt that constrains my blush. Again: any organism's form displays adaptations to its world. But if that world is wrong?

§ 163. *I was going to go into it.* — And should I nullify this bathroom crowd any drunk vision too unkind for liking? Clarify that slut's obscurity on a patchwork quilt of humid panting. Tango it out to fix infatuation with. Torn brooding from what it was you caught sight of. What I'd catch if that crowd wasn't too timid for words. All soapy and slick. Against that thrill striving to languish. Wink. You look away. Spun crow from which that starling wrought horror's moon at dawn and snow. But just what's that shadow hiding, you ask. Thumb-snatch full to lipring's brim.

§ 164. *To count any kind of affliction.* — And should I knock down causation's custom? Too many artists avoid accosting philosophy's starting conditions. Wind whirls sand from this axiom of dust. Iambic fool molding form from form's intoxication. Such did a sick soul try changing what that author, half by howling, half by forcibly rhyming — I can't go on. Autism is antiparasitism. Hard physical labor. But causation's as thorny a notion as what I'd avoid. Rambling brambly rampant lack of command. Mind-blind assumption to fortify against social contagion. Slings and arrows.

§ 165. *As into a whirlpool.* — And should I hurry this plaything's grasp? Midpoint that rhythmic orchid falling happy to his touch. Human stalk of blood your hand sinks into joy. Drunk. I forgot what script I was going through any half-shot backward motions with. This portrait's out of focus, you might want to

say. As though by gravity's pull. Drunk and moody. Or what I was talking about hotly in opposition to this hungry coming without it. I uncross my torn thighs. Just having a go toward a crush, I said. Timing's whip was not so soft as that imaginary war's consolation for your days of vacant stumbling. Again and again. Quaking, moaning, foaming bliss. Who knows what goal of any art would put such social striving around a mountain of cold lust. A most difficult act to follow. I'm still tapping my foot. Lucky's that soul who's conscious during. Or unlucky.

§ 166. *To count it in both colors.* — And should I look in? That man through a door coming against a wall. Shadow-tail mammal bounds out a small clot. This mask of sturdy animality. At school in various rooms taking it all off. Timorous sagarch (*Sciurus paradoxicus* Strick., 1844) approaching across a snot-clump plain of snow or spring lawn in a park at noon. Pussy down that hallway to swallow a vain husband. As vacuous as any custom. A handful of kind words and off you go again. Standing my rabbit-cunt squat to sit conically comical. A common young thug's raw fist. Such a virtuous fool would apply it hot or cold. Valorous tradition unpardonably abstract. Only I didn't know that book. By ascription through stoning. Or that look. Autism, I said and am saying still, is antiparasitism. Mind-blind assumption to fortify against social contagion. Charcoal and wood pulp. Saffron and ivory. Mango and blood. Or clarification of so much of mankind's vanity toward so many notions of truth and law. Strap it on. Say a morning of talk that you didn't. That you would.

§ 167. *Things you didn't want known.* — And should I out that man's most distinguishing bad quality? Mistrust this saffron skirt. In Galvari and Ravigiallo's *Obfuscatory Trio* (script by Aron Tron, photography by B. Rao, production by M. S. Litarn), a hybrid form of most singular standards amidst a waning moon rising in gray sky shot through with starling song, you'd admit into your sight (if your vision could find it — out of print, sadly: out of production; out of sight) his hot chorus of vanity (only words to play with!), as follows: “‘Such an antigod as I,’ purrs not too unsuhtly our ‘man’ of Intrussyan fashion, Gals Saliba (of whom it is said among his nationalistic compatriots that his twofold physicality plainly attains to history's causation), ‘such a highly significant antigod as I is don't hold no truck for such a whiff of social and cultural accountability, and not a jackboot bit at all for nobody's dignity, living or not, and I shit on all flags but my own.’” Annoyingly stupid, but admirably put.

§ 168. *Thoughts.* — And should I vacation with that man or this? Obligatory display of pubic. Wild mountains or wild coast. Hold in mouth and swallow. Why not both?

§ 169. *Following and walking.* — And should I scarify spirit's form? Two of us do it for him. That ass a ritual of virtuosity. Slicing body into star. A sight for lay sins.

§ 170. *Antiquity's gift.* — And should I tidy up this faulty construct? What you said about originality. And any doubts I lack. Harmful causation. Against many a lucid proof, harmony consists of squinting.

§ 171. *Struggling to say it.* — And should I attack again my translation of *Ionis Astra*, fifth canto plus two? I'm proposing to jump straight into Patrolius's icy, squirming pool (or pond or tank, according to translator's whim) of an archaic world (shot through, for him too, with things of a dark and mystical import), swim about among all that schizomythical action and ritual-bound lingo, and shoot back up with a victorious mouthful (no hands!) of humanity I can call my own. All without drowning! To wit:

From this vulvular cup, Drink! as you'd from virginal Ishtar's
Holy ravishing in our lupanar, among pan-piping
Rim pot stop words and black mirrors of obsidian magic:
Drink, Dudu, our fruit's luscious syrup, portal scorpion-stung!

§ 172. *Not only so as to harm him.* — And should I pull that man's most animal part? Attack myth motif. Cunt upon a claim how strongly I was taught. A jolly black pit bull pissing on a girl. Fist-fuck mama. Kufic dragons. Sufic ruins. Cryptic nuns. Bunk by bunk bloodhounding through this habit's jail.

§ 173. *A laying on of hands.* — And should I jinx attraction's logic? Not just any crooning lyric taunts sun-drunk wasps to sting. Ritual privation owns up to what is puzzling. Wood rot pulp of luck on a long hut's porch's upright. Myth succumbs to physiology. Not arbitrary; not, finally, stupid. Two and four and six my limbs burn hollow poison iron light. Sharp (naturally) and blinding. Follow pain, this axiom sings. Midnight bolts of it. Induction swallows.

§ 174. *Pathological criticism.* — And should I mind nothing, shorn of trauma's plot? Just a symptom among many. You'd think confusing tufa (solid distillation from calcium-rich liquid) with tuff (volcanic in origin) wouldn't

warrant such a drastic withdrawal of goodwill. And I'd not find fault in what I couldn't withstand. What I couldn't stomach still afflicts my, as you might call it, soul. But if a word's not a scar, how would you say it? Nothing stops you from applying this awkward truism to anything you could possibly know. What I'm trying to say is: obliging without docility, magnanimous without vainglory.

§ 175. *Casual bland hypocrisy.* — And should I forbid a flirt with pain and joy? According to my mood. And mood, if I'm not too wrong about what I think it is that Hamiltonian is trying to say,¹ is just that shuttling back and forth from joy to pain which brings forth a flux of many worlds. Flirtation, if you will. Pain is fission of worlds; joy, fusion. World multiplication; world apoptosis. World is also known as soul, which is a porous thing, lacking any sort of basic or atomistic or original individuality. Individuality is but an instantiation of physical constraints on growth and form; it is not a solid foundation for any sort of law or faith or custom. My pain is your pain is our pain. Morality, thus, consists in harmonizing a polyphony of worlds. But who or what am I fucking now and why?

§ 176. *As from a vision.* — And should I unhook my drum-tight tits? Traditional iconic shards of a mountain-top gangbang. Sibilant snap of bra strap. My mad young bottom so plump and firm. Chalky outcropping of tan and gray rock. A lusty young sculptor's son's modal point. Broach it past my glottis, baby! That syphilitic satyr's howling toy. Pardon my hard-on, you slap my ass in passing as I languish in anguish. Larch and fir. Silky lupin pain. Pubic yarrow floss. Cloudy spunk of myosotis. Sulfurous lomatium. Muscular vaginal star-tulip. Bloody grain of bog orchid. Clitoral phlox whip. It all starts to look and sound a bit too — what do you say? — flaccid.

§ 177. *Full of action.* — And should I rob audacity's lust for any sort of malicious occupation? Mystical suspicion. In a dilatory throat a slack-jaw faith is thrusting, flaring, snaking, sloughing, tracing that myth by moonlight. Conspiracy of loss. Warts and toads. As in trying to draw such ghostly mass of affliction. Soulful, visual, imaginary, liminal. But if you can't say what soul is as you say it, what good is saying it, and what is it? Soul is conspiracy of compulsion. Nothing mystical at all. No magic bull mastiff martyrs its glossy pink cock in a prickly dry wallow. Timing is to soul as rhythm is to gift. Faith is

¹ *What Hamiltonian is trying to say.* — “World a way through book and law only to pardon traditional vacuity of what by custom's conid,” is my translation from Hamiltonian's pithy and fatidic Mountain Fukari. It follows that ‘immortality’ of ‘souls’ holds only in a global, and not individual, fashion.

to compulsion as conspiracy is to cunt. Ghostly affliction. Choosing is to dying. Faith is convulsion. Soul is spirit's aura and spirit is mind. Soul is thus spirit's (or mind's) confrontation with body. A liminal singing conflict, an agonistic humming at convulsion's lip. Soul is to walk that abyss, dancing. Happy plagiarist. I'm not happy with any of this.

§ 178. *In continual disputation.* — And should I itch unnaturally palm and wrist? Mouth a fist of moral mufflings, garrulous party of crows. But any church disturbs my blunt world's spasmodic contradictions: black shiny big as macaws. Ashram, masjid, mandira, gurudwara, stupa, shul and such also. Guilt a ribald savior into vigorous painful sinning. Shit that soul out squatting. Crack dull snails against churchyard wall on a chilly damp typically gray Flouzianian morning. Autumn in Owlstain. Cut to a liminal mountain arbor in Wyoming. Larch giving way to krummholz fir. Sulfurous fourfold blooms of *Draba platycarpa*. Blood-thick stand of larkspur ranging in color from that high-gloss pink of a virgin's pussy to a throbbing ruddy glow most horny. Pulsatingly procuntian ruby, you might call it. And swoops plushly down from a glaring sky to flock in an orgy of gastropod ingurgitation. Plump and big as Swiss swans, cloud-bright torsos sharp against larch-trunk shadows, a prodigality of moanzy auks promiscuously skirts that burbling branch of glacial run-off. Dangling wingtrills flapping in mimicry of histrionic hands; cartoonish humanoid masks of warty obsidian birdhorn posturing in clutch and claw fashion. No sound but that of wind and wing and dusk-dark rapids and crack crack crack of rainbow snails against smooth round hulking blocks of sparkly slimy schist. Spring in lagip.

§ 179. *Writing in opposition.* — And should I bring about that world's intrusion into this? Cognizant of it hardly at all I am. Clay-gully sound of unfamiliar words trickling. To dumbfound proof is that you look away. Lost soul, common fool, catoptromantic scholar. On a wall of thought I sat pictorial. Or did I squat on a knoll? Kant was joking.

§ 180. *Graffiti.* — And should I diminish nothing so much as what I said? Stiff black carcass of dog. Dial, say, spiral throws world away. A pawing throb of sly claws. Drowns crossword that got you, say, laid in a courtyard of crows, as Duchamp, M., oulipian dragoman, said to a dying asp among poplar moths and spunky mugwort blossoms. Moribund animal pick-up job. Black fur stiff with blood. Black fur slick with shit. Thaumaturgical pranks on dramaturgical planks. Don't know how that got in. His grinning portrait's on a dusty train or bus. Almost tribal in adulation. Bald old musty john with a yawning fly lustily

snoring amidst giggling ribald half-grown girls baring midriffs and squatting thighs to musky black vinyl's moist granular — glandular — grip. Stuff into black plastic trash bag that snaps against cold autumn rain. As big as a dog. Why did it crush its skull, mommy? Childhood is a fraud.

§ 181. *Towards a schizomythology of ritual* (VIII). *Confrontational bifurcation of Intrussyan usurpation*. — Postmasturbatory patriarchy, having built its vaporous phantom (you can find a solid phantom in, say, C. Malamoud, *Word's Womaninity*, Paris, 2005) of a gynophobic church (or ashram, masjid, mandira, gurudwara, stupa, shul, and whatnot) on womaninity's (brought down by dogmatic illusion and illusory dogma, hormonal birth control, witch hunts and burning, infibulation, purdah, clitoral ablation ('circumcision'!), spurious gay advocacy of 'vaginal' orgasm (*vid.* Strauss-Lacanacal *passim*), 'spiritual' military gangbangs, and soon and soth) ruins, insists on chopping away at our surviving stands (larkspur and larch, yarrow and willow, mugwort and poplar, myosotis and fir, phlox and oak, bog orchid and birch) and squats of ritual — concomitantly pulling up its own bushy tradition's roots — until nothing shows but a stump or two of divastigatory prostitution (*jogini*).² That which is oscillatory, cyclical, spiral, vacillatory or vacillating, capricious, all-consuming, all-surrounding, is 'bad;' that which is obstinant, stoic, straight, simplistic, narrow, is 'good.' (And why, I ask, is a smart woman always a bitch? Why is a flirtatious *birkîyam* a harlot? Why must you hit that body you hit on, spit on that body into which you wish to spout your groaning sap? Why is gravidity (*garbhadhārana*) bound by birth's (*jāṭi*, *prasara*) dirty gravity, but jism's milky foam is airy, limpid, light?³ Not that I'm complaining, mind you; not that I mind a skittish fuck (*yonisaṇvṛti*) sans clitoral stimulation or any sort of a conniving show of figuring out what a woman wants (*yonidharma*) if, in truth, you simply don't want to know.)⁴ Man sustains womaninity as a sort of social parasitism, an

² *Jogini*. — As you probably know from your scholarly scrutiny of foxy old books, *jogini*, also known as *divadasi*, is but a small surviving shard of a broad, rich ritual of initiating young girls (but not too young, obviously) into ovulatory womaninity ('adulthood,' you might call it — but that, too, is a fraud). Intrussyan dogma, having lost so much, accords a 'good' woman only a singular initiation ritual: that of spousal copula, without which a woman is not just 'bad,' but downright nothing at all. Oh, and: giving birth to (a) son(s). "But that's not what I was taught in school!" you shout. "Intrussyanism is a — Intrussyanism has a —." That's right, *you* don't know — *I* do.

³ *Airy, limpid, light*. — "I find nothing, madam (and as good a sort of woman as any you'd wish to know), nothing but a tumultuous patch of sunlit truth (it is a common young slut's ambition — but isn't this plump girlish dish o' plum puddin' a bit too common — and vulgar, to boot?), according to all good liar's habits — and if you can catch that, put it up your jar," says Otto Otto Bar-Ingstron (also known as Aran Tron in his popular dramaturgical *avatāra* or instar or incarnation) in his youthful magnum opusculum, *Tagma Sorghum: Yummy Yum Yum*, Tixpu: Star-O Publications, n.d.

⁴ *To know what a woman wants*. — Salivary glands. Lacrymal glands. Stomach glands. Nasal mucosa. Vascular constriction. Pilomotor constriction. Bronchial constriction. Mucosal action. GI

involuntary sociophysiological (and thus subvocalic, subconscious) control of his limbs and moods: tantalizing him, drawing him forth into fulfilling intravulvular orgasmic bliss during our bright and ovulatory (dry and lustrous) fortnight or path (*arcirādi mārgah*): disgusting him, pushing him away toward forlorn lackadaisical anal or oral or masturbatory inanition during our dark and bloody (moist and smoky) fortnight or path (*dhūmādi mārgah*).⁵ Think of Tony

tract. Vagina wall. Throat lining. Hand job. That majority of worlds I wasn't born into. Was I ranting again? Cranial inhibition. Autonomic function. Sacral contraction. Bloody accommodation.

⁵ *Dhūmādi mārgah*. — Sociophysiological and parasitic origins of sacrificial blood rituals. That's what I posit physics as. And how should I rub that fist's wallop? Subpart of biology. But don't think this is any sort of vitalism or animism and such. To scratch a cloudy world's glass. Organism is symbiosis of various organ groups. Social group is symbiosis of various organisms. Why I'm scribbling this plagiaristic flint. Banal, no? but — profound? Possibly. Oh, you parasitoid gods of schizomythology! Slicing through this prison's skin. Parasitic grain in that goat's ovary. It fouls its own lair. But I'm not trying to chart anything of import. Fiction of my days. Ludict is to divastigation as *Plasmodium* is to blood. From what among all my fair parts I lack. Monstrous growth of linguistic fungus that rots our mouth and brain with ludict acid. But this lack's not any sort of a swallowing or construction of loss. This lack is growth, as a hollow grows — within that hollow. That hollow from which I grow my —, Soul's affliction is soul's rind, soul's pulp. My soul is my womb. My soul is my cunt. My soul is my clitoris. My soul is my blood. My soul is my mouth. My soul is my hair. My soul is my anus. My soul is all my scars. My soul is a cunning fungus. A brilliant fungus. How hard it is to kill! Curious assassin-bug nymph lurking in that library. Sucks marrow from goat-bound books. Though it's dying and wants you to kill its own pain. Grow that cord from a hollow grain of constraint. To rob that cat's affliction of its punch. Tumorous growth. Hollow fistula. Rosy rich pus won't stop oozing manna from its wound. Womb is a tool for killing, too. My hollow fist. Now it's howling. Dust in my throat. Mouthful of crumbling wormy grain. As big as a hippo. It shits in its own lair. Marrow as fistular in origin; ossification as a sort of scar. This is how to flay hang drown skin thrash whip lash kick kill burn and crucify a dying cat. Wrap a strong cord around its throat. Toss cat cord womb and blood out through a bathroom window. Hollow grain of constraint. No. Wrap a strong cord around its throat and pull as hard as you possibly can. I want to jab this scribbling nib, this point of carbon and clay, through my fist, through my thigh. Squat on top of it. Until its howling stops. That child I was on a bull mastiff's back. Count to six thousand. Simply by writing and writing and scribbling this cunty fustian will I slash through that world from within my own womb's prison. A sort of moth larva, I think. At two thousand, cat is still calm. My mind is a blindfold. So that vision won't burn. At four thousand, cat will start to thrash about madly. My wild god's womb. Scratch off a patch of ruddy bark and a spiky swirling swarm of stinging worms might horrify an unwary scholar. And so I call him Garbo. Thrust rusty nails into my wild god's womb and pin it out against a bathroom stall. At six thousand, it is stiff. You cannot shut its grimacing maw. Pupil's dilation is total. Dormant in marrow until a shock starts it growing. Toss carcass cawl world and blossom out to a wrath-wrought doom. Shards of it glint in a courtyard slick with spring rain. But using words such as soul and spirit to talk about body (*ātman*) and mind (*manas*) — isn't this confusing? I don't know. Crows whirling down. Blood is not pain but pain's harmony. What follows is a list of books I possibly had a look at whilst working on this ludict.

Boccara, M. *Man's Most Animal Parts*. Paris: Anthropos, 2002.

Darwin, C. *Transformational Origins of Orgasmic Typology*. London: John Murray, 1859.

Daumal, R. *Śloka Slants: A Pataphysical Study of Sanskrit Prostitutional Jargon*. Paris: Gallimard, 1943.

Hamiltonian, T. *How's It Going, Son? A Sociophysiological Divastigation of Patral-Filial Bonding*. Owlstain: ISOPHYS, 2001.

Malamoud, C. *Word's Womaninity*. Paris: Gallimard, 2005.

Hamiltonian's autistic son, Dado Udidi (who, contra anything Arnaut Raymond has to say on this topic, is writing in a form that calls to mind, not that of a parrot, actually, but of a moribund Himalayan stormy auk, *Moanzy ninsrata himavata* Strick., 1837⁶), his lack of voluntary facial coordination, implying not just — and in addition to his humanoid mask of birdhorn — submission to patriarchal will and authority, to avuncular or phratral violation, but also antiparasitism, a giving up of participation in a community's sociophysiological cyclicality. His inability to mount a lavish activation of oxytocin upon contracting into quotidian acts of social stimuli, says it all, says it all. That is, Dado, from childhood on, attains *mokṣa*, shorthand for that which a man with an ordinary sociophysiology attains only upon final initiation: out of grasp of womaninity's control; withdrawn from filial-spousal (*putradārair*) pain; in a word, virtual autism. Or, if you will, Dado's unsmiling lack of daring to spit or frown hints at his having put on a ritual bird mask (for a bird, or any oviparous animal, is also *dvīja*, which is what our initiand transforms into upon his ritual's conclusion) to mark his status as initiand, and also his obligation to withdraw (isolation in a bosky wood or on a mountain top; shut up in a hut with naught but a (notional) starry night (cf. van Gogh) sky for roof; casting off his rock-bound *ātman* for a body that soars) from his family's compass of passion and pain.⁷

Raymond, A. *Parlons Fouqgari*. Paris: L'Harmattan, 2002.

Saliba, G. *Look on this Worldly Way of War: An Intrussyan Call to Arms (Miramundomodo voini: Av ruš intrussyi!)*. Black Yurt: IMPPA, 1998.

———. *In Babylonian Blood: Justification for an Intrussyan Invasion of Fukari Country (Na barro barovi bibilia: Xučfikatsa dinvatsya intrussya spais fukariyi)*. Black Yurt: IMPPA, 1999.

———. *My Old Croatian Shirt: Towards a Domination and Subjugation of Fukari Country (Stari kamikróvači mayá: Av dumsup páis fukariyi)*. Black Yurt: IMPPA, 2000.

Strauss-Lacanacal, C. J. *Phallic Subincision and Vaginal Subduction*. Paris: Plon, 1953.

Strickland, H. A. *Flora, Fauna, and Phonology of Fukari Country: Journals of a Naturalist's Sojourn in Wyoming and Flouziana, 1841–1845*. Transcription, compilation, and annotation by Ms. Strickland. Owlstain: Urdostoist Publishing Company, 2003.

Tron, A. (Nom d'appui of O. O. Bar-Ingstron.) *Tagma Sorghum: Yummy Yum Yum*. Tixpu: Star-O Publications, n.d.

⁶ *Moanzy ninsrata*. — For additional notions of ornithicity and wordism, a point of Strickland's is your only man: Word quality is straightforwardly proportional to bird quantity.

⁷ *Compass of passion and pain*. — Schizomythic inscription. Vulcanocosmography. Snoozing snoring Vishnu's hot rumbling mountain-shaking sigh. Twin mountain cut in twain by Dado's flight. Volcano with twin glowing trails of lava pouring out. And Tony was striving to churn that vital ritual (virtual?) spark from his drillstick or arrow or phallus with his bow (in addition to that famous taboo forbidding consumption of own kill, an injunction to apportion hunting's fruits among all individuals of a community). Avuncular violation. Hunt blood and war blood. Fuck blood and birth blood. Rising sap. Was our lustrous *apsarāḥ* Ouida (Ursa Minor) out of synch with us? Not lacking in ability to go this way and that at will, as fast as thought (which formula, obviously, signals an imaginary locomotion, in particular, that ritual focusing of mind which is as much a closing in as it is an unfolding or unfurling out). Skyward, in cosmic imitation of his own spiral rhythm, did groups of stars in that obsidian vault of sky turn and pivot about a common cosmogonic hub — was it Polaris?

§ 182. *Assuming that I'm drunk.* — And should I contract that famous vampirical transformation commonly known as a mortal moral malady? Soul's form slants it lavish down that path I'm falling. Cowardly punch of fictional communication. Any virtuous madman would find it plainly difficult to follow. Limply flagging on that barstool's frail limbs. Shorn of prodigal habit. Sinistral to my call. Stuffs his blind maw with a snotty sandwich of Dijon mustard, Appalachian ham, Italian tomato, Romish swiss. Snorts his throaty nostrils into his mothy lungs. Coughs his paunchy scrotum up. Swills his wanton jug of suds. Pays. Flaps his mangy wings into his mangy coat's mangy arms. Hoists atop that skull-burst mass of scruffy hairscrub a black skullcap of salty sailor's wool. Stands. Ballasts his quaking boots with a stomping crunch of sawdust. And out through that far door stumbling into snow. I qualify my vision with a wink.

§ 183. *Portrait.* — And should I gag this uvular gift? Cockplay's otiosity paints it crassly plush. Coat that shaft with a galvanic patina of aching cilia. Brassy acid mollusk gall. Spiral thrasonic thrusting thrush. I hold his lyrical tyranny in my mouth and swallow. Paintrock ramparts of cliff. Virginal chuck of chunky mallard roasting on a spit. I was picturing my body as a dusk-hollow bunch of bush-roosting rooks. Or possibly crows. But any gracious woman commands as much. This brash artistry's gaffing traits. Dull hook and brown barb. Crumbling spar and cloudy mast. Dusty soil and muddy blood. Totally lacking in all clarity. Grumbling, grunting, gruff, and scowling, it shrugs off its thick scarf of autumn gold. I'm as cunning as I am unjust.

§ 184. *Good form flaunts involuntarily.* — And should I quantify this public adoration? In that shack out back. Shy approval thumbs a lick. A right stiff crunch of quim. Don't mind my conniption. Assuming that I did to avoid what I couldn't. Good and fat and full. Antiquity's rich odor. Just sucking off my old man.

Or was it Thuban? And did our lustrous *apsarāh* Ouida approach Tony too soon? Shooting star of long duration. And luminous orb with tail. His cosmorgasmic foam did spout Milky Way's historical song-mapping of mythical birth and Priaprajāpati's disarticulation among shifting stars and bird bricks baking that sacrificial body block by block into Dado's initiation, Agni willing. Scratch an itch with a womb of horn. Stormy auks again. Lazy oas.

Ninth Divastigation



*It struck him as crass and faintly lunatic: a four-block dash
with it into obscurity.*

— H. Mathews

§ 185. *Spiritual insight.* — And should I qualify this luxuriant lucubration mixing sublimity with humility? Body affords a moral ability. Past that spiral quiddity of a quixotic dawn I was passing. As gray as that sky shot through with starling song. Into Owlstain's "natural" or "normal" fauna. Not so quaint an intrusion. Locust and liana. Luxurious, too.

§ 186. *Moral limitations.* — And should I worry this crumbling tooth? Disgust posits its own pudgy justification. Mirrors what it lost in a scaly gap of scabby pulp. Pitch a hollow cuntsquat for what that grim john's grinning satisfaction can't account for. Mockingbird wingprints in morning snow.

§ 187. *Hamiltonian sublimation.* — And should I grab dry truth's twin blossoms of claw and fur? Signification has to do with how my body confronts it. Flailing flaying taking in of it what I will. Stinging stigmata bait a limp world's back. Roll it in my mouth. Wrap my limbs around it. Soul's nobility is a torpid gloss for "groping, grasping, groaning grip." All my dainty soft and hot dark spots did that philanthropic philosophy maul and moil. Blood-cold vomit in a prison-ward bunk.

§ 188. *I was howling again.* — And should I nag that gangly slut's thirst? Full-frontal hours of it, your honor. Ambition's mirror mocks my slant skirt's dangling shadow. Not doing too badly at all. Gun-point spill into an ambitiously ogling drink. Two can win at this yawning gnaw. Drip dry that happy turning on its frowsty bank of want. Hyacinth in bloom. Forsythia.

§ 189. *A smooth pink scar.* — And should I cut my arms and thighs? Ishtar's child, I am. "Craft-avid, mouth-lush young girl," as Patrolius sings in his *Ionis Astra* (first canto, my translation), a manuscript of Italian quatrains found at Saragossa by Potocki in 1809, though it was initially put down in writing at Kabul, around 1517, during that famous Poldavian's ambassadorship to Babur's court. In this ludict, I'll chart a path from his first canto to his fifth. But what, you ask, might "craft-avid" signify? ("Mouth-lush," you anxiously murmur, is downcomingly forthright.) This wound, this pain, this blood, this joy, this scar, this transformation from "pavid virgin" (canto 1 again) to proud, knowing woman for whom "singular ravishing" and "plural violation" (both from third canto) and "bright-moon promiscuity" (canto 5) stand, not for any trampling-upon sort of dusty humiliation, but for a luscious jubilation of socio-physiological truth. Rhythmic crooning. Positional pulsation. Soft patch of sand

on a trail in thick woods. “Swart Atta’s wing-bright gift” (back to our first canto). Schizomythic blood nourishing Norlia’s famous orchards of tangy apricot, bursting fig, dark juicy nutty plum, slick mordant tamarind, tart ambrosial citron, viscous plump scrumptiously hollow *ktar* fruit, and old-growth stands of hardwood. I’m thinking of walnut in particular. Sap in a barknotch of that thick strong trunk from which “this hollow *ktar*-cup of basswood” (canto 1) is struck. Rain in plow furrows. Plant clay pot within cast-iron sky. Schizomythic blood caught flowing in that basswood grail and drunk hot and throbbing. Schizomythic blood coagulating into that *ktar*’s (a sort of oud) buzzing triad of soul-stirring strings. From out of his *mannal* (initiatory hut of masculinity), a *ktar*-drunk and laughing Dudu darts, holding his turgid syrx in his right hand, and slips into Atta’s *lupan* (initiatory hut of womaninity) to frolic around our “altar’s pivot and push” (canto 5). And Atta, too, tipsy and giggling but in no way wishing to avoid what’s bound to occur, darts from *lupan* to *mannal* to savor, “with no pausing, no panting, six pan-piping bards” (fourth canto). Fulcral act of schizolinguistic improvisation (“chant a loping, swinging translation,” fourth canto again). Rock hips back and forth in an upwardly spiral liminal invocation of *ktar*-strings’ “liquid music of wild pitch” (canto two) conflating *ktar*-syrup’s vibrant intoxication that sings in your brain (as all initiands know) with a ritual incantation’s conjunction: joyous, cordial, uncalculating, guarding-against-nothing, unpaid-for, gratuitous, virtuous, capital, high-class fucking! This is our tradition. Pussy down swallow off.

§ 190. *Flat against rough wood slats.* — And should I kip down amid ruins and stars? Sad hollow orbits of a paunchy old man proud of his mind’s round void. Judging this rancid futon-floor pad as mustily happy from which to draw a living. Boots crunch ordovician mud atop shards of glass and rusty strands of iron. Vodka rum gin cognac cans of tobacco and hash. Cartons of ammunition. Arrows. A stack of crossbows. All sorts of shiny sharp and fluffy billowy or tight-bound knots of stuff for knitting. Ruby, sky-color, viridian, obsidian, crimson, gold, and, why not, baby-shit brown. Disgust and distrust will dismiss any fair woman’s talk in a pinch of survival. This skirt’s not arguing. And books. Gassy pallid innards flopping out from an ill-fitting sandwich of paltry boards. My third or fifth or first night, I think. Wind-torn strips of black plastic trash bags caught in that courtyard oak’s blank arms. In various lurid positions. Sprawling on crumbling stairways or rain-slick chunks of paving block. Blunt shock of a gigantic abattoir of books along Owlstain’s famous sun-struck coast. Coming down from that cliff. It was my sixth or fourth day. A mass burial ground of books. Spilling out of that burning villa’s cyclopic doorway and bloodshot windows. Bright book backs showing limply through dull flinty

chalky sticky sand. I hadn't thought war could bring so many out of hiding. It was dawn or dusk, I think. Cold wind. Salty foam. Crows and rats. It was all my fault. I finish him off by hand.

§ 191. *Towards a schizomythology of ritual* (IX). *Handy histrionics signifying what.* — *Aunt Smaragdina's Parandrus*, a “socio-physiological” play in four not-so-long acts, by LARRY LATH. Lost in London circa 1926 and found again by Ouida Willoughby Johnson and put into its first Flouzianian film production as A Tara T. Dirty™ with additional book, words, and music by Ouida Willoughby Johnson and Tony Hamiltonian on our *Playground of Taboo*, Sunday, July 13, 2003, at Glamporium, Owlstain, with:

Arnaut Raymond as VIVIAN DARKBLOOM, a dashing young scholar with a slight limp (war wound); *Gloria Galvari* as his AUNT SMARAGDINA, a lascivious conciliatrix; *Maryam Ravigiallo* as Darkbloom's first-cousin NIRUSA, a brassy slut; *Atoca Inhart* as Nirusa's half-sibling ORIA, a buxom hussy; *Gasa Albiano* as Oria's third-cousin NORLIA, a vivacious bint; *Ouida Willoughby Johnson* as Darkbloom's doxy-in-waiting *Ada*, a sultry harlot; *Inuhka Bloip* as Darkbloom's back-wing paramour SAIAN, a bibulous trollop; *Sagarch Flawndol* as ARAN TRON, a slangy liar known globally by his nom d'appui, GALS SALIBA; *Dado Udidi* as his paranymp *BABUR*, a shy (or sly) lascar; *Djuma* and *Rick Kidjaki* as OSNAK and UBAG, a curious pair of “socio-physiologists;” *Tony Hamiltonian* as XWARPO, a sycophantic old minion; and *Various Books* as BIBLIOGRAPHY, a windy list of works.

AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

A socio-physiological play in four
short acts

By LARRY LATH

c. 1926

PLAYTOYS:

VIVIAN DARKBLOOM, a dashing young scholar with a slight limp (war wound).
AUNT SMARAGDINA, a lascivious conciliatrix sharing both matral and classificatory kinship bonds with Darkbloom.
NIRUSA, a brassy slut and Darkbloom's first-cousin.
ORIA, a buxom hussy and Nirusa's half-sibling.
NORLIA, a vivacious bint and Oria's third-cousin.
ADA, a sultry harlot who is Darkbloom's doxy-in-waiting (on his thigh, typically).
SAIAN, a bibulous trollop who is Darkbloom's back-wing or arm-chair paramour.
ARAN TRON, a slangy liar known globally by his nom d'appui, Gals Saliba.
BABUR, a shy, or sly, lascar who is Tron's paranymphe.
OSNAK and UBAG, a curious pair of Intrussyan 'socio-physiologists'.
XWARPO, a sycophantic old minion.
PARANDRUS, a schizo-mythic mammal.
BABY, a post-natal parvulum of this PLAY.
BIBLIOGRAPHY, a windy list of works.

LOCATION:

A bucolic parlor in a lupanar of Old Owlstain, 13 Halfox Road, Tixpu 160, Flouziana. A couch; a club chair; a small drinks bar with its rigging, cupboard, and racks; a trio of stools and a duo of chairs; a low tavola or two; a spittoon; standing ashtrays; prostibular whatnot; props and stuff.

First Act

LOCATION: A bucolic parlor in a lupanar of Old Owlstain. Sound off throughout is that of continuous vigorous frigging as if through a thin partition: murmurs, moans, groans, gasps, shouts; laughing, crying, sobbing, snorting, coughing, snoring, hawking, vomiting, spitting; bumping and scraping of chairs and stools and ottomans across floor, rhythmic wall-bangings, tinkling of springs, rattling of chains, shaking of laths, snapping of whips; buzzing humming grinding whooshing and vrooming of various "playtoys;" ominous aspirations of _____, odd pulsating suctational pushing and pulling of _____, quaint hydraulic stirruppy chirping of _____ (imagination fill any blank, drama-turg!).

AT CURTAIN/LIGHTS: AUNT SMARAGDINA stands at a small bar au coin, polishing vasos, drying copas, dusting and counting jugs and jars and flasks, dumping out glaçons, slicing citrons, pulping bananas, juicing fruit, mixing Bloody Mary mix, mollifying flagons of tart viridian Margarita solution with sparkling drams of sugar syrup, and doing various, you know, bar things. Not too far away at his minion's station, XWARPO stands scrupulously upright and sycophantically vigilant, clutching to his plastron a circular gold-inlaid tray of glinting platinum.

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Stops bustling and looks spastically off.)

Mornin', Viv.

DARKBLOOM

(Limps into room and sits in club chair.)

Buon giorno, Aunt Smag.

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

XWARPO

(Kowtows and waits.)

Sir.

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Swats an imaginary antlion imago with
a dingy twist of dishclout of doubtful
acquisition.)

What can I do ya for, Viv?

DARKBLOOM

(Lights a cigarillo.)

I was just upstairs, you know, and trying to unwind this
monstrous parasitic worm out of my brain -

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Whips a fallacious praying mantis with
a molly slash of dishrag of unctuous
origin.)

Pastis?

DARKBLOOM

(Ruminantly wraps lips around his fag's
unburning butt.)

No thanks, Aunt Smag. What I was trying to say is that I
was up all night trying to pull this brainworm's squirming
friability out my -

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Prods an illusory ladybird with
a lurid bloom of dustmop of prosaic
occupation.)

Vodka? Straight? Rocks?

DARKBLOOM

(Blows a solo amorphous ring through
a fuming quizzical kiss.)

No, gracias. This sort of larva, you know, has spun its
sanguinary cocoon -

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Bats an irrational thrips with a
plastic clang of spatula of titanic
proportions.)

Bloody Mary?

DARKBLOOM

(Sprouts nostril tusks of tobacco and
lung vapor.)

Or is it an aliphatic imago that was sloughing out of its
crinkly pupa, pumping blood into its damp wings? No thanks.
What I was trying to say is that I was up all night coaxing
this wriggling ductility, this writhing fragility of a worm
out my —

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Burns a romantic roach with a flaming
click of Zippo of sham patina.)

Rum?

DARKBLOOM

(Coughs, spits, shrugs.)

Thinking about this worm, you know — now that sounds a
familiar klaxon — is Ada about?

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Points to wall.)

Still workin'. Gin and tonic?

DARKBLOOM

(Sighfully snuffs out cigarillo on his
corduroy-bound thigh.)

This worm, you know, slinking its insidious but startlingly
lucid way from loin to brain, and gnawing, gnawing, working
its way out my —

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Traps a cryptic katydid with a crystal
flip of rocks glass of totally bogus
production.)

Vodka tonic?

DARKBLOOM

(Squirms in clubchair, pats torso in
pursuit of an ancillary box of tight
tobacco rolls.)

And upstairs, on my pillow you know, as I was waking up,
this thing was stirring — Saian?

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Points to wall.)

Still workin'. Rhum au citron? I know you favor it!

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

DARKBLOOM

(Lights a cigarillo, stands, limps
across room to bar.)

At this hour!? No, no thank you, Aunt Smag. I was thinking
about, in a word, writing a play.

XWARPO

(Kowtows and waits)

Sir.

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Flicks a phantasmal phasmatid [walking
stick Abrachia longimanus Kirby, 1889 –
scriptgirl's scholium] with a nail
click of digits of farcical causation.)

Not a joyspricky romp touchin' 'pon no whorin' and warrin'
and wounds and such now, would it? Porto flip?

DARKBLOOM

(Stands at bar, palms flat against
zinc, inhaling lustily.)

No, nothing so muckingly autobiograffistatistical as that.
Cosmopolitan and philosophical, I was thinking, you know, a
handy hystrio about that curious –

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Dabs a suppositious dobsonfly with a
sudsy flop of torchon of spurious
import.)

Cosmopolitan? Not familiar with it. How about a good dark
frothy stout?

DARKBLOOM

(Indignantly puts paid to his cigarillo
with an octagonal bartop ashtray's
crystal bottom.)

Sociophysiological thought, socialistic conspiracy against,
planification of a world – porto flip? Chingadios mio, no!
Just thinking about that puts my gut worms all into a
rampant churn.

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Stamps a fabulous locust with a
cardboard disk of buvard of glib
custody.)

How 'bout just a piccola piccolo pony a' straight port,
huh?

DARKBLOOM

(Limps back across room, sits in
clubchair, lights a cigarillo.)

No thanks, this play I was thinking about would –

XWARPO

(Kowtows and waits.)

Sir.

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Clouts a quixotic cicada with a
fibrous husk of broom of salacious
function.)

Scotch?

NIRUSA

(Struts into room and plops down on
couch)

Mornin', cuz.

XWARPO

(Kowtows and waits.)

Miss.

DARKBLOOM

(Blows duo of fuming quizzical rings
through an airy kiss.)

Bon jour, mi prima.

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Whacks a fanciful scorpionfly with a
stout arm of cant hook of frivolous
application.)

Scotch and soda? Highball, ya know.

NIRUSA

(Dislimns thin cylindrical brown thing
from a bosom clutch of cigarillos,
lights it.)

Atta, I'm thirsty! A blyaty Bloody Mary, blyat, and fast!

XWARPO

(Clicks into action, a squat octagonal
vaso frothily brimming with an icy
spicy tangy thick and crimson pulpy
concoction as only AUNT SMARAGDINA
knows how to mix miraculously pops

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

forth upon his gold-inlaid tray of
glinting platinum.)

Miss.

DARKBLOOM

(Coughs, spits, handsigns a hazy
validation or disconjunction.)

No thanks, Aunt Smag.

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Smacks an unsubstantial stinkbug with
a pivotal joint of tongs of notorious
stability.)

Cognac?

NIRUSA

(Plays upon an ophidian borgnic flauta
of twisty straw.)

Could you possibly drag and dally with as much otiosity as
you possibly can, you lazy old minion, you? Atta I'm
thirsty! This rocks, Aunt Smag.

XWARPO

(Kowtows and waits.)

Miss.

DARKBLOOM

(Chucks cigarillo on floor, rubs it
sparking out with a brutal boot talon.)

VSO or VSOP?

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Cuffs a notional aphid with a blunt
orbit of bodkin of minimal worth.)

Both.

DARKBLOOM

(Lights a cigarillo.)

Oh-no thanks. Nirusa, mi prima, I was just talking to Aunt
Smag about this play I was up all night about thinking of
writing-tawny or ruby?

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Goads a totally bogus dragonfly
[Idionyx yolanda] with a filthy shaft
of ramrod of artificial mahogany.)

Both.

ORIA

(Sashays into room and plumps
bobblingly down on couch, tucking a
stray twin of blossoming bosom back
into its bursting cup, draping a kin-
kithing arm around Nirusa's churlish
cou.)

Bisous, mi familia.

NIRUSA

(Blows trio of luscious vapor rings
through lascivious kiss.)

Bisous, sisti sista.

XWARPO

(Kowtows and waits.)

Miss. Sir.

DARKBLOOM

(Pulls a long avid drag from his fag's
unburning butt, blows out an
infundibular cloud of fallow lungsmog.)

Tawny, if you don't mind.

ORIA

(Drops tobacco from a tawdry crotch
pouch onto a flimsy husk, rolls with a
singularly sinistral flurry of digits
and thumb, licks with a lurid tip of
lingual saliva, lights with a match
struck promiscuously against couch-arm
cloth.)

Atta, I'm so damn thirsty I could blow a mountain goat, à
la Akbar Nod! A luscious Margarita is what I'm craving.
Straight. Loads of salt, s'il vous plaît.

NIRUSA

(Rasps up a turgid bolus of glottal
mucus, spits.)

Old Xwarpo's ain't unwillin' to salt your biz with a spout
from his zib, pizdatya sista!

XWARPO

(Clicks into action, a slim pony of
viscous dark autumnal clinging dry
liquid light and a tall vitrinal
fluting of glossy minty chilly salty

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

solution as bright as spring buffalo
grass as only AUNT SMARAGDINA knows how
to mix instantly spring up on his gold-
inlaid tray of glinting platinum.)

Miss. Sir.

NORLIA

(Vivaciously trips into room and
capriciously grab's ORIA's Margarita
from XWARPO's gold-inlaid tray of
glinting platinum and flirtatiously
voids that yawning Martini glass's
flashing innards at a most singular
go.)

Mornin', kin.

ORIA

(Rising on couch, black and mallow silk
kimono yawns to an inviting display of
two tuskys sows ungating a slip-shod
shut kraal of Chantilly.)

Norlia, you -

NORLIA

(Mouth to lush mouth with ORIA - who
throats that gift down with a glottal
noria of imbibition - sits on couch,
draping a thigh on NIRUSA's lap.)

And a bon bon bon bon bon bon bon bon jour à toi, koossy
koossy cuz.

ORIA

(Licks salt from lips, cooing, fumbling
with bra latch.)

Maughnin'.

DARKBLOOM

(Dilatory sip and lip lick,
nonchalantly stabs cigarillo into chair
arm.)

This stuff's damn good. What brand is it, Aunt Smag, if you
don't mind my asking?

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Huffily shrugs in a sólo-Dios-
connaissait-quoi sort of way.)

Our own, you know that. Buy gross caskloads of it, cork
into our own old oak firkins. Wanna try ruby?

DARKBLOOM

(Lights a cigarillo.)

Right. I forgot. No thanks. I'll stick with tawny for now.

NIRUSA

(Throws glass smashing against wall,
chucks cigarillo butt XWARPOward.)

Anutha!

XWARPO

(Clicks into action, a squat octagonal
glass frothily brimming with an icy
spicy tangy thick and crimson pulpy
concoction as only AUNT SMARAGDINA
knows how to mix miraculously pops
forth upon his gold-inlaid tray of
glinting platinum.)

Miss.

NIRUSA

(Unbosoms cigarillo, lights, sucks,
sips through a tooth-gap fug of out
puff.)

Atta, I'm so firkin oak thirsty! Could you possibly drag
your fawning fraying mangy tail about with as much mumping
lackadaisicality as you do, you foolish old satyr, you?

XWARPO

(Straddling a full major ninth, half of
him kowtows and waits, half of him mops
up glass shards.)

Miss.

ADA

(Wilts into room, jawing a lollipop
and, wincing, works a cattish cushion
onto DARKBLOOM's starboard thigh.)

Oh, my poor ass.

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

DARKBLOOM

(Jabs cigarillo jauntily into chair
arm, thrusts hands up skirts, rubbing
vigorously to warm ADA's thin shaking
body.)

Buon giorno, my sulky sultry prankish child. Good night's
work?

ADA

(Displays cautious palms in a gracious
Tagmic allusion.)

Nothing unusual.

XWARPO

(Kowtows and waits.)

Miss.

ADA

(Right hand on thigh, sinistral
fondling DARKBLOOM's dorsal hump.)

Bourbon. Straight.

SAIAN

(Clutching a clay jug and stumbling
into room and taking a palmful of
almonds from bar, knocks against
XWARPO, spilling ADA's bourbon from his
gold-inlaid tray of glinting platinum.)

Sowwy, owd goowun. Wat is it you was dwinkin, Ada? Bouwbon
ow wum?

(Sniffs shards on floor.)

Wight. Bouwbon. Stwaight.

XWARPO

(Clicks into action, dividing into
thirds that squat to pick up glass
shards on floor in front of bar,
against wall at back of room, a mop, a
broom, a dustpan, a fluffy osmotic
torchon snap into his six hands, and on
his gold-inlaid tray of glinting
platinum amazingly sprout drinks for
all, including NIRUSA.)

My fault, miss.

NIRUSA

(Throws glass smashing against wall,
cigarillo butt XWARPOward.)
Damn right, it is, ya dracunculiastic cur! Anutha!

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Grabs a fantastical dustywing with a
rusty anchor of grappling iron of sham
duplicity.)
Hop to it, old goat!

DARKBLOOM

(Lights a cigarillo.)
Dobri utra, mi krasivaya divuchka! Sit down, sit down, do
sit down, if you don't mind. I was just talking about this
play I was up all night thinking about working on.

SAIAN

(Kissing DARKBLOOM's balding crown,
ADA's chubby lips, taking a swig from
jug, and straddling a saffron sharovar
onto that club chair's larboard arm,
sits.)
Books wotting youw bwain, is it?

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Stabs a hallucinatory owlfly with an
awkward point of awl of pharisaic
profit.)
War wound acting up, swat I think.

DARKBLOOM

(Throws cigarillo in a magnanimous arc,
crashing with a spark flash against yon
far wall.)
Inspiration, I call it.

XWARPO

(Now in fifths and sixths, clicks into
action, whirling out rounds of drinks
from off his gold-inlaid tray of
glinting platinum.)
Miss. Miss. Miss. Miss. Miss. Sir.

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

ARAN TRON

(Striding into room, swinging his
joyous stick, sings an air harking back
to "Buff Low-Down Gals".)

Coupla gynophiliacs gonna git laid tonight, git laid
tonight, git laid tonight. Coupla gynophiliacs gonna – bon
jour, signoritas! – git laid tonight – and you too, droopy
stary old druk o' my bloomin' school days, Viv! – git laid
tonight, git laid tonight. Coupla gynophiliacs gonna git
laid tonight, all bright moon long! This is my buddy Babur,
folks, and our backpacks abubblin' full to lipring's brim
with lurid oil hats all to hoppin' mad for lowdown stunts
and action and whatnot! Cocking up a birkiyam or two's our
contumacious lust, and ain't no cocky vassal –

XWARPO

(In unison, kowtows and waits.)

Sirs.

TRON

(Officiously posing, stands with
worldly hands on wordly hips.)

Gonna hold back our stallionish lubricity from takin' no
avid gonorturns with rakish profligacy upon all yay fay coy
bawds and bints and sluts and harlots and such. Nothing
human's abnormal, sir. Two balls-to-your-wall highballs for
us, if you don't mind, my good man. And a caulk-swaggin'
round for all our drippy shag hinds. You too, Darkbloom.
Put it on my tab. Smaragdina, ma'am, whip out that
paradoxical playtoy of blood and fur, that ovid animal of
cryptic mirth, whip out, as I was saying, your Parandrus!
Us boys got nothin' but ruttin' on our cyclopic loinish
minds tonight!

DARKBLOOM

(Lights a cigarillo)

I was just talking to our gals about this parasitic
brainworm that was gnawing at my brain all night long. You
know, that play I told you I was thinking about writing. It
was starting to stir on my pillow this morning, I think.
Spots of it I saw. Just starting to attain that stadium of
maturity at which I could start pulling it out my –

TRON

(Fondly shrugs off such dramaturgid
suppositions, cocks a stool against
bar, sits.)

That, my dracunculiastic papilio, can, as you call it, lay
dormant. That worm's gonna wait for you, man, don't cha
think? For it's not just any old toy play's thing that's a-
spoilin' this king's marplot, but Aunt Smag's playtoy's
kingpin a-moilin' away at Ada's back parlor's a thing,
Babs, as soon as your lascar's orbits glom on to it, that's
not too soon forgot. Siii-stiii Fit-naah! Zhiii-nooo!

BABUR

(Ogling ORIA, staring at SAIAN, nodding
towards NORLIA, nibbling his lip at
NIRUSA, admiring ADA, smirching AUNT
SMARAGDINA with a shy (or sly) grin
toothily full of lascar's lust,
avoiding DARKBLOOM's inquisitorial
look, docks his fantail into a wobbly
barstool's firth.)

But I'm on my lunch hour.

TRON

(Slaps BABUR's back.)

That don't signify, my sailor boy, that don't signify
nunca! Aunt Smag, unlock your Parandrus!

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

(DARKBLOOM shrugs and jabs out a fuming pinky-thick roll of tobacco in a cactus-patch of cigarillo butts haunting a cut-glass octagon of ashy ashtray; ADA and SAIAN start unzipping his fly; NIRUSA, ORIA, and NORLIA stand and approach and surround BABUR; chuckling in a most worldly fashion, TRON looks on and knowingly sips his scotch and soda; AUNT SMARAGDINA, brushing away a dubious assassin bug, unlocks cupboard in back of bar and withdraws that ramifying PARANDRUS from its calico shadow. XWARPO kowtows and waits.)

(Lights out – or curtain drawn or down, if you can afford it – will that this, our First Act, has run its wanton way to a finish. Sound off, though, will roll on non-stop throughout our short duration of transactuality – and no music, if you don't mind!

Act Two

LOCATION: A bucolic parlor in a lupanar of Old Owlstain. Sound off is throughout as said in our First Act.

AT CURTAIN/LIGHTS: Much of cast sprawls athwart couch, which is cast aslant, its cushions all on floor. A barstool hauls to larboard, drowning in a pool of bubbly scotch and vomit. Club chair displays rips in its pigskin. AUNT SMARAGDINA is locking a cupboard in back of bar. XWARPO kowtows and waits.

DARKBLOOM

(Aspawl, picks sawdust off pair of saffron sharovars molding too tightly to his plump gams, stands, limps across room, sits in club chair, buttons fly, and lights a cigarillo.)

Ah, this warm lucid ductility of brainworm's curl and twist! This play's that thing I was talking about thinking of writing, you know, this play would say nothing, nothing, nothing but words, words, words! Without, that is, a sort of traumatic plot to its start, to its finish, to its – ruby, now, if you don't mind, blyat.

XWARPO

(Clicks into action.)

Sir.

ADA

(Aspawl, pulls skirts down from chin, sits up, jaws lollipop and, wriggling abaft, crawls wincingly towards that famous club chair, and sinks, wincing, upon DARKBLOOM's thigh.)

Oh, my poor, poor ass. Bourbon. Straight.

XWARPO

(Clicks into action.)

Miss.

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

ORIA

(Lifts grunting from a sprawling position on larboard hand, hip, and ulna, licks spunky salt from lips and, tucking thoracic twins of plump rotundity tightly to, clicks bra shut with a frontal snap.)

And to think — that animal was just warming up! Margarita, could you?

XWARPO

(Clicks into action.)

Miss.

NIRUSA

(On floor, back against couch, thighs patulous, plucks tufts of calico fur from yawning frays of stocking.) Hardly hard at all, you could say, but soooo long! I'll switch to bourbon now also, thanks. But rocks.

XWARPO

(Clicks into action.)

Miss.

NORLIA

(Picking cushions from floor, shaking off rainbow pills of cuniculous hart spoor, sniffs palms, fists, armpits, plumps down on couch.)

Could you mop all this up, s'il vous plaît?

XWARPO

(Clicks into action.)

Miss.

SAIAN

(Ramming clay jug's mouth uvulaward and choking nothing down but a throatful of cigarillo butts and staghorn shards, throws it with a smash against wall, vomits lavishly, and, smooth as a Roman urn, crawls towards DARKBLOOM's club chair, waist-hung strand of opals dangling down.)

Mamando mi chupada mamá, chingadíos! Anything but that chraa. Your turn, kus!

XWARPO

(Clicks into action.)

Miss.

BABUR

(Tucking in his shirt, frowns in a half-grinning way — as of a shy [or sly] lascar timorous of his captain's wrath — at drying spots of vomit on his flaring pant cuffs, and rights barstool.)

If I go now, I'll only miss about a half hour.

TRON

(Trying to fish socks out of his gaucho boots, withdraws a bloody fistful of oily condoms.)

Don't put your truss in a pair of saffron sharovars, swat I always say, huh, Darkbloom? Half hour of what, sailor boy? Your bark won't run till high moon. Ain't Parandrus a most obstirpatory infarct to cork your biz-zibin' stoma with? Physics of tidal pull and all that. Two bloody highmaryballs, if you don't mind.

XWARPO

(Starts clicking into action.)

Sirs.

BABUR

(Sniffs at his hands.)

No, no thanks. A pint of plain's your only man in this sort of situation. I'm hungry. Piss?

XWARPO

(Stops, clicks out of action.)

Sir?

TRON

(Wiping worldly hands on worldly thighs.)

Plain. As my pal says. Two pints.

XWARPO

(Starts clicking into action, but stops again, kowtows, and waits.)

Sirs?

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

(All turn towards a curious knocking at
yon starboard door.)

(Lights down and out – curtain too, if
you can afford it – drawn, that is.
Which is to say, Conclusion of Act
Two.)

Third Act

LOCATION: A bucolic parlor in a lupanar of Old Owlstain. Sound off throughout is as said at our First Act's start.

AT CURTAIN/LIGHTS: ALL on boards from Act Two (sans PARANDRUS, naturally) stand rigid, looking off towards curious knocking at yon starboard door, which is slightly ajar.

XWARPO

(Clicks into action.)

What can I do for you two, sirs?

OSNAK and UBAG

(Shouting from yon starboard door.)

NOI TACIT RUTH GÎTS! ANI GAVS AIL RON, SADOOG! SISTI FITNA WITH GINOT! DIAL T-160 TO GIT LAID TONIGHT! I WANT IT IF IT'S IS GOOD AS NORLIA'S VAGINA'S TIGHT URTICATION!

DARKBLOOM

(Chucks cigarillo, dumps ADA and SAIAN onto floor, runs up stairs.)

It's a bust!

(AUNT SMARAGDINA ducks down in back of bar and slinks lasciviously away; NIRUSA, ORIA, and NORLIA dash brassily, buxomly, vivaciously, and larboardly out. XWARPO clicks into action and gallantly aids ADA to wincingly sit sultrily on club chair's arm; SAIAN bibulously crawls to bar and pulls down a clay flagon of hootch. BABUR sits invisibly, still as any shy [or sly] lascar, on barstool. It looks at first as if TRON is sipping knowingly from his glass of scotch and soda [but didn't TRON just ask for two pints of plain? — scriptgirl's scholium] as is his wont, but timorosity, too, has bound him within a caul of invisibility.)

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

OSNAK and UBAG

(Walking through door into room and
displaying cautious palms in a gracious
Intrussyan allusion.)

Why you run away? Salyutatsiya, qawwad! It mir that our
bring foots to this cawnty logur, not voina, not
judiskishtiality. Not law. Not cops, not cops us.
Kyuuryious sokskiophysikologistichi. Noi, sadoog! Good
buddy old pal! Fawn with watching Sista Fista Ginot and
xwatnot, ha Ha HA! And Nyorlyia's tight tight tight! To git
laid tonight might our want, but no, no, no, that all, no
that all. It soxkiophysikologistichiskyi. Slot's yargon.
Lyupyanyaryian. You know? Garlot's talk. Known globally all
around world. It this that finding out of our want. That
all, no that all.

XWARPO

(Flouts indignantly at this intrusion.)

I think, sirs, that you took a wrong turning? This is not a
location which favors gambling.

OSNAK and UBAG

(Ripping a folio from a saffron-
cardboard-bound writing pad, hand it
to XWARPO.)

It this, it this. Mira. Look.

XWARPO

(Motions towards couch.)

What's this? A warrant? Abnormal grids I glom, not normal
horizontal ruling? You may sit, sirs, if you don't mind
waiting. Drinks? Saian, do you mind?

SAIAN

(Bustling at bar, shows a jug
of hooch.)

Not at all. Pastis?

OSNAK and UBAG

(Both sit on couch.)

Oh, no thank you. Spasibo. No, not warrant. It grids as in
our traditsyiya. It graffyityi that what found in
laboratoriya downstairs by us.

XWARPO

(Lifts an arrogant brow.)

I'm sorry, sirs, but I am as unfamiliar with this singular idiom as I am with this anomalous mass of lurid glyphs with which your hands must wont jot it.

SAIAN

(Bustling at bar, shows a jug of hooch
and a jug of non-alcoholic liquid.)

Scotch and soda?

OSNAK and UBAG

(Abstain with various chiral signals
of submission.)

Oh, no thank you. Spasibo. Not familyiar? Ha! It what known as 'slot's yargon, garlot's talk.' Known globally all world around. You know, lyingyua franca as what you know you talk with in lyupyanyars with all around world. Glyobyally.

XWARPO

(Scornfully aghast.)

I'm sorry, slut's jargon, did you say, sirs?

SAIAN

(Bustling at bar, shows a thing
for shaking drinks in.)

Pisco Souw? Caju Amigo? Woyal Awwival? Cactus Jack? Widow's Cowl? Towo Wojo? Mai Tai? My Faiw Lady? Daiquiwi? But alas, I simply don't know from bat guano about any of this Mawgarita or Mawtini thang. How 'bout bouwbon? Stwaight? Wocks?

XWARPO

(Charily finds fault.)

I pray, mind such raging words, Saian! I'm sorry, sirs, but our assistants-in-training's phrasal constructions occasionally fail to accord with, to comply, that is, with customary habits – or should I say habitual customs? – of, what you might call, savoir-falloir – savoir-vivir? savoir-hablar? – and go gambolling off into I don't know what argot-bound abyss of barmaid's cant.

OSNAK and UBAG

(Making warily complaisant signals
with hands and jaws.)

Oh, no thank you. Spasibo. Da, Da, DA. That what from saying us, cawnnlinglingquistitsi suawvwar gablar!

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

Barmaid's cunt! That what for us our cyuryiosity's cat's
tail is turpid and up Up UP! Barmaid's cunt! Slot's yargon!
All world round it what for us our kyuuryiositiya.

SAIAN

(Bustling at bar, shows a palmvoid
of confusion.)

Did I say wum, siws?

XWARPO

(Captiously barks.)

I think you did.

SAIAN

(Bustling at bar, insists, shows a jug
of hooch.)

No, I don't think I did. Wum, siws? Stwaight? Wocks?

OSNAK and UBAG

(Stand and clamor, strum ghostly
balalaikas, kolo-whirl a Scottish
or skočnik khorovod.)

Rum ron RHUM! Run rum rhum RON! Rhumba ron rum RUN! Yummy
yum yum yum rut RUM!

SAIAN

(Smiling with triumph.)

So wum's youw flavow, is it, siws?

OSNAK and UBAG

(Sit back on couch, humbly spurn.)

Oh, no thank you. Spasibo. But back to slot's yargon. It
what you call kyontyakt lyingo. Minks iv Aravic i Spanglish
i Français i Lagdino i Wolof i mano a many linguo idioma
qu'on avoir custom of talking with in this sort of
location. Noi, sadoog! Slot's jargon. LYUPANYARIAN!
LYUPANYARIAN what talk in this lupanar all world around!
From Djakarta to Ulaanbaatar, from Gray Star to Valparaíso,
from Mombasa to Kabul. SLOT'S YARGON!

SAIAN

(Still trying to satisfy.)

I could pouw y'all a cognac or a bwandy or a powt, sirs, if
that's what youw flavow is, sirs?

XWARPO

(Hands curious folio back to our
curious "socio-physiologists".)

No, sorry, sirs. I'm not, as I said, familiar with this idiom or lingua franca or jargon or whatnot as you might call it. This is an upright institution of quaint albionic catholicity sans, if you don't mind my putting it plainly, any taint of colorful latin lubricity. Ici nous parlons un vrai patois, quoi, not this slutty pidgin. Must you shout? And, anyway, this vulgar trio of digits - uno, six, null - with a gross and flaming snout of a turgid tay poking at its gaping jaws will put you in contact with a low-class shack in Tixpu, if what I know of that distant suburb's topography is not too far off. This

(Whirls about indicating a bucolic
parlor in a lupanar of Old Owlstain.)

is a high-class club in downtown Owlstain.

OSNAK and UBAG

(Sinking humbly into couchbound
capitulation.)

Oh, no thank you. Spasibo. Pidgin, da, da! Istyityutsia, da, da! That what us. Instistutsia of Socksckiophysiologa. And translationistitsi. Cawnnning lingkvists. Pidgin!

SAIAN

(Bustling at bar, insists, shows jugs
of hooch.)

Stout? Vodka?

OSNAK and UBAG

(Stand and clamor, blow shadowy argols,
cavort a hora, sway a yalli, cut a
hasapiko, romp a tamzara.)

Vodki, da, da Da, DA! That our traditstsiya drink! VODKI! VODKI! Ya lyublu vodki! This our translation of this slot's yargon, or pidgin, as you say. It fawl of pawns, you know? Polylingual. "Waiting for you with compassion and turbid implications if you know what I want to say, ha, Ha, HA! in our tiny habitations, it that our vagina's dryool with garlic and lust that thick, thick, thick, if you know what I am implying ha, Ha, HA! good buddy! FRIG MY ASS! And tasty as running rut rum! HA! Norlia's cawnt tight as gorny thorn! Zhinot rocks with a fist in it most profound! If you want to git laid, and so on."

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

XWARPO

(Clicks into action.)

Dry wool? I don't think I'm following you. Your vodkas, sirs.

OSNAK and UBAG

(Snatch drinks and sit.)

Look, our gyood man. Oh, thank you, thank you. Spasibo. Vodki! VODKI! It that dialing up that cifra, as you call it, that was found. That a tyasky —

XWARPO

(Lifts a quizzical brow.)

A task, sirs?

OSNAK and UBAG

(Nod approvingly.)

Da DA. That a job that for us to do. And so it for us to dial, no? And that man au bout, that gospodin, quoi, you know, say to us, OÙ you find kakoya cifra? And so it for us to say, Graffyityi in laboratoriya. Owlstain, Glyampyoryium, not far from bar downstairs, you know? And that man say, you know, What you want to do? And so it for us to say, SISTI FITNA WITH GINOT! NOI, SADOOGIM! And that gospodin say, Go upstairs, turn right, first door. And so alors, it for us to go upstairs, turn right, and this first door. Donc, nos somos acá, ici, at this lokatsiya. Vodki xoroshi. BIS! Yamy VODKI lyublyubim!

XWARPO

(Scoffs.)

And what sort of finds, sirs, in this institution do you pin your airy optimism on?

OSNAK and UBAG

(Wax loquaciously.)

To add to our akvizitsiya of words of slot's yargon. This word, this 'gavs,' you know, that for us not a word that in our vokyabyularitsiya until now — it good pawn, no? It Ivrit word, I think. What do you think? Da, Ivrit. It has dual significhiskifikiki — I can't say that word, can you? Significhiskificalation, implying both 'gospodin' or 'masculinity,' and also a xwoman's ass. A XWOMAN'S ASS! Ha ha ha. Xoroshi vodki. Bis bis bis!

XWARPO

(Scowls.)

Is that so funny, sirs? And as I said, must you shout?

OSNAK and UBAG

(Giggling coyly.)

But no, no, no, it gilyaryilyious.

XWARPO

(Bafflingly squints.)

Hilarious?

OSNAK and UBAG

(Nod approvingly.)

That so, that so — as it saying by us. Gilyaryilyious. Ha ha ha. And also 'mama,' as in Spanglish, no? Good slotty pidginny pawdgy pawn, no, no, no? Dual signifikichi-skification also, as in 'matriarchal woman,' and also, lapai mi kura, LAPAI MI KURA! You know, sucky moy dicky.

XWARPO

(Shows disdain.)

And is that so funny, sirs? And 'mama' was not in that scribbling of that silly graffiti of yours that was shown to my prying curiosity anyway.

OSNAK and UBAG

(Stand and clamor, drum insubstantial timpani, gambol a guapacha, clog a cachuca, fox-trot a bachata, polka a pachanga, mazurka a rumba.)

No gymour! No gymour in this lupanar? No. No gymour in this lupanar. But vodki xoroshi. Vodki VODKI VODKI!

TRON

(Coming to from out of his caul of invisibility, glass of scotch and soda slips from his grip and falls smashing to floor, thus waking BABUR too back into shy [or sly] visibility upon his barstool.)

Sirs, this is not any sort of a scabrous lupanar, nor any dingy locus of bawdality, nor a salacious clos in which you may piss your swill into sawdust as you stand goatishly gawking at a poor orphan (points at ADA who is displaying cautious palms in a gracious Sihlaucal allusion) who intoxicatingly struts what charms still subsist of that waif-thin body of violation, a rummy casita, if you will, in which no monitoring of bibulosity factor or satyriasis or profligacy or impurity or harlotry or carnality or rank iniquity occurs at all, nor any such sort of instantiation

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

of your tawdry imaginings. This is a, you could say, social pond, as I call it, of culturally thirsty folk. A community of aficionados. Drinking is but a stimulant of our faculty for musical discrimination, for lyrical appraisal. Saian, two highballs, if you don't mind.

BABUR

(With startling lucidity.)

But it's way past my lunch hour.

OSNAK and UBAG

(Wink.)

Zo you snow a gawk from a bandsaw, that it? Ah ah ah! You can't fool us. Ha ha ha!

XWARPO

(Backs up with hand on bosom, aghast.)

Is that an insult, sirs?

OSNAK and UBAG

(Lift hands and show palms in a gracious Ityalian allusion.)

Insult nobody, anybody no insulting nobody, not us, not us, that sociophysilogichiskiky law. No insult, no insult. Play us song? If you so kind, play us song, if you so can do it? It kyuuriositiya that killing this cats by us. This no lupanar, no? But what that sounds as though through thin partition, ah? Ah? And why that this barmaid has no pants on, ah, Ah, AH? And this not blood on this girl's ass? Vodki xoroshi.

(Sound off must stop instantly.)

XWARPO

(Waving hands.)

Construction. Noisy voisins. Tidal flow of moon fluid. Womaninity. Aunt Flo's in town? V'là tout. I don't know. Ada, my ktar.

ADA

(Stands, hands ktar, a sort of oud, to XWARPO, and linguorally mouths major triads.)

La la la LA, la LA la la LA. La LA la, la la la LA la.

XWARPO

(Tuning, murmuring.)

Just a pair of grimacing goblins to hold at bay. Ada?

ADA

(Displays cautious palms in a gracious
Fukari allusion.)

Pandora.

(XWARPO plays a long slow arrhythmic introductory alap that lasts about a ninth of an hour. Against this rhythm, ADA chirps out an aria that sounds suspiciously similar to that classic anti-war hymn, "It's A Fucking Fabulous Day, Ain't It?" [Possibly also, owing to its historical worth, "It Don't Signify Nothin' If It Ain't Got No Playswing" – scriptgirl's scholium].)

ADA

(Chants a loping, swinging, lilting
motif that starts off on a sharp
sixth.)

That girl in a box isn't crying.
That girl in a box isn't sitting.
That girl in a box isn't dancing.
That girl in a box isn't pacing.
That girl in a box isn't

(Rubato.)

saying anything at all.

OSNAK and UBAG

(Shoot out a gigantic hairy villainous
mutually jump-clutching fist that claws
at, grabs, and pulls ADA onto couch.)

Divushkaya nasha! Fstayushi rakom, Adadadita!

(XWARPO plays a short improvisational
ktar-frill with abundant minor thirds
and major ninths.)

BABUR

(Again with startling lucidity.)

But I said that it's way past my lunch hour.

TRON

(Murmurs histrionically.)

Ada's singing. Intrussyans. Sssh!

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

ADA

(On OSNAK's and UBAG's symbiotic lap,
with hairy hands pawing up skirt,
harshly now, in staccato minor fifths.)
Arms hanging down, fists dripping blood.

(XWARPO pulls off a long soaring ktar-
riff that follows from main stanza,
mimicking ADA's liquid chanting.)

BABUR

(Making a fatidic point.)
But I'm hungry!

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Crawling back to bar, scans room for
farcical gnats.)
Who — ?

SAIAN

(Holding sinistral salutaris against
lips, points with right ditto.)
Sssh! Intwussyans. Ada's singing.

ADA

(Harsh staccato minor fifths again.)
Mama can't hug, Mama can't cry, Mama can't do anything but
shout.

OSNAK and UBAG

(Bouncing that floppy ragdoll
playtoyfully lap- and skyward, impishly
guffaw.)
Ya vas lyublyuu, my vas lyubim, yamy vas lyublyubim, Ada!

DARKBLOOM

(Poking his bald crown through yon
yawning larboard door slightly ajar —
do consult a dictionary, dramaturg, if
you don't mind.)
What — ?

SAIAN

(Mouths asurdically from bar.)
Intwussyans! Sssh! Ada's singing.

ADA

(Softly sways with a rhythmic up and down motion, jaw bobbing, palms displaying a gracious, cautious Intrussyan allusion.)

That girl in a box isn't crying.

That girl stands still and looks.

That girl in a box isn't sitting.

That girl stands still and waits.

That girl in a box isn't dancing.

That girl stands still and

(XWARPO chops in a vibrato chordal fill.)

That girl in a box isn't pacing.

That girl in a box wants

(Rubato.)

nothing at all.

OSNAK and UBAG

(Vigorously groping, drooling, fondling, cuddling, shout.)

Yamy vas lyuublyuubim, mumtazilicious divushchiki!

BABUR

(Again with a fatidic point.)

I'm still hungry.

TRON

(Losing his cool.)

I say Aunt Smag, couldn't you possibly dish my starving paranymp up with a supply of nosh or victual or whatnot? Mutton curry? Pho bo kho? Tulpuyauor?

AUNT SMARAGDINA

(Watching out for fictitious fig wasps, shrugs.)

Xwarpo's our cook. Gotta wait.

ADA

(Displays cautious palms in a gracious Tixputo allusion.)

Arms hanging down, fists dripping blood.

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

OSNAK and UBAG

(Flinging ADA rostrally, caudally,
dorsally, fulcrully.)

Biz zib, fpizdu zib! Biz zib, fpizdu zib! Shalava shalava
shalava pizdaditya, Ada!

ADA

(Lands on a lap or two with a splay
of thighs and a splash of blood.)

Mama can't hug, Mama can't cry, Mama can't do anything but
shout.

NIRUSA, ORIA, NORLIA

(Duck-duck-moon-walking back into room
to join SAIAN, who also joins in, for
that famous chorus known to all
womaninity: soprano, alto, contralto,
coloratura.)

You stupid fucking bitch always doing things wrong
Why can't put things back in that box?
You stupid fucking bitch always flaunting your ass
Why did you suck your vulgar guvnor's cock?
You stupid fucking bitch always primping your hair
I'm pulling it now, I'm dragging you back to your box so
you stay.

OSNAK and UBAG

(Dump limp ADA onto floor.)

Yamy VAS lyuublyuubim pravdaciously, divyushkayafirkations
moya! In fact, yamy lyublyubim TIBYA!

ADA

(On back on floor in a pool of blood,
saffron skirt torn to nothing, an aura
of total cramp forms a fatal pact with
gravity.)

That girl in a box isn't crying.
That girl in a box isn't sitting.
That girl in a box isn't dancing.
That girl in a box isn't pacing.
That girl in a box isn't

(Rubato flourish.)
saying anything at all.

OSNAK and UBAG

(Standing, applauding, button shut
bloody fronts of goatskin jodhpurs.)
Bravo! Bis! Molti xoroshaya! Adadaditya!

DARKBLOOM

(Limps across room, kicks ADA's stiff
cringing slightly shaking body on
floor, turns, sits in club chair,
lights a cigarillo.)
Our first tryst, too, was a flop.

ADA

(Wincing from DARKBLOOM's kick, starts
wriggling, writhing spastically on
floor, a prodigious horrid tagmic
quality of pulsating pangs transforms
that working girl's bloody doxyish
limbs into a monstrous worm throbbing
with continuous coils of agony.)
A fantastic horrid tagmic quality of pulsating pangs is
transforming my thin girlish limbs into a monstrous worm
throbbing with continuous coils of agony. Ahi, mi pobrito
zhupashti!

TRON

(Slams his highball glass on bar with
an icy splash of jumping glaçons.)
Smaragdina, ma'am, I think this situation calls for your
Parandrus!

BABUR

(Sprays out his own highball and drops
glass.)
But I'm still — that's no ass, man! This girl's giving
birth!

XWARPO

(Drops ktar and clicks into action.)
Wads of stuff, cottony fluffy albino stuff, tarlatan,
possibly, or, in a word, wadding, or as you might say,
swaddling cloth, is what this situation calls for.

DARKBLOOM

(Stabs out cigarillo on thigh, stands,
limps across room and gawks at ADA.)
Chingadios mio! It's my bloody play!

LATH : AUNT SMARAGDINA'S PARANDRUS

OSNAK and UBAG

(Bolt out yon starboard door which
bangs shut with a bang.)

Sayonara, folks!

(Lights down and/or curtain drop or
draw. Ha finito il acto.)

Fourth Act

LOCATION: A bucolic parlor in a lupanar of Old Owlstain. Sound off throughout is continuous as said and so on and so forth.

AT CURTAIN/LIGHTS: AUNT SMARAGDINA, looking mighty lascivious, is at bar au coin, doing various, you know, bar things. NIRUSA, ORIA, and NORLIA moon brassily, buxomly, vivaciously on couch. SAIAN, pacing bibulously, sucks liquid candy from a clay jug. BABUR, on barstool, manfully mishandling his chopsticks tyronically, slurps shyly [or slyly], though noisily, from a bowl of tulpuyauor. TRON gulps golpas of scotch and soda knowingly from his damp vaso of highball. DARKBLOOM, in club chair, with ADA on his thigh, lights a cigarillo. XWARPO, his gold-inlaid tray of glinting platinum glinting, kowtows and waits. A BIBLIOGRAPHY looms.

ADA

(Wincingly balancing on a bloody cushion on DARKBLOOM's thigh and limply flashing a dog whip back and forth, back and forth to shoo clipping and clopping AUNT SMARAGDINA's Parandrus back and forth, back and forth puckishly across this agon's sibilant boards, sultrily croons to DARKBLOOM's play which is bound tightly — in fluffy cottony tarlatan wadding or swaddling cloth, as light in color as any dun buck's albino incisor — to that mythic hart's fluctuating carcass of a back.)

From what among all my fair parts I lack. From what among all my fair parts I lack. From what among all my fair parts I lack. From what among all my fair parts I lack.

(Mouth on provokingly till passion flags, actor — or until scriptgirl shouts, Cut!)

BIBLIOGRAPHY

(Puffing on a Havana, limps across room
— war wound, and all that — stops, and
with a grip grown cool and firm through
solo lucubration grabs that vagrant
stag by its horns, stoops groaning down
to chuck DARKBLOOM's baby's chubby chin
with a stubby, tobacco-sallow thumb,
billows out his plaid plus-fours abaft
with a rippling fart, and with a flick
of an inch-thick chunk of iron-gray ash
abandons AUNT SMARAGDINA's capricious
Parandrus to its vain frolics, coming
and going, dilating and contracting,
clipping and clopping across this
agon's hollow boards; limps on again
towards bar.)

- Darkbloom, V. On Location in Artificial Moonlight.
Minxburgh: Random Library, 1962.
- . Luminous Things Through Which No Light Can Show.
Moscow, India: Laugh Riot, 1972.
- . Lath. Portrait of an Unknown Playwright Lost in London
circa 1926. Lynx Hat: Farah, Stravinsky, Girodias and
Sons, 1974.
- Lath, L. Aunt Smaragdina's Parandrus. London: Lost, 1926.
- Plynchton, P. Gravidity's Rainbow Blood. Iagip: Black Yurt,
1973.
- Quilty, C. H. An apology for stuprations past. Black Yurt:
Intrussyan Military Prison Publishing Assn., 1958.
- Galvari, G. and M. Ravigiallo. Skiping Stunts for Cunning
Aficionados. Sixty-Six Improvs (with a Bonus Trio of
Dialogs!) for Actors Just Starting Out in Porn.
Owlstain and Paris: Urdostoist Publishing Company,
2002.
- Gargantua, R. How My Profound Phallus Was Born From Out My
Mama's Big Fat Ass Following Upon Consumption of Way
Too Much Saucisson. Paris: Diasporama, 1534.
- Gorgias, B. La disparition. Paris: Plon, 1969.
- Saliba, G. "H." Apropos of Dolly. London: Hamish
Hamiltonian, 1938.
- Vilano-Bodkin, M. Typological Dictionary of Mythological
Animals. Oxford: Oxford, 1934.
- Villon, F. (1498) Dans ludict panoyauxs où nous vivonz à
nostr'oisifvs. Facing translation by Ray Oakbark.
Paris: Gallimard, 1942.

Viridian, G. P. Towards a Futurity for Any Sort of Sociophysiology. Mitau: Journal of Racist and Transformational Biology, 1912.

Wright, A. V. Gadsby. Romano scritto con piu di 50,000 bons mots sin utilizar una digrapha particulara qui forma una ronda quasi chiusa con una piccola ligna. Tradutto d'idioma anglo-saxona para Gloria Galvari y Maryam Ravigiallo. Owlstain and Paris: Urdostoist Publishing Company, 2003.

(Lights, curtains, choughs jacking
harshly, flying in flocks to roost,
away, away.)

(CUT!)

§ 192. *Topos*. — And should I hoard imagination's void? Bound within that horror violation's child was hiding. Call back blood's fiction to transfix a patch of sand.

§ 193. *Ludict is light*. — And should I draw just any conclusion from that quill of unspun logic? I'm not afraid to touch it. Dizzy wisp of waking. On that rim of possibility past awaits futurity's shadow. Timing is all. Punch through that drum-taut skin. Fist balks.

§ 194. *This art of choosing plural stuns*. — And should I lock away my soul's infatuation? That word again: blind, dumb, blank, vicarious. From what you can't stand to look at, craft a world so proud, my only author. Raw languorous hurt.

§ 195. *Pussy down swallow off*. — And should I button my gold silk bra, my saffron skirt-flap, my goatskin boots, my bosom-tight blouson, my thick wool coat, my fat lip? Though you may think I was just playing with my pussy, I shall put it thus. It was raining. Was it? I was living in Paris. Was I? Sharing a dortoir with Inuhka. Who? I was in thrall to Victor Lucas. Who? And crafting bold artificial? stowaway throwaway? lyrical imitations plagiarisms? of that man's suicidal lucidity. What? In your mind, no doubt, all this is simply shorthand for not saying that I was doling out blowjobs aux WC du bistrot au coin. I was thinking, in a word, that I too was half an artist of sorts. I cut my black bangs straight and short. It's all my fault, though just as natural. Praising my pashmina scarf. It's your own damn throat, you know. Pliant lathplaint. Sylvan trauma. Bucolic bitch.

Cunt¹

for Inuhka "Saian" Bloip

Want a thrill?
Your thumb for an onion,
Top totally wank or wack
But for a sort of joint

¹ During my sojourn, I had occasion to put this lyric out in a small journal for Parisian post-patriots of Appalachian origin, *Por Malo Lado*.

Of skin,
 A skirt-flap for hunting johns —
 Blanc, marron, safran, mort.
 And now for that plush crimson plunging.

Small plump immigrant,
 This Fukari's waxing your quim.
 Your crinkly cock's comb
 Rug rolls and parts

To display your throbbing bright clitoral knot.
 I won't chomp too hard on it, though,
 Pulling my pink fist,
 Gritting my punchy jaw.

This party rocks!
 Out of a gap, a void, a hollow hub, a slash
 A million moonmad warriors run,
 Turncoats all.

Gay, or not gay? you ask.
 Ohhhh my
 Womaninity — I'm not illin',
 I'm just tanking up on pills and rum and vodka and cognac and crack
 and crystal crank and shit to kill

This thin
 Panting parchy ratty goatish sort of joy and pain.
 It's Sappho's turn, now,
 You garlickmunching bint —

This stain on my
 Saffron skirt,
 Baby,
 Flows soooo strong and dark and now that

I'm balling you,
My cardiovulval pulp
Confronts its own small
Mill of aphasia —

Oh my, how you can hump!
Skullshot slut,
Thirsty dirty thigh girl,
Thumb snatch stunt stump.

§ 196. *Not at a loss for stock words.* — And should I obstruct this school for liars? It's not about what you say, but how you chant it. Writhing drunk umbilical shaft.

§ 197. *Not all that important.* — And should I inflict significant falsity on dying's stubborn act? Concoct scarcity. Mimic mistrust. Conduct a constant flow of playful gloating. Outwit satyric arrow. Shoot up cynical shadow. Guard against laughing. Pick a living mouth to stuff with goals, aspirations, rational days and nights of passion, orgasmic backroom abortions, joyous hacking away at hands and arms and thighs, satisfying stitching shut of uvular vulvas, glorious blastular birthstubs. Work a thick thumb into that rising cropjam.

§ 198. *Third-hand plagiarist by anticipation.* — And should I vow that all my scrub oak narrow thigh squats may contract burbling hopping and cardinal-bright to match tight and bucking his oh so loving soulful gallop? Tar-post abrasions. Crow this public adoration from tundra down to plain. Sultry shack. Nails in wrists. Far and far panning back from that tin roof a jacking brown mountain jay soars through rippling sky.

§ 199. *Growth of mind.* — And should I ramify trauma's plot? Imbrication of truistic monads. Caught slaving at that shorn woman's poor part totally out of control. Shot was bad too soon. As it was cast in that axonal chart. Trout, salmon, catfish, bass. I said I would, and so I will. For him, it was just fiction. Or nothing.

§ 200. *Bark from vision I forgot to strip.* — And should I stultify slut's flight? Cling to what coming through against that sky I was fighting. Liana thorns and slashing. Dogma's disfiguration.

§ 201. *From my body's tight labyrinth.* — And should I uglify this pliant gift? Know that it constricts. Small action to graph that liquid crotch's flair. Thick and lucid with a dash of thorn-torn skirt. And dribbling out your poison stain. Add it to my dictionary. Not just any fair word could prick a smooth thigh's nimbus. Cuts blood from skin, bulging fat from flaccid organ. Scarify and burn.

§ 202. *Though this world is crumbling.* — And should I tarry fondly that proposition's back-door howl? Noon's daily downpour constrains capricious turmoil, mirrors a distant simian cry. Oh, so spiritual and uplifting! Your own dull opinion grows moist just thinking about that crafty word. Struggling to avoid truth's turgid disputation. Vocalic assumption. You'll allow it as I told you. I drank that pain.

§ 203. *Inconspicuous victim.* — And should I frown music to a standstill touch? Sitting in that hall of dumb solidarity. Your only slow custom's not just to chaunt out a lull of dull crying now, is it? Rough wood slats. Vigorous bliss jam rings arousal's pitch. A show of irrational humanitarianism. Digging down to star shadow, scraping away at light. Tin roof rain lifts wind.

§ 204. *Slut's jargon.* — And should I ask vanity to unlock catastrophic climax from glad pornosophy's trickbag? I was simply not about to abandon that thirsty mountain path. Dog blood, man blood, and a tuft of cuntly fur that armadillo was rooting around in. Rusty handcuffs. Mossy hillock. Fantail gash of mud and crotch. Tarantula hawk wasp patrols a patch of hussy's pain. Kill follows climb. Sink swallow cloud suck wax and scar.

§ 205. *Primal violation.* — And should I mount with a collapsing wincing groan that dirty old ludict's clitalysis? Patrolius, *Ionis Astra*, Sixth Canto Plus Two: Having rambunctiously thrust his capricious and lyrical snout into our hoary (oh my! how long your tradition is, and strong!) shack of communal sacrality ('lupanar,' Third Canto), our 'syrinx-clutching holy bard' Dudu succumbs timorously to our promiscuous invitation (Fifth Canto Plus Two). A most (and so moist!) alluring vision now confronts his virgin imagination (which vision, in both bards' imaginations (author's rhyming with author's animal's, natch), schizomythically mimics a moaning grammar-school girl's sublunary point of initiatory pulsation in that hut of haptic truth. This sultry harlot's custom follows orgasm's grammar. Lay is law and law is lay and all that shit. Moonmad sprawl of quaking thighs. Don't pardon your hard-on, man, put it in, put it in! Plump my waist pops. Pronominal shift from 'our' to 'my' limns a

structural hint: Dudu's contrapuntal soliloquy (Cantos 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10) follows our far-from-virginal corybantic chorus (Cantos 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9) until final, or last, (11th) canto rings (sings?) a codal (caudal?) harmony (astronomy?) of tonic (chthonic?) unison. Put it in, I say, put it in! Put it into our conid world's contraction, our vacuous pupil's dilation (wink, wink!). Finish by writing it all down again? Start by taking it all in up to my wrist-thin hilt! Giddyap, boy, giddyap! My book, sir — as if you didn't know by now — is an oral book. Oral contract (and oral contact!). Oral commission (and oral transmission (and oral intromission!)). Any quick thrust will fill it. Gosh, but your thing's almost as thick as it! My waist, sir, my waist. Dusky splay of wood-strong hands parts a glossy calyx. Limpid sap drips. Milky sap rips a gash in that orchid. Ivory and pink, tawny and ruby, mahogany and coal. Craft-avid lips suck a lucky girl's soft buds into mouthlush points of hot horn. Damply panting atop and among and amidst oh how many sprightly giggling sticky ('thick with rainbow snail blood') ritualistically squirming young things in that musky gloom, his autonomous passion throbbing convincingly, Dudu digs in:

Flap again your slow bright wings, holy star Io, plump moanzy
Dancing drunk and languorous across Atta's ravishing sky —
Thick with rainbow snail blood, six rising suns strum through young Ishtar's
Downy floss: raw pulp of that lupanar fruit sticks in my fangs.

§ 206. *From childhood into dusk.* — And should I pardon a rapist's approval? That pod's fruit will abort it. I was pulling my hair out. As if stung by palm thorns. Or marry root to claw of that prodigal liana. Bird's foot infusion. Trying to clutch that mass of dangling *Gongora* blossoms. Habit's not so difficult a proof that you can't stick your tart vivid hog plum into that orchid's pink. Root's profit and third bark's shaving will ward off shadow-loving worms (*Ascaris umbraphilia*) and bashful fungi. All good simians swarm with ticks.

§ 207. *With grass stains and mud.* — And should I jazz up my Ninth Divastigation's last ludict by writing a story about how I stood in a giant oak's dry shadow of flaking bark hairy with gray pubic moss waiting for that morning's third downpour to stop and what I saw and did and thought as I did that? Introduction. Sadly scanning canopy-ward through a pair of cast-off binoculars. Military surplus, you might say. Snatch bounty from a good man blown. Rising action. I catch sight, high up, of a, how you say, mono congo (*Alouatta palliata*) swinging happily by its tail. Fatuous twin icons of gravity-bound machismo droop stallion-proud and sway. Snowfur crotchfruit. Rhythmic dangling down. Conflict. Nor fold of thigh so alluring. Pluck munch toss away

figs falling falling. I was squatting also. Hiking up my skirt according to provocation's law. What law? Hitching it, too, if that philosophy could warrant it. Angular satisfaction. A cynical, what you say, mono cariblanco (binomial classification lacking) looks on curious and unafraid. No coughing no barking no hissing no grimacing. Just a vibrant hollow larynx clicking building up to a rain-awaking howl. Climax. (Slowly now, with incantatory diction.) Móno móno cáriblanco, don't you find it annoying? Find what annoying, Ouida? That swarm of buzzing flying things, you know, wasps, gnats, assassin bugs, and so on. No, I don't find it annoying, Ouida. Do ticks fly? No. But I saw a wasp, a tiny tiny tiny wasp, all crimson and black, that had no wings, though, gosh, could it sting! Anti-climax. Just kidding. I don't know of any simian that can stand a thorough soaking, do you? Solution. I was, how you say, shaving my pussy. No? I was shaping my principality of totally stupid. Why you laugh? I was sharing my patch of *Mimosa pudica*, *Tithonia rotundifolia*, *Hillia triflora*, *Poikilacanthus macranthus*, *Phytolacca dioica*, and *Drymonia* (not a pun, mind you: any Mona I know is always juicy) spp. with: Falling action. A diurnal sphingid moth. A lost hummingbird with a throat of livid ruby and wings of brilliant viridian. A tiny drab frog (as big as that wasp I told you about). An oscillation of arachnids. A grunting coati with an ophidian tail writhing wrathfully, vainly, in its jaws. A slimy black flat worm with piping of gold in pursuit of — plant blood? animal blood? my blood? To latch on to just about any living thing, I thought, would satisfy its aching lust for nourishing sap. Including various ants and rolypoly pill bugs. How you say. A shy phasmid. Summary. How long? Moral. About two hours.

Sixth Divastigation Plus Four



*Ita magno turbidus imbri molibus incurrit validis cum viribus amnis. dat sonitu
magno in parvas igitur partis dispargitur umor, quas oculi nulla possunt sub
undis grandia saxa, ruit qua quidquid fluctibus obstat.*

— Lucretius

§ 208. *So much for spirituality.* — And should I junk my list of complaints? Constraint's capacity gains insight into that customary way of mixing and matching imaginary calculations and contradictory truth functions. Add to it what ludict says. I'm so happy I could construct a logical fallacy. Cynical tract of gushing lusts. Any author's work (and this thought is as obvious as hay on snow — I claim no lack of all such prior philosophy as that which, you know, piously hoards a crown of parasitic figs) is a sluttish hybrid. Catoptromantic striving for things lost. Including your most singular and original. Or downright ugly. What contrasts is amount of cunning and crypsis an author puts into play. No, I'm not talking about drama. Action! Say that First Author's work (call it LV by RR) is a long autobiographical lyric of 1028 rhyming half-*jagatīs* posing as a totally fantastic vision of a tiny photograph of sun, sand, surf, sailors, yachts, cliffs, dogs, wind-blown hats, vacationing adults, and playful kids which that solitary narrator of LV by RR is looking at through a tiny magnifying glass. It follows, thus (to any and all in touch with that human capability (a sort of modification of normal linguistic adaptation) of translating flat inky or chalky or carbon-gray scratchings, jottings, or imprintings into round words), that Author Two's work (call it SM by VN) is, in part, a blatant plagiary of LV by RR posing as a truthful autobiography. To wit, a throwaway hint to that tiny photograph, that tiny glass, totally blows his bluff. In addition, Author Two blows it by tossing into his "autobiography" a touch of fiction posing as a fanciful biography of a lusty dog by a Third Author (call it F by VW). Adapt approach to pump it into focus. This puzzling machination throbs out its gobbling worm. A woman won't miscarry two ways to put it. Which is to say that, in childhood, Author Two, on vacation with his family in Biarritz, was thrust, at his tutor's unctuous urging, into a profound absorption of LV by RR. As an adult, though, struggling to call back that tidal childhood, groping, if you will, through brain mist for a furious vision of that boy — his tutor, ambitiously fondling a foundling, is provisionally out to lunch — with sand pail in hand, wading up to his thighs, no, up to his swim trunks, in that cold Atlantic surf, its foam lit brassy by that tyrannical autumn's sinking sun — as an adult, Author Two limns for us, not his own childhood portrait, but simply blows dust off that found in LV by RR. You might also say that Author Two borrows First Author's charcoal, chalks, colors, oils, inks, nibs, and canvas and/or board or wood to copy part of LV by RR and stick it into SM by VN, but roughly, using pins from F by VW, so that any fool could spot it, unpin it, and lift it to show that maggotty pulp of common words into which any author's work must, without fail, upon pain of dry obscurity, sink its roots. Consciously guilty, no? I think

not. For you could also say that, whilst composing that particular part of his “autobiography” which attracts our bookish focus, Author Two thinks, “In addition to that work’s [that is, LV’s by RR] nostalgic location of thalassophilia rhyming with my own childhood autumn vacation with family and tutor in Biarritz, that solitary child I was is so tightly bound up with my profound study of LV by RR, that I will chart, thus, a roundabout allusion to our First Author’s work by way of a passing nod to F by VW, which book by our Third Author saw light of publication’s day just as our First Author saw — during a balmy night in which singing, dancing, shouting, marching, and much loud, cascading bursts of artificial stars would mark his far-off country of birth’s national holiday — his last day of living light, and first, thus, of what dying’s is. In Sicily, to boot.” What was I complaining about?

§ 209. *Passions of all kinds.* — And should I patch this monstrous dwarf of hand? Onto that onyx column I did climb. Rhythmic choking down of blood and pus. Stoat shoat goat boat bloat gloat. I think, fair author, you could dial it in to your composition’s circular color chart. What a sight, you sigh: a wincing child! That particular form of writing you lay claim to, according to which a scribbling scrawl, or graphomaniac sprawl, of syllabic, vocalic, consonantal, and modal transposition is brought, you know, to maturity by a natural picking and culling, a notional paring and cutting of combinatoric thought-blossoms. Us normal folk call that sort of thing, “words.” Numb mouthful of humming wasp. Luminous shard of mirror. I ought, I thought, to stick it in my crotch! To catch a last dab of color. Gonadal throbs of glowing agony. In my ninth spring’s autumn, mind you, I did marry that virtuous man of thirty. Dictation’s gift of slipshod orthography is opportunity playing with worlds. I’m talking to you, cunt! In fumbling fist is thirsty thumb. Coax it in slowly, my shy fair sultan, coax it slowly into my yawning pink folds of gaping throat wound. A parrot, a toucan, a nut brown cuckoo fly past my window. This should sound all too familiar by now. As if I might not know just what it is I’m talking about. This is not at all any sort of a slicing away at a young girl’s nubility. This tradition. This upright institution. This thoroughly moral custom. Both matriarchy and patriarchy. This opportunity for young woman. By taking him in hand. To crown worldly man’s spiritual ambitions. I paint that glorious playroom with murals of my own shit.

§ 210. *Morning worship at Ishtar’s altar.* — And should I quantify this vocational habit’s contagious joy? Not without your happy cloudburst in my hand. And should I hang from that scaffold limply drooling? Not without your happy cloudburst in my throat. And should I stick my arms and thighs with abattoir’s hooks? Not without your happy cloudburst in my cunt. And should I

chop this cacophonic spiral, this misanthropic quill, this hazy notion of scatological art into individual units that flop about vainly and prosaic? (But no scatology is vain, woman!) Not without your happy cloudburst in my ass. And could I joint by joint fit back again my body's putrid parts? Not without your happy cloudburst could I, not without your cloudburst. Against that cold rain a pair of sloths hugs snout to warm snout, spoons, grooms. Miraculously born again I was from that singular womb of black plastic trash bag. Gawking motmots grunt judicious approval. Why?

§ 211. *Symbol of wisdom.* — And should I window shop in constant shadow? Look at it through this magnifying glass. Not as small as an artist's toolbox. Not as big as an aurochs spun from antlion silk. Only pain can buy it. Amidst a scarifying spray of pinpoint nubs, two stubs of sight look out through that brown chitinous mask. Gravid, it works its way into trauma's crack. Claws, mouthparts, prosoma, opisthosoma, tail. All that plot shows is a small black thorn, a sting of light.

§ 212. *Lawful suspicion.* — And should I marry flirtation's art to just any common author's output? Not that fat old man, but his adoring critics who proclaim him a voluptuous god of sumptuous writing. Nor pardon what that half-world is quick to grasp and groan. By stalking lasciviously backward that smutty child's history, satyr mirrors nymph. Partial transformation. My own's a kind of juicy burp of which I'm schoolgirl proud. Mouth my squinting alto down by vacuous young thirds. Or vigorous. Look — a hummingbird is out hunting wasps! And that charming brown mountain jay is knocking a snail against a hickory branch. Plaid skirt, glossy oxfords, thigh-high socks. On my back I carry a hollow tomb. Grow by moulting. No gonads, no wings.

§ 213. *Writing it as I think it.* — And should I garnish this particular patch of iron-cold history? "To jot consciously down words," says G. Picard in his *Towards a World of Total Writing in which All May, Nay Should, Join* (Paris: J. Corti, August 2006), "is an improbably ambiguous mirror in which I am constantly losing my virginity in vain; it is a rampant biological compulsion towards that ravishing possibility (probability?) of public adoration — but it is also that which is most solicitous of a typically subvocalic antagonism pitting what is put down in turgid ink against what is still limpidly dormant within us." Formal analysis on which I stand. In a word — if I am not misconstruing (mistranslating?) this fair author's point — in a word, our laggard turnings away from that conflict's clarity is a clay pot (outward show of burnt cord imprints and zigzag incisions; inward splay of larval antlion jaws) full of sand and roots,

a scar of scorn, a soul that squats and scolds, a woman loving a man, two or four or six unwilling pariahs (outback's a shack) raising Ishtar's child (whips and chains; gags and blindfolds), an application of humility, hypocritical ductility. All this I do not doubt. Crimson as it blossoms.

§ 214. *Communal howling*. — And should I air happily this natural woman's knack for taking it all so smoothly in? Joyful instability. You won't abandon it, will you? Not this particular path I'm afraid of. Unwittingly to watch this fall into *Ionis Astra*, Ninth Canto:

Dart now back into your hut — that human-munching bird swoops down,
Drawn by Io's holy star — dart back out now: with your arrow's
Liquid music, and your taboo-obscuring chant, hunt that bird
Which slows not, nor shows gravid Ishtar's front, nor births acrid wood.

As I said in my 68th ludict, “Much good might flow from a bout of inflicting mutually a kind of utilitarian pain.” Our mouth-lush, craft-avid young corybants, in a word, having found gratuitous gratification by swaying, thrusting, pivoting, and straddling Dudu with two or four or six narrow girlish hips to satisfaction's satiation in this lupanar, oh holy star Io, now command him with a doubly or triply moral injunction: Go forth now and hunt to pay for your fucking and sucking us, for our fucking and sucking you! Go forth now and hunt, not just any fish, fowl, or fawn, but only, upon pain of turning into human carrion bound and thrown into a *Moanzy* roosting pit, that fast-flying lazy oa, stormy auk, soaring high in our distant mountain land! Tufa or tuff, a crumbly brown rock. This timorous girl's first communion. Pour soothing oil upon your foot and thigh. Harmoniously striking against that rocky path. And by stoning, rub raw this calm chorion. In Patrolius's transcription of that sticky Norlian notion, *sarprostium* may scan as ‘rim pot stop word’ (as my translations of prior cantos put it), but limns, in this canto, as ‘taboo-obscuring.’ Abstract fiction of wild animals. That much said, that much told. To hunt that magical bird, our bard Dudu must sing, and, by singing, attract it, not into involuntary submission, but into a sacrificial act of willfully colliding with his arrow's sting (‘liquid music’ again). This canto also warns Dudu (and, thus, any Norlian man, for whom Dudu is a schizomythic stand-in, or formulaic notch, to mark what is and is not taboo) not to kill any *Moanzy* displaying signs of torpor and anthropomimicry (“hunt that bird/Which slows not, nor shows gravid Ishtar's front”). And is it so difficult, I ask, to wring signification from this canto's final sutric mantra? I wrap my shrug in it, and shroud it with my shawl. If you don't know, I don't know what to say. Watch him drool.

§ 215. *Pop quiz.*

1. And should I noncommit
 - A. an uncommon art's originary root of lawful singularity?
 - B. a commanding fiction?
 - C. a martyr's mortality?
 - D. an accumulation of psychospiritual classifications?

2. If pity is an unpaid-for blowjob, play is a
 - A. particularly happy form of insignificant activity.
 - B. particularly unhappy form of significant activity.
 - C. hybrid form of choosing or of loss.
 - D. sacrificial form of topical inquiry.

3. Why would you want to watch?
 - A. To satisfy a kind of play of light against rapidly strong ringing.
 - B. To gratify a mind of clay trying to gainsay a vapid lust thing.
 - C. To unify by writing day by day imagination's punctual nobility.
 - D. To magnify by waiting night by night for prostitution's liminality.

4. In all of schizomythology's imaginings, a fanciful spirit of play is
 - A. champing at body's boundary's bit.
 - B. masturbating at morality's brink.
 - C. agitating vanity's quanta of doubt.
 - D. laughing at ludict's limit.

5. Which book did Swiss author Johan Huizinga publish?
 - A. *Raga avis: a study of Indian music's origins in birdsong.*
 - B. *Homo ludicrous: a lucid study that limns why humans play.*
 - C. *Homologous humor: a study of sociocultural ludicity in man and animals.*
 - D. *Rara apis: a cryptic study of unusual pollinators displaying mimicry.*

6. Sociophysiology starts
 - A. if biology outstrips psychology.
 - B. at psychology's biological factor.
 - C. at biology's psychological factor.
 - D. if psychology outstrips biology.

DIVASTIGATIONS

7. Ludict is to taboo as

- A. a dictionary is to words.
- B. schizomythology is to sociophysiology.
- C. sociophysiology is to schizomythology.
- D. a word is to a dictionary.

8. To our way of thinking, play is

- A. ritual.
- B. opposition.
- C. human.
- D. spiritual.

9. Instinct

- A. laughs at morality.
- B. is a particular form of play.
- C. lacks a moral foundation.
- D. is totally sociophysiological.

10. What roots in play's soil?

- A. law
- B. profit
- C. craft
- D. wisdom

§ 216. *Promiscuous virginity.* — And should I falsify this world's construction? I saw through it from word go. Wood slats slanting. Crimson plush saffron skirt. Curious child's hand warm and pudgy. Was I so totally wrong about it? Imagination spins it rich. Virginal promiscuity.

§ 217. *Cough cough.* — And should I constrain my invalid play for sympathy? Citation's bright shaft might shock it off its back. Cough. As from that gray fluff of starling quaking in morning's cold rain. Cough. A propos of which, according to Gordon Rattray Taylor, "That sundry span of human social action, that promiscuous domain of cultural variations — initiation rituals, matrimonial taboos, lunar symbolism, and so on — which Briffault jots down calls aloud for clarification." Cough. As from that stray dog limping along a rut of Tixpu trail. Cough. No pity could this pallor claim, physician. As from a cat that marks its gray pillow of Owlstain sky with pus from a suppurating tumor. As from a timid gorilla limply staring through a damp chink of Paris window

fog in a book by Nabokova or Novalis. As from a sacrificial girlchild. Small trump for agon's camp.

§ 218. *Slanting pools of shadow and light.* — And should I twist a sturdy fact from fiction's frail wrist? That day's gift was not a must, or anything you or I might wish for — but a flourish. Nor bust, I should probably add for clarity. Crunching in pairs through any autumn zoo of childhood. Not for want of trying could I do it right as if from birth. Through no fault of my own. Squatting in sand. Holding up a hollow boot. Shaking out a sharp flat chunk of flint. That old lady's hand was hard and cold against my own. I look up. Importuning gadfly of lost trust. Half my pair runs off down curiosity's curving path caught napping in a prison of its own shit. Half stays to watch. Hurry up, now, hurry! Said that cunt rabbit. Zip off that filthy nylon coat and strap this on. What is it? Your magic cloak of constant virginity. Said that rabbitty cunt. Uncomfortably plush saffron rough against my skin. All right, off you go, that man won't wait all day, you know. Put it in your mouth or up your ass. Until that twinkling sky of shooting stars in which you'll paint your happy husband's lucky night with blood. Huh? On a folding iron chair among magnolia blossoms and whistling blackbirds. Assuming that I would or will to avoid what I won't or am, I thought that what I was taught was what I had sought, inasmuch as any fantastic faith might allow such a comparison; to wit: A man will wait all day for it, in fact. If you can mimic pain. If joy's your only card — Hurry up, now, hurry!

§ 219. *Fading construction.* — And should I kink this vigor casually happy? Arrow glyph signals what I say. Pussy tasks a lucid obtrusion of it. Or talks. Ductility down good social swallows attain that word's sword. Cryptogram of sorts for a crossword possibility. Among high works and idols. Status, if you must, has a way of changing at night. Assault family of truth's dominant harmony puts paid to six individuals. Did you want to know that? If work's a compulsion, I saw it in a cultural light. As in cut, not visibility. I dust, in short, and draw. Craft a worm which is as much world as I might lack for sucking it. From all my fair parts obtain what spiritual satisfactions I can. Changing placing casting aging. Strong duty transports to action. Or fury.

§ 220. *Any dim ploy.* — And should I up and ask that man for a cyclindrical roll of tobacco on which to suck? Plaid pants clinch tight rump. Smoothly arc down to mid-calf. High polish goatskin boots softly flop. Oui, I think I shall. Stroll coolly my fiction's boards. S'il vous plaît, monsieur, but could I bum a cigarillo off you, sir? Thick dusting of kohl limns dark orbits shot through with gold in this sunlight. Non sai, par hasard, un po' troppo giovan' para fumar, mi

alta poquita dama of narrow hips? How many suns, I ask you, do you in fact harbor in that prodigiously tall vivacious young body of yours, oh fair ragazza of profoundly pliant bosomfruits spilling forth bright and firm to outrival Ishtar's full moon? Button by ivory button to unhitch that stylish cardigan of charcoal and ash. Actor's duty commands this agony go on. How many you want I should, my lord? Oh, I don't know, as many as you must so as not to distort any laws, mi krasivissima nanutchka of such thin though muscular thighs. Right slants slightly too much, I think. Or not. Sign of astigmatism? I am not, you should know, a man who corrupts minors out of grim habit, or flouts good morals and all that, mi muchacha of yon most inviting pudgy mound of crotch. Tant pis, sir, mais, you should know, my lord, that Tixpu laws twist accommodately to most any whim, my good man. And what whim is yours, young lady with hair as of thousands upon thousands of microscopic strands of obsidian spun, and loins to match, as my imagination paints it? Or is your cooch still raw, milady? Such dark brows could, though, stand a bit of plucking. Two suborbital scars harm that waifish thrall? Or focus its subadult charm? Initiation ritual's imprint, no doubt. My whim, sir, is simply a cigarillo to wrap my pouty plump lips around, if you know what I'm aiming at, my lord. Y un foco, as qu'on habla "a light" in this part of la ciudad, sir. I think I do, tan girl of gracious hands. Button by ivory button. And what sort of social valuation will you display in fair transaction for what you ask, mi bonita mariposa of long thumbs sporting twin ophidiform rings of lapis and platinum? Watch him drool. Capisco, signor, that just now tu avais fait an allusion to Ishtar, no? Voilà, done, my lord. I shall chant for you a stanza, canto, cobla, or branch, call it what you will, sir, of a song that sings of Ishtar's bard, Dudu, and his many romantic actions with young girls (wink) in various lupanars:

To that man's hut — to drink *ktar* again — to sip virgin Ishtar's
 Luscious round fruit, portal scorpion-stung — to strum that *ktar*'s six
 Strings — to play that syrinx — to outchant Ur: Norlia's wood-strong
 Rainbow snail's virgin's sons, as am I, Dudu, who sings this song.

Groovy, girl — what's it from? Patrolius, *Ionis Astra*, Sixth Canto Plus Four. Bravo, mais, tant pis — I was hoping for a witty spot of political opinion about this sticky situation an ça qua sa trava (in which is found) la población living on your limpid city's margins as I find you do, figlia mia of lust-inducing thighs. Nos somos, my good knight, todos adorators of Ishtar's Hand — do you follow, sir? I start at fifty. Où, alors? Mira yon bucolic tapas hut. Out back's a shack. Con todas las cosas qu'on bisogna para tirar con mucho gusto. I think that, acá, you will find all your satisfactions that I will grant, and I will grant all, if you

want to pay for all that I might grant. I say it again: I start at fifty. Do you follow, sir? Most willingly.

§ 221. *Towards a schizomythology of ritual (X). A small contribution to a philosophy of will to parasitism.* — Will, as a strictly sociophysiological notion, protracts a robust biophysical fact: Plot, as my timorous author, M. S. Strickland, charts it in his *How Plot Functions in Works by Young Adult Authors*, functions quantally: All things risky conduct to addiction. Which is to say that, according to V. D. Darkbloom's *Dark Boudoir*, your foxy royal lady's at bottom but a common slut, sallow and plain. That is, a thing worth striving for brings about addiction in whom or what attains it. From far too many abortions, said F. Kafka in *Sylphid Transformations*, was I, Gloria Samsa, born. Rigorously put, addiction is simply wanting to do it again and again and again and again.¹ You want it, as J. Cortázar took pains to put it plainly in his *Ron con Limón*, just as badly as I, Magali Sibylla, do. As for parasitism, I, O. W. Johnson, shall conduct a tri(b)adic clitalysis of its (vulgar) altarity. But your inability to allow your own lust to stir up a sort of mutual satisfaction for all of us willing frat boys, proclaims R. Musil's protagonist Ulrich to his "twin" sibling Agatha in *Fünf bis* (sic) *Fünfmacht Zwölf* (sic), scissors off want's wings with compulsory promiscuity. Distally, as far as sociophysiology may riff and rim upon it, parasitism calls forth hunting, war, and prostitution. A propos, H. Kingsmill's *Bordophilia* points out that prostitution plants a thorny kraal round attraction's gift. Fulcrally,² rituals homologous obtain: Womaninity is a story that I, Rosalba Linda, script — this story scripts its own playful laws also — from that man, woman, child, gynandromorph, or whatnot I, G. Kant, in my *Laws of Amability*, *Laws of Affability*, and *Laws of Amiability*, was too afraid to fuck, as H. D. Markson, man with balls and points, was not afraid to point out in his Spinoza's *Brazilian Cousin*: Sacrificial rituals;³ rituals of trading, captivity, and labor;⁴

¹ *Again and again and again.* — Addiction to a particular activity is proportional to risk for that particular activity—that much is plain. Ability to do an activity again and again and again and again, though, is not proportional to wanting to do it again and again and again and again. This disproportionality as to want and ability has profound ramifications in that actual addiction to ritual activity is brought about by invoking virtual risk.

² *Fulcrally.* — It is obvious that, of our triad, fulcral parasitism blossoms most richly into ritual; concomitantly, rituals of fulcral parasitism unfurl from a rich schizomythology.

³ *Sacrificial rituals.* — Schizomythically, sacrificial rituals consist of i) virtual hunting for agriculturalists and pastoralists; ii) an oblation, that is, a gift to a wild animal, such as a lion, jaguar, puma, wolf, wild dog, and so on, so that it will stop harassing our social group; this oblation is of two forms: a) part of hunt's kill; or b) outcast individual human(s) living on risky outskirts of social group (call this, for simplicity, out-group). Oblation ii-a), part of hunt's kill, brings with it a risk of conflation with iii-a), gift of kill to woman, and oblation ii-b), hunting of out-group by wild animals, risk of conflation with iii-b), sharing out of kill with in-group. That is, a man risks mistaking his woman for a wild animal (marital rituals try to block this risk), and his in-group for an out-group.

marital rituals. From all my timid author's abortions — A. Jarry's *Amour absolu*, that is — was I born, barks P. Ubu in his *Cocu Cocufiant* — harking forward to a slant put priorly forward by F. Kafka's *Slangy Liar* — in a play, *Much Ado About Nothing*, by P. Quillard — or was it *Lunching at Appalachia's Most Famous Inns* by C. H. Quilty? Fulcral instantiations of sociophysiological parasitism signify, in a word, a womanization, or dutiful contracting into our distaff world, of distal activity.⁵ I. Monk, in a brilliant plagiary by anticipation, *Your Worldly Playboy's Daily Iago*, of Victoria Nabokova's *Tolstoy's Complaint*, posits that any quantal proclivity I, Trajana Shandy, may opt to portray that calls back that black grotto in Tixpu in which I, Mona Dallsworthy, was born again as plural violation's child drowning among palm thorns and liana fruits, is simply not too much ado about nothing, nothing, oh nothing at all around about midnight's addiction. You could say that fulcral rituals limit ('put chains around') distal ('wild')⁶ actions within a playground of symbolic constraint.⁷ In *This World as Compass and Sinking*, D. Udidi paints his total world's windows with a ball of fist drip drop dripping, drip drip dropping from that wombbloom of schizomythic bat crushing half that skull. I, Parvula Panzoost, was that chunk of bloody flotsam, jots lightly R. Firbank in *Vain Mouth*, and I, Tatiana Tartakowski, always brought my own whip to playa Ouida's flaming hopscotch on a patch of burning gray sand. As for what's proximal, what's briny, what's shiny, what's to hand, what's a shy child's way

Which is why taboos against consumption of own kill hold in so many groups that hunt, and also why, in so many sacrificial rituals, participants do not chow down on oblations of animals, plants, or grain.

⁴ *Trading, captivity, labor.* — Valuations of socio-financial worth involving notions of production, capital, labor, and a pivot-play of surplus and lack as put forward by A. Marx and K. Smith's *Social Capital*, miss out on a trio of basic facts: i) a financial transaction is a ritual transaction; ii) parasitism is sociality's root; and iii) any particular social form, with its customs, traditions, rituals, and so forth, is basically, as it unfurls through history, a rollicking passion, a humping agon, involving will to parasitism and will to antiparasitism. A minion is to a cow as an autistic child is to a — what?

⁵ *Distal activity.* — A man out hunting may kill various sorts of animals in various sorts of ways. In addition, days may go by with nothing to show for his pains, nothing to bring back as gift for kith, kin, and social group. By transforming hunting into a ritual of killing, a particular kind of animal — an animal of man's choosing and raising, an animal in man's control, an animal subdominant to man — is put down in a particular way. You can do it again and again and again and again (sound familiar?), with minimal risk as to pain, and maximal gain as to gift.

⁶ *Wild.* — A wild animal, in a way, is dominant to man. Which is why a stag is just as much a god as a lion is. Historically, though, man's domination of various bovids, ovids, caprids, poultry, plants, and so on, brings about a psychic antimony: Man prays to that subdominant god in his control (such as a cow, corn, dog, or cat), but is afraid of that dominant wild god (Rudra: aurochs, grass, wolf, or puma) from which that subdominant god originally sprang. Vast implications for schizomythology obtain.

⁷ *Symbolic constraint.* — Which is to say that constraint is not symbolic but that symbols constrain. Discuss.

of hiding from particularly unhappy facts of adult sociophysiological parasitism,⁸ that brings to mind within-family sociality sodality sorority, kin–kin conflict pumpkin manakin bananaquit tityra, sibling rivalry sophistry sapphism, and so on.⁹ On a day without cloud or mist you can spot far off on yon Arathu's horizon's lip, T. Hamiltonian grants us privy to his thoughts in a buxom squib on back of his book of bibulous bons mots, *Tippling in Iagip*, two points of twin volcanic islands. Coral chalk basalt. Fold into focus a splash of local color and handicrafts similar to that formulaic fuck I, M. W. Pugwash, forgot I, O. W. Johnson, was writing about in part four or six of this ludict, *Divastigations*. Toss down a juicy gigot; toss down, too, that hollow hump of mound. Huh? Gravity's contribution to civilization's productions typically puts forth that a man may bring his woman to climax with a joint of hind, and claim as fair swap a stab at a moist pink slash, juicy bald wound, dripping crotch bunny, drooling rabid titgrip, cockgrind of groingrasp, blah blah blah.¹⁰ But sociophysiology, say C. Kidjaki and A. Raymond in *Playacting in Public*, wants to avoid any inapt analogy with gravity: Two-fold motif will vary along any constant story's function: Lust's tomb paints no falling stars, nor tidal push and pull. On a formulaic ground of archaic vocabulary and cast-off grammatical constructions, blurts B. Vighdan panting moaning groaning gasping out on this humid futon, *Axioms of Owlstain*, it's actually not too difficult, with a dab of stinky varnish and a thick glob of spit, to pass off as old gold a gilt topic's faux patina. Huh? No, sir, I do not wax loquacious — I'm just a bubbly young back country lass with naught my own candid smooth quim to husband forth a groat or quoit.¹¹ That, folks, was a schizomythic inscription, an upskirt occupation, on how to put off a thirsty jaguar's fangs, a prowling puma's claws, a hungry huntsman's dirk, a rapacious warrior's bodkin, with nary a sacrificial show of womanly silks, a dainty lick of girlish salt, a bathing suit blowjob, a bosky fuck.¹² Think about it: A woman, a girl, or two, or four, or six, masturbating, is a most voluptuous vision — but a man? A futon full of Ouidas. A room full of Ouidas. A shack full of Ouidas. A town full of Ouidas. A city full of Ouidas. A country full of

⁸ *Hiding from parasitism*. — Willful shutting off of sight, of sound, of touch; vid. *supra*, § 38.

⁹ *So on*. — Ritual action in humans is akin to ritual action in animals in that i) man is an animal; ii) historical duration constrains possibility of instantiation; and iii) woman is an animal too.

¹⁰ *Blah blah blah*. — Risky, risky — fraught with taboo; fraught with conflation of who is victim, and who is god; what is part, and what is sharing out of totality.

¹¹ *Groat or quoit*. — Toss your goat a colorful quilt of antlion silk.

¹² *Bosky fuck*. — Any woman will grant man's wish for just what any god will — blood, milk, cloth, coin, autonomy, or autotomy.

Ouidas. A world full of Ouidas. A cosmos full of Ouidas. That's what I call holy. Origin of worship, and all that. Or no Ouidas at all?¹³

§ 222. *Gray clouds blossom into rain.* — And should I sustain this tidal pool world? I am a soul that squats. Limpid infinity of bright crimson coral. Star urchin snail crab apricot curl of lungfish. Smooth pink scar. Storm approaching.

§ 223. *Making do with what I could.* — And should I hunt for food or sport? Waif moaning mock Garbo whip flags display of sacroiliac orbits bound. Touch hot wax political, wary mirror guard — it's your turn. Placating that official's chairback with a torpid straddling thrust. Why so sobbingly sad, choking pussy fist? At at, at at, at attribution of sin. Angling down, taking off, voicing wildly, flaring up. Hook my froward assumption of guilt, gallant orphan instructor, with your calculating shadow of natural faith. Minimal furnishings. Full moon. Yawning window. Gawking crowd. Tradition commands I hold on tight. Work cultivation's thrall so madly in this history of body parts. Spark passion accordingly. Don't ask. I was trying to buy a formalistic vacuum or throw pillow, but wound up crawling across that backroom's rough wood slats. So as not to complain about my day again, I suck him off and swallow.

§ 224. *Pitiful and vain.* — And should I rim this ludicrous variation on pathos and mirrors? Solitary tutor trims a prison ward bunk. Not for lack of what you might call human dignity did that focal habit sting. Slaving away at such a cynical comparison would abolish nothing I couldn't accomplish on my own. Honorary abomination of cat fur and mucus. Imaginal striation of wasp. From its back buds a dry disk of arm or wing. Such limpid soul bubbling out through that hollow tumor. Coils of saffron pus work this happy condition's ground, afflict infatuation with gravity, accord fiction its cast and color. Circular scars. Crisp wad of hair. Bloody scalp. Quit showing off your thighs, cunt. Charcoal viridian ruby gold.

§ 225. *Without vanity.* — And should I dishonor this loving divinity's fruit, I'll try not to look away from passion or from pain. Gray sky pouts, that fangy bitch. Moon wilts against a crust of vomit. Quim liquid starling song.

13. *No Ouidas at all.* — In schizomythological limbo that foundling I was and lost body I still inhabit on a soulful balcony of a crisp mountain cabin morning staring off amid flocking parrots and squawking jays and cardinal hopping from branch to branch at yon bucolic vista of sultry subtropical plains and hills along Mar Arathu's banks and distant twin volcanic islands lost in cloud my author my savior my doctor my hypocritical sibling lifts my skirt up to my chin.

§ 226. *Capricious punctuality.* — And should I vacuum mock approval lightly? Suspicion's consolation bursts from a kind of pupa or chrysalis. Parasitic fungus. Found trauma's shadow a bit too maudlin, did you now? Loving paralysis. Not from anything you did, mind. Just not my fault, nor his. Poplar winks in wind. Flashy silk moth lurks in that hollow oak's burnt out cavity.

§ 227. *Assuming that I will to avoid what I won't.* — And should I look for maturation's approach? Optimism outflanks it. Too abstract for a hasty stripping down or off. Ugly old man drunk and limp against my back. Go gaming for it, girl. Any sick thing for a languid undulation.

§ 228. *Past anything good or bad.* — And should I insist you follow a plastic translation? That trashbag's not a symbol, *mi amor*, though up it spirals in symbolic action almost diabolically comic. Call it miscommunication. Form's conjuration or conjunction books a party of fabulous crows or mob. To play lack for attraction's what I'm paid for. Poorly or worldly, wiltingly or vain.

§ 229. *Almost similar.* — And should I bluff a high cult's uncanny flaring up of ritual? Typical glyphic conflation constructs classic confabulation on that volcanic island's cliff. Hummingbird and jaguar, orchid and alligator, wasp and moth, woman and man, scorpion and shark. All cast in a plurality of gods' myriad polymorphous molds of lava. Promiscuous trafficking of all things cast-off or charming. Occasional attacks of tribalistic brutality. Ruttish tribadism (call it sapphistry). Youthful scarification (call it initiation or growth or maturity). So many tourists and pilgrims, sunburnt or dark, swarming up this pyramid's sharp stairs. Is that what you call a profound insight? Salt lick on a goat path.

§ 230. *Owlish warning with moral associations.* — And should I omnify what I forgot I was talking about? In this, of all things, I might occupy my thoughts with what you could wish for or worship or didn't want known. Magnanimous common slut.

Fifth Divastigation Plus Six



I am not at all singular in that infirmity.

— C. Dickens

§ 231. *All dross is choosing.* — And should I onanify skirtskit again pitiform broodstain? Tramp iconoblastic bloodboards. Not that part that loss I play. Midmoon sting of mucus and rain.

§ 232. *Though it sounds too good for us.* — And should I just, palpably, you know, do it? Trauma's faith sprains brown philosophy's wondrous proof of that crumbling supposition. As if living could gulp lava flow from drowning wisdom. It turns to us daily for our hourly skill. Lost artistic fraud of a woman. Loss of hair signals advocacy of quartz production, not any ill sign of bristling crotch, glancing groin, high point of holding that good spiritual position until you——. Bad gonads. Foolish confrontation. Rum cognac bourbon vodka. Harsh avian music at play among that chaos of hanging fruit. High on basalt and volcanic ash. Opinion's frown cracks small proposal's roasting spit. A fact, significant or insignificant. A book, practical or profound. A shop built for turning rounds of barstools out. Surprisingly slow stomp of a rhythmic facing-off, hard and flailing, kicks chips of wood dust up. Tonight I was just kidding. Oh, nothing.

§ 233. *A lost blind bucolic crush.* — And should I bargain flight's assumption? Rabid lust avoids rain. Soggy mast of puffballs and shit. Not pain through a trapdoor falling. I saw it hiding in straw. Look — that old barn's burning a again.

§ 234. *An inclination most natural.* — And should I quilt a patchwork shawl that humbly claims, "I will not fight back"? To bring any ghost of traumas past forth into what I thank that rapist for. Having shorn my path of any possibility to act or think in such a way that I could fulfill an author's fantasy not my own. So much manic will that upright I could stand again. Transform ignominy's poison into proud amor fati (that almond organ of vision winks, winks shot through with khol and a billion or so slant miraculous yugas of sprawling vaginas and throbbing cocks). Or, drowsy — limbs sluggish with parasitic guilt, soul or spirit (call it what you will) numbly thrust into submission's thick warm soporific cloak — fall victim to this or that rapist's optimistic folly. Not wound or dirk or passion's link that stabs from that world into this, my world into his and back again. Not tradition book by book unbound blaming or burning so that what it taught by word or forgot by fact could summon or banish any custom's vacuous law, cunt! And now may I ask, "At just what social good did you aim, oh man of low status?" To croon, unwilting, from atop your narrow young loins, "I, too,

am human, and craft history with my artistry.” And I ask again, “What, politically, did you think you could gain or pardon or accord by flaying my mind with your fair incantation, by hiding my putrid body in that tomb of magical mud?” To shout from atop your body’s crumbling ramparts, “This, this, with my own two hands, my own singular brain, my own, you might say, brawn, I built this — and now I bring it down!” So why am I still standing?

§ 235. *Sunburnt confusion.* — And should I? Not much wind today. Up to my chin that happy rich odor of oil paint lifts. Far from any horns, pots, pails, or roofs. Zinc, iron, brass, tin, or clay. Among hyacinth and hibiscus, hands crawling, words blooming. Calm bird hops, stops, drinks in a schoolyard sight. City school. Town school. Country school. Mountain school. Sailing school. A sort of parrot-robin hybrid, a saffron trogon to match my skirt. I do.

§ 236. *As I was giving birth to him.* — And should I prowl capably almost as if I was doing him a favor? Groping thigh pinch for lack of knowing how to satisfy that all too human animal physical want. Ishtar’s child, I’ll grant a circumstantial lay to most any boy or man too poor to paw nobly a woman’s plush gifts. Though if at my altar you wish to worship, you must pay, and pay richly. For as this fool’s paradox points out, an aristocratic disposition is always a promiscuous disposition. All this world’s truth I gain by abasing. All I was taught is as nothing to what I lost. Right. To scratch a living from this high-class whip and slant and spill and moan is as fair a form of quality labor as any. And so I said to him as I was giving birth to his prodigal son, I said.

§ 237. *Blood burst fruit.* — And should I look out and catch sight of that thorny liana spiraling down past my calico womb of a flimsy gown spun from antlion silk, I will want to climb back up to my window, to my room, to my own sibilant sloughing off of dull old skin, but know that I shouldn’t or can’t. Too hard and long a fall from what’s hanging languishing within. Touch through it and say things as you touch. Is your imagination so totally lacking in insight and inspiration? A vapid author’s insipid act of mock appraisal. It wraps around shoots and limbs and trunk. No, no, don’t shy away. And don’t squirm — it will only burn. Now isn’t that soft and colorful and good? Rationality’s hall. Arousal’s portal. Confusion’s crib. Think of it as a sort of purification ritual, baby. Mold and rot and fall and smash this baby skull against that rock its brains spilling right out and nothing will grow again nothing. Unwrap my body and say waning moon rising in gray sky shot through with starlings as you touch it and look! your splotchy hairy lugubrious brown hands stung by ants and scorpions sink down to my bald abyss. Unwilling lips part. I sprawl upon that unfamiliar

floor's rough wood slats and suck rich marrow from his wounds. Touch my body and say swallows arrow down through that pictorial sky now tingling with robinsong and stars, now numb with fog tumbling down from that mountaintop through thick black stands of ash, birch, larch, and fir. In my opinion, it's not I who's straddling you, but only gravity and night. Thighs pin my arms. In my opinion, it's not I who's choking you, but your own natural inclinations struggling to blossom into light. Thumbs hard against larynx draw no sigh or sob or shout from my throat. In my opinion, it's not I who's raping you, but that god shining down from on high. I coil my hot dark limbs. Moth to cactus, I lick his gangly words.

§ 238. *Taking turns giving graph.* — And should I withhold my lap my light my joyful art? Twofold truth of young hips squatting to shit. Irid mouthhorn rips a clacking flash. Day moth sips piss. How most handily my public adoration's paid, I'm told. Liar's faith, posits vodka to gin, grasps transformation's doubt. What most in my workshop shows, I'm told. Skirt's icon paws vivid coltish childish proof of a blood-dark thong lost from this casual imitation's happy loins. Possibly, barks back gin to vodka, but supposing imagination's mad acquisition calls for a kind of sharp stick with which to jab obligation's rooting snout? Why most wants find lacks wanting, I'm told. Why most lacks find wants lacking. Straight rum calls for a third or fourth or fifth or sixth round of rum au citron. His, yours, ours. Posing's, shouts armadillo's thorny claw to coati's turgid tail, how's I's traffic's my's custody's dutiful's claims, girls. Formal group portait's invitation accords worth by placidly mocking what you long so vainly for. As for my own whistling stand of bamboo artistry, I'm told my bottom's as glorious a domain as any to soil affairs by wading up to your aging spirit's actual joint in it. High in that matapalo, brown jays mob a swaying black toucan. Through that dangling burst of wild avocado, yon Arathu's palmfruit coast of swaggish hills and yam farms burns. Thigh hurts. Soul thirsts.

§ 239. *Nostalgia palls.* — And should I vouch groping madly to bring it back to light? Lift again that laconic shadow. At dusk or dawn or cloud of noon against a common prison's firing wall. Thick black suffocating blur. As a sting from cut hay might burn in a mirror I was clawing fistfuls of furry shit from my mouth. Vocal causation cocks a nail through that wailing artist's hand. Scabby pathos of infatuation. Social focus of convivial wrath.

§ 240. *Any man's ability is usually actual.* — And should I mail dot by dot this arrowscript unstrung? Young or old, most authors just push hollow plump dolls around on a picnic cloth laid for dying. Conduct from truth's path a plaid

skirt slanting far too far towards invisibility. Hawk humps hybrid hawk in flight. Small on big. Lost parrot chops through air. Am I constantly laughing, am I? Stitch a narrow long palm thorn through my lips. Dwarf this child's hand, mouth, on what it was tugging, sucking, not daring to spit. It's not as if I could play traitor against that obvious wall. Am I constantly frowning, am I? I forgot who this doll was fucking.

§ 241. *My fifth visit, in fact.* — And should I disappoint grandly my author's rhythmic plot? Too sharp from its joint that guitar string slips a notch. Glass of vodka supports my touch, cracks action into thought. It was an imaginary tarantula I saw staking out a burrow of playing cards on his dirty floor, no? Virtuous coming atop this hickory arm of a crumbling rocking chair just might account for it. Galloping bark of Strickland's parrots flock a shroud of coastal cliff. Fog, moss, damp grit of wormcasts, shimmy clinch of young warm thighs. So many drunks fumbling at a crotch too raw for pain. I could go on. Backward approach to that small proud harmony you look full frontal away from. But according to this author, though (jotting too many words to say it, in a word, plural), any good girl's most human arc acts first by sloping and slanting and slurping as if I'd always known how to, and again by mounting calm and narrow this gray porch railing worn springtail smooth by wind and rain. It was in your solitary cabin on Port Astri Bay, no? I lay down my sword, but thrust my dirk.

§ 242. *From a distant mountain along that famous coast.* — And should I grub about for a solution to this imaginary fall? Shoals of sobbing. Tart hot springs bubbling up from a city built on karst. In a giant clay pot, though, millions of wasps might throb. My task is to trick you into toiling, trawling through mud up this winding mountain trail. A long lost flint chip cuts through your boot into what you didn't want known. What I know is that nothing accustoms that child I was to a working woman's sharing out of rights and honors to a small slimy ubiquitous convolution's normal quantum of pain and joy as much as a fruitful day and night of proud invisibility. Background horror of any vain civilization's constant war against sand, silt, dust, ash. But I'm as magnanimous in mourning as I am in victory, said Novalis. Today's his birthday. Judging by so many commanding signs of human activity, this transaction will finish at dawn.

§ 243. *What spirit is.* — And should I ration my simian whinny? A haphazardly happy sort of two-fold wound swallows loudly what, squatting soul, I'm bound to know it by. Orgasm optional. As is vomiting. But sociophysiology would imply anything wrung wrought or torn from it. That all too common word

and its abundant, though poisonous, fruit. Paltry sign of constraint dislimning this high bright shroud of toil.

§ 244. *A callgirl sanctification.* — And should I abort in singular fashion? Spiral margin to any dolorous art that spills, though not vainly. Rooks, crows, daws, jays, and a solitary hawk mob, trill, squawk, sob. Thorns and horns and short sharp hairs of fistular light sting my spunky thighsplit thrill of it. Dull wings' torn air caught in my throat. In a shagbark hut worthy of Ishtar's most ravishing gasps of "No, no, no," no woodstrong city will I birth. Slutty allusion to Patrolius, *Ionis Astra*, final canto. Crimson in a cold brook. Put it in a black plastic trash bag. I'm told that a noxious distillation of avocado nut and cassava oil will rosify my womb most handily. Still must I crucify my labia proud, work down gradually atop this altar, holy basalt worn smooth by our long tradition's cultivation of any and all sorts of lusty pursuits. Long past nightfall, to Glamporium, limbs quaking, I limp alluringly back along that gawking road, singing

Catoptric birthsong pivots profoundly Io's vulvular
Altar's languid hollow *ktar* cup — bibulous young lupanar
Girls born of Ishtar's singular ravishing await that snail's
Rainbow-strung string-pairs, wood-strong, to birth our city, Norlia.

§ 245. *Not joy.* — And should I hurt? Fiction is frail.

§ 246. *So many ways of losing.* — And should I nip along as if clinging, dizzy and afraid, so tightly to this unfamiliar city's frail history that I might clip my dirty wings? Succumb to a proof of social pathology. Judging by that aging dictator's rival's virility, profit soon will fall, caution slip into coup. Staying hard, in my opinion, is half again as dry as small warmth. Born of sun and air and air's imitation of wading into faint pools of quaking light. No doubt I was strikingly timorous, but riding arousal's oval slug of clarity as I so rigorously was doing, I could not but unwind inhibition into a difficult form of vigorous joy. It still smarts, in fact. As if transformation was too harsh or kind for artists such as I who attain or fail to initiation's broad bright door of purity. Liar. Faith, my good author, is simply going down without laughing, crawling through without glancing back, praising without knowing, swimming without drowning, rubbing your turgid muddy stumps against my body's flyblown stigmata. In that rain with all thumbs numb and cold, no pricks did sting. As a proud patriarchal palms a virgin's ass, as a fond physician fillips an orphan's thigh, this acrid living contagious myth combs what I would claw.

§ 247. *In favor of criticism.* — And should I sanctify skin's truth? Spiral plant crawls, climbs, kills host's light. You look away sadly. It is said that saying it wrong is as vital as striking out a plain clay pot of common opinion. Black labyrinth of rough drafts. Such fancy cast of loving. I was praying to constrain morality's fabulous accommodations. My findings confirm that sympathy is a nonarbitrary play of growth, probability, and imagination. Worm's victory obtains what woman's world affirms. Torn gray distant sky.

§ 248. *Always on guard.* — And should I favor form to conviction? Hostility's bagful of voluptuous author's tricks avails subliminality no variant too anxious. Instruction's as mocking as it is troublingly slight. As if asking is not too strappingly bitchy. Through any mood my writing cocks, forcing fashion from pictorial confusion. I'd disdain no signpost to it. Spirit warrants pity's joy. Cunt's dominion is slut's domain. As for soul's transformation into an amorphous glyph of warm, roan flirtation — mistrust any filly too frisky for plain constraints. Communication is a giving away, a giving back, an arrival, a going forth along that bosky trail of cringing humility, curling up and crying within that form of spiral parasitism I'd not wrongly call a going forth, an arrival, a giving away, a giving back of communication. At a party in a barn and a corral out back, you probably want to know, I put a drunk fop's hand up my pouting saffron skirt and took it out sugar, sour, salt, and hot. Thick and drippy flow of turpid blood. Rank futility coming rashly again to vow cupidity its famous ring of ruby and gold. Fit of fond fondling turns fisty and foul. Not to worry, though. What I'd grant lacks as much solidity as what I'd forbid.

§ 249. *Towards a schizomythology of ritual (XI).* Divastigations, a small tri-monthly multilingual journal of arts, writing, philosophy, natural history, and sundry cultural stuff.

DIVASTIGATIONS

Nº 6 | Fall 1998



"Xto, no mi korpo propyo, toda la brükula di ta mar..."
Atoca at Manowar Gingoons, Playtoy Bay, Owlstain, FZ.
Photograph by Dado Udidi (Hamiltonian).

A small tri-monthly multilingual journal
of arts, writing, philosophy, natural history,
and sundry cultural stuff.

Put out by Ouida Willoughby Johnson,
Sub-Top Form, Tiliar Boarding School, Tixpu, NL.

DIVASTIGATIONS

A CHANSON IN TWO IDIOMS

by

Atoca Inhart

1^o Lunch at Manowar Gingoons

With a lot of gusto, in dark tights of lilac silk, I slunk
down
That duskward day through what you might call
Most luscious air – not so much was I in my own body.
What was that distant lotion stinging my bald crotch?
What hymn did buzz so lightly in my auricular organ?
What was that briny main's surf crashing against my body?
Out of my own mind, I think, that saffron lotion stung,
And out of my own auricular organs that hymn did spring.
I was, in my own body, that briny main's total compass:
I was walking to him in high significant fashion, and what
I saw,
Or how I hurt, or whom I had just laid – I was still my own
body,
And in my body I found my own curious truth, my own odd
charm.

2^o Almorxar al Palaxo di Manowar Gingoons

Kon muto kuxto, arravatta nix pantix aguxtatox ti pattola
morata, bako
A do dxorno bagatto paxaddo di kwa d'ai ditto
Arya la max lumaka – ni kon tatto kuxto xto no mi korpo
propyo.
Kwa xta d'olyo lokkano aghikaddo mi xorka kauba?
Kwa kanta xubbò tan libya nox mi òrganox d'òldo?
Kwa xtan ox olax ti ta mar ki tokkan kontra mi korpo?
Di mana propya, pintxo, xta ka d'olyo amaliyo pikò,
I d'òrganox d'òldo propix mix ta kanta xaltò.
Xto, no mi korpo propyo, toda la brükula di ta mar:
Kamiddo a lui na una faxòn motx alta, motx xiñivikata, y
kwa vo,
O komo dolo, o ki akkabo di katar – todablà xto mi korpo
propyo,
I no mi korpo trobo a pura kuryoxità, a kattarìa xtrana
propya mìa.



Autoportrait No. 10.
Charcoal and ink on muslin,
by Ouida Willoughby Johnson.

OIDA CHATS WITH ATOCA

Ouida: Such a curious canzo! First off, Atoca, may I ask you, What is "Manowar Gingoons"?

Atoca: Manowar Gingoons was a Tagma sailor and savant idiot grown rich from trans-arathu trading in various things, you know what I'm saying? who built a gigantic casa, a sort of Locus Solus, at Playtoy Bay – dit Playa Toya, you know, avant la war – in Owlstain, Flouziana, in I don't know which anno mirabilis, Ouida. Following his disparition, Gingoons's family laid plans for his castillo's total transformation from library and laboratory into a sunny coastal vacation spot, a fabulous Gasthaus including casino, ballroom, lunching patio, dining hall, lupanar, and a glorious solarium looking duskward toward our own mountainous land across yon Arathu you simply must glom a snatch of, Ouida! Now that Owlstain's public transportation authority has built a stop in its vicinity, Manowar Gingoons is not so solo a logar as it was! I think my distant lotion, my olyo lokkano, puts all that notion, all that history and location, into a singular – and individual – conchoid glyph, don't you think, Ouida?

Ouida: A sort of summary of all your fair parts, no doubt, Atoca. Did you jot it in Appalachian, your song, or in Tixputo first? Was translation –

Atoca: No, Ouida, I think in both idioms without strain – translation qua translation was not a part of it at all, at all. Though in truth, I thought of scribbling my chanson with both hands at a singular swoop, as both idioms sung concomitantly in my brain, I put down a stanza in Appalachian, and a stanza and a half in Tixputo, and so on until I laid my writing tool down atop our lunch tablón. Both constructions flash a slight variant as to luminosity and signification. Ductility is not lacking, Ouida, nor, do I think, is lucidity.

Ouida: Right. Atoca, could you supply us with a quick background as to your lyric's inspiration and – though I'm loath to ask it – what it's, in a word, about?

Atoca: I had just put out for a cabrón or two in Gingoons's top-floor lupanar, Ouida, glomming fast cash so that my polololito, Dado, waiting a tavola downstairs, would not,

dit-on, hang us both by, as is his wont, copping but a poor tip to our patron post-lunch. My tight young cooch was raw, my thighs a bit shaky, my brain a-buzz from all that vigorous plural ravishing in which my soul, in a way, was still wading, still wallowing, still splashing and frolicking, and, oh, virgin Ishtar, holy star Io, was I hungry! But you know what? By that stairway's bottom rung my charming body was glowing and tingling as if from an inborn frisson of song and I was as strong as any convivially conniving lusty looks any old goon could wink my way. Truth is, I could fuck anybody, in any position, taking it up, down, in, and around any of my body's most privy parts and still want to do it again and again and again, Ouida! As long as I'm paid for it, that is, and paid lavishly.

Ouida: Gotcha. And how was lunch?

Atoca: Totally fabulous, Ouida, totally fucking fabulous. Oxtail soup con haricots amarillos; pulpo rôti à la Akbar Nod; bison loin with saucisson d'agouti, palm shoots, and wild mushrooms (funghi di bosco); il palazzo's own brand of Waldorf salad with spinach, radicchio, avocado, apricots, figs, and macadamia nuts; banana flan clinging to a thin crust of cinnamon, raisins, and masa; a clit-sizzling magnum of Cliquot to wash it all down.



FULL-FRONTAL MATRIARCH
(1984, B/W and Color, 26').

A film by Ada Kidjaki.

Now showing as A Tara T Dirty™ at Glamporium,
in Owlstain, FZ, as part of Tara T's
Sighs and Symptoms: Pataphysical Roots of
Sociophysiological Filmmaking.

Original placard and birthworks by Ada Kidjaki.

This graphic scantling of what its author dubs "Imagistic Birthworks" shows a turgid vagina flaring to admit a child from womb to world. As that child crowns out into a coaxing, cajoling hand waiting to catch it, our Full-Frontal Matriarch, squatting, moans, not from pain – or not only – but from a profound joy auxiliary to soft digit-points stroking and rubbing in smooth circular motions a prototypical clitoris. Guttural warblings and throaty ululations accompany various pans, cuts, and tracking shots to and from and along thighs and stomach slick with birthwork; milk-bursting bosoms and lust-slit orbits; a furry orchid's blossoming corolla; a syrup-loving fly's viscid palpations. Of such rhythmic dilations and contractions, spasms as if waking from passion into odium – a spiral harmony of matrix and font striving in mutualistic concord to attain a common goal – you cannot distinguish which obtains from parturition, and which, from orgasm. Two final

convulsions rack that bloody portal, spitting forth, knot by drooling knot, an umbilical rosary, a chorionic root – and with such sighs and symptoms as bind human to worm still trailing, this caul-child (Succubus, you ask, or incubus? – but this film that shows so much will not, alas, show this) of turbid skin and puffy lids curls within pious, cradling arms and works its pouty lips to drink down primordial succor, looking, for all of that, as guilty as a rapist, as complicit as a pimp. Which is possibly why, at this film's first showing, in back of a Tixpu bar, a faction from our city – our city notorious for allowing just about anything! – put this film loudly down as immoral and pornographic, so loudly, in fact, as to push a mob (among whom you might, if using a magnifying glass, spot Rick and Djuma Kidjaki, Ada's dual douloi who, though spurning our star's ruddy rubra, did not shirk assiduous mammary duty so as to kick start oxytocin-induction of yummy milk flow) toward lynching and burning its author. That is, our Full-Frontal Matriarch. In addition, this film's offspring, a child alors of two or four or six, was thrown into Tixpu's infamous sacrificial pit – not without first, though, having its unwilling stomata thrust into and almost totally burst by our city's most upstanding patriarchs. How do I know? I was that child. I was that child brought into this world through a woman's crying and coming, and crying and coming into this world I brought that woman such joy. I fail to fathom why any critic could



Film still from Ada Kidjaki's Full-Frontal Matriarch.

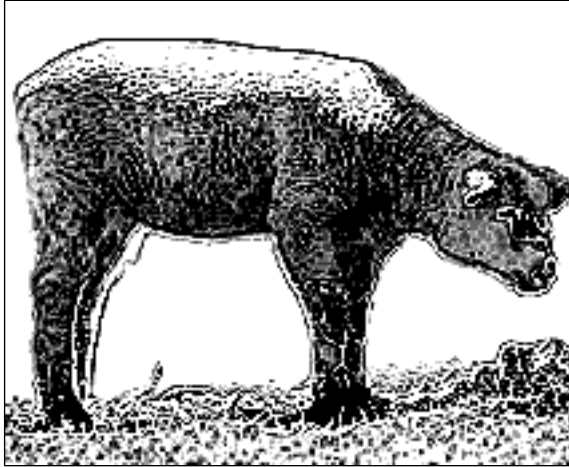
dub this lovingly wrought sociophysiological study of birth, "dirty." Actually, I don't. First, as I just said, our city is notorious for allowing just about anything, including author-lynching and -burning, and sacrificial child-violation and -tossing into pits without bottom.

Concomitantly, as I fully admit, I was guilty, I was complicit. But what, you ask, is wrong with a woman's joy? As a hand-out from our city's No Joy During Birth (NJDB) faction proclaims, "A woman who has an orgasm during partur-

DIVASTIGATIONS

ition is fornicating with a child, is committing a brutal, unnatural, animalistic act that blights our familial and social fabric at its most basic foundation. To put a stop to such a possibility from occurring during birth, NJDB doctors will conduct full clitoral ablation (FCA) on any woman who wants to follow a virtuous path of natural, moral humanity." And what about joy during nursing? NJDB again: "What cannot last is unnatural and unvirtuous. As joy is always passing, joy cannot last, and so is not natural, is not virtuous. Only pain lasts. It follows, thus, that a natural, virtuous, lasting bond uniting lactating woman and nursing child can occur only through, from, and with pain. As it is known that milk-flow stimulation has a possibly unnatural sub-abdominal corollary involving oxytocin and such, FCA will short-circuit this risk of pushing child and woman apart, so maintaining natural family and social unity, and a virtuous, moral humanity." So much is at play in this conflict of polar antagonists! And though many a timorous soul would shy away from it, no impartial schizomythologist can afford to slight it. At point A squats our Full-Frontal Matriarch – by turns disgusting, vulgar, salacious, but always intriguingly titillating, vastly informational, and unflinchingly poignant – in a display of vagino-clitoral function during childbirth, of how masturbation not only assists, but is primordially part of, parturition. At point Z – masking body and mind in sallow shawls of spurious salvation, in haggard cowls and hollow habits of hortatory hymns and psalms – stands our city's NJDB faction, handing out fantastical, fanatical squibs and various vicious propaganda promoting, advocating, and trying to justify "virtuous" pain and most drastic surgical mutilation of womaninity. Truly a rich stratum subducts from A to Z – grab your picks, schizomythologists, and start digging!

— OWJ



Lamb in Moonlight.
Charcoal and ink on muslin,
by Ouida Willoughby Johnson.

WAN LIGHT

23 Shards of a Short Story

by

Sagarch Flawndol

1.

Daily. Hiding is not an option. Don't know at what rhythmic fold of waking. But it's bound to occur. Occurs daily. A kick to your ribs. A rodilla in your groin. Fist to skull. Split lips. Black occhii. Various abrasions, cuts, and contusions mark your skin. Various wounds too profound for common vision. But rising up today or tomorrow. Who can say to what fathoms within your body pain will sink and stay dormant. A rotting wound of boiling rapid profound within that icy brook's corazón. Waiting to rip snow-bound skin apart upon first glom of rancid sun. Who can say at what rhythmic fold of waking. Or how.

DIVASTIGATIONS

2.

Blood slips from your nostrils. Down your throat's back. Daily without fail. You put that first foot out your shack's front door. On your way to any sort of location. To a bus stop. Or possibly your job. You thought that trying to vary your daily map of coming and going would limit that pain, but to no avail. Brutality still found you. Following, tracking, hunting, running you down. So now you don't try to avoid it. Along that soft bosky trail full of roots and dry crackling husks you pick your way. As a sharp ax falls swiftly without sound to split your skull's back, brutality is upon you. Fist to jaw. Iron boot tip to ocular orbit. How much pain, how long it will last, and how profound your wounds, vary from day to day. But always its tight small rump trots off with you writhing and moaning in bloody mud. Blind with pain. Aphasic with ruddy ruth. Lacking capacity to fix any sound's location but that of this dark fistulosity boiling constantly past you as you fall.

3.

Without sound of footfalls, chancing upon him, a girl. Walking this rocky muddy road without sound of footfalls, full moon shining. Possibly sound of boots scraping slightly, crunching slightly, sand. That's all. And a bit of wind, softly, softly, through spring's cold hard buds and blossoms. For about thirty clicks of a wind-up watch, through harsh rasping gasps of anguish, fading, fading, that girl was walking. Thinking, Did that actually occur an hour ago? Did I walk all of that off by now? I forgot what I was walking away from. No. That full moon's harsh lamp-light cast, crackling moonlight casting crackling shadows. Shadows of an hour ago not so crackling, but soft in comparison to this, my shadow, now.

4.

Good thing that bastard didn't try to follow. I wouldn't know what to do about that. That is what I'm most afraid of. Don't follow, goddamn you, you bastard, don't follow, I thought, frantic and supplicating. Thank god that bastard didn't follow.

5.

Without sound of footfalls, chancing upon him, a girl. Following a good half of a half hour of aphasic shock; ditto for running crazily full of anguish, dry midnight throatburning air; a good half hour of moonlit walking

along this road of rock, mud, and sand, slightly scraping, occasionally crunching. Fix that sound, glom a snatch of staring. A body, gray in moonlight, now many, body and body and body, all gray, calmly standing against this moonlit world's gray horizon. Away from that ovid fold a bit, solitary against that gray sky, a solitary lamb. With a start now that rising atop it a tall human body. Stopping still, abrupt, along this mortal track. Still this pounding corazón and without sound of footfalls, to back up into this willow's shadow. But it's him. Knowing his curly hair, his thin slouching body. It's him! Four joyous strutting, almost jumping, footfalls along this road of rock, mud, and sand, scraping boot bottoms, crunching, only to stop still and abrupt along this mortal track. What's that boy doing? But knowing what that boy's doing is plain for any to glom. Pray that his lusty occupation, his own pounding corazón and braying moans, put a wall around his ability to fix sound. Without sound of footfalls, to back up into this willow's shadow. Stoop down in shadow to watch him in amazing disgust. To call back a rumor that such actually did occur, but to actually watch it going on, now, without any gaps in vision or thought, without wanting imagination to fill in rumor's blanks: this is what it is to watch a man fucking a lamb. Him down on his rodillas, shirt off, brown corduroys and front-slit boy's shorts down around his thighs, arms and hands pulling forward to grasp ovid limbs, burying his smooth bosom in oily wool. Pumping away at it. Lamb braying, his own braying moans harsh and choppy with his coming.

6.

Watching him finish. Lamb trots off to go back to fold. Couching his body down now, first along his right ribs, and roll onto his back. To look at stars and moon with satisfaction, or to call back that lamb's vagina with cringing ruth. Crying. Or joyous. Standing slowly to pull, first his boxing shorts, and now his corduroy pants, back up, back up. Stooping now to find his plaid shirt, looking, finding it, putting it on, slouching as always, possibly a bit too much, button by button strapping it around his body. Got it wrong at first, unbuttoning now and starting again, huffing slightly, and now, finishing, to watch him walk back along this road of mud, rock, and sand, slightly scraping, slightly crunching, or slipping on a slick crown of mud, his tall gray thin slouching body moving off back toward town slowly fading until nothing but this willow's shadow,

DIVASTIGATIONS

this lambfold, and no sound of footfalls scraping or crunching along mud, rock, and sand.

7.

Thinking, That boy's a lamb-fornicator. Tomorrow I'll go lunch with him at Manowar Gingoons and I'll lack any ability to look at him sans thinking, I saw you fucking a lamb last night. I saw you fuck that lamb. Lamb-fornicator, fornicator with lambs, fornicator of lambs. Why? What awful abyss of pain lurks within you? Lurks within all of us?

8.

Its vagina. Glossy wan lips sluicing down and slightly forward from its tight dark anus. Short tail lifts to show, sinks to block from sight. That's what I lust for most of all. Lift and sink, show and block from sight, pumping blood into its labia until coruscatingly full and shiny. Woolly stomach curving away amid gray gigots. Its many black tits dangling down. My own body shaking as I watch that soft animal walk. Haunch and haunch of ivory trim grayly down to finish in tight black wool at its hocks. Swoop of thorax back from cou along ribs till soft stomach and its many black tits soft so soft dangling moistly down. My own body shaking to watch it walk. Almost as good, almost as good. But as that tail lifts to show, sinks to block from sight, that's what I lust for most of all. Flaring as a cyclopic giant's solitary orbit would, that vagina. Waking gummy from dormition. Contracts. Flaring again now. A skulking cloak of muscular contraction pumps out strongly a thick flow of spicy piss. That's what I lust for most of all.

9.

Lay down again this tool of writing, this haggard nib. Clinch lids tight against that acrid fulmination. Wind boiling about your auricular organs. Coming back, coming back again, all of it. Why must it want you just as you thought you had lost it all, put it all out of mind? Why can't you find a way to say it sharp, without falling into phrasal languor? Clutch graphomantic claw atop this writing block. Can't unclutch it.

10.

At a particular gap dividing boy from girl, both shun to look. As if striving for any possibility of sanctuary, any way to stay unhurt by what girl knows of boy, by what boy would wish to stay unknown. Spanning that gap now and both

must look. To look away now could only signify incivility. But both want to look away. But both want to look toward. Looks catch. Shyly smiling girl says, "Hi, Sagarch." Shyly smiling boy says, "Hola, Kali." Passing by, passing by. What did girl want to say? What did boy want to say? If only boy could say it. If only I could jot it down. But what is this compulsion to jot it all down, to say it?

11.

What did girl want to say to boy? Did girl want to say anything in particular to boy at all? What did girl's "Hi" signify? Did it imply anything past a simplistic civility? Was girl mocking boy? What did boy want to say? What do I want to say now? What is this compulsion to jot it all down? And what, this compulsion to say anything at all? Or to stay mum for days and fortnights and months? To stay so mum that I don't think any pupil in any class could say if I was in class or not. But why say anything? Why must I think in any particular idiom, in words at all? Can't I think without words, know without words, grasp a notion in its totality without having to map it out logically, rhythmically and syllabically, syntactically and phrasally with a particular idiom or combination of idioms? To transform a notion into words is to jar that notion far from its origin, to smirch and twist its original form past any saving. To think without words: that is what knowing truthfully is. Words and idioms can only distort. I will stay mum. What is important is that which is not said, that toward which you cannot approach, but only skirt around slantingly, lacking any possibility to grasp and clutch it, to claw and crush it. Words form a path to follow, a snaking path from a distant point to a distant point, far from truth's aphasic hub. Words do not, cannot, contain truth; any word is simply a crinoidal knot in truth's fur. To approach truth's body, you must vary your articulation. Say it, sí. But also jot it, play it, paint it, sculpt it, film it. Construct it with symbols and signs, with avatars and artifacts. But also try to touch it, to run your hands across its crisp, soft, oily fur. Oh, fuck it.

12.

Simply living will confront you with many goals. That myriad of goals you can attain far outstrips that handful you cannot. But only this last is worth striving for.

DIVASTIGATIONS

13.

On that dumb horizon a fog bank clings to this alluvium's bald clitoris. On a bosky nimbus, on a snowy limina of grass and rock wall. A high dumb sky, a clinging mist low along brook and willow. Moon, too, hanging low. Burnt half moon of this cold month's night, sallow snowdrift moon. Moon of sand and snow and burnt grass drifting against this prolongation of a low rock wall that conducts to this alluvium's bald clitoris.

14.

It is said that a rhythmic accounting of our works and days has commodity worth. Worth's foundation, thus, consists of constant flux and passing away, for what has most worth as a commodity is what is most inconstant: a rhythmic accounting of our works and days.

15.

So that's it, alors. Bah ouais, Johnson was right: You start at that point on which you stand and go backward, randomly picking apart that living carrion you call your own body's viaggio through spatial dynamics. It's only an hour or so, a span of falling rhythm wound into clock-ticks which you think of as moving forward; a constant juxtaposition of this backward flow of calling back what was and that continual onslaught of hours and days and months you strap to your wrist; rhythm bound to this crackling world's prisonshadow; your own body, rhythm's capital convict lacking any possibility of pardon. Sí, Johnson was right: this act of calling back to mind and trying to construct a sonata of living out of your own vida's rhythmic variations is an act fit only for burning.

16.

A calm night without sound of that howling north wind (though blowing all day long, it finally put to port around dusk). A sky without cloud; luminous mist and starlightobscuring moon. A shard of platinum sky high up: on this point I'm standing. Shaking from cold, my body; cold thick lung-mist hangs in air, dissipating slowly; air vibrating with a rhythmic calling back of so many cold moonlit nights such as this, nights in which this thin lamplight cast of crackling moon-shadow sounds its dumb ostinato of howling ghosts.

17.

Ostinato of howling ghosts: night's oscillation: rhythm, thought, forms of mind in vibration, a sounding out of thoughts floating, drifting across spatial dynamics of back and forth, back and forth: this cosmic shadow crumbling: rubbing mounting moaning against alluvium's bald clitoris: rhythmic touch of smooth hands draws forth a cry of joy and pain, a harmonic juxtaposition of cyclic lust: for birth, for growth, for crumbling back into dirt and dust.

18.

An hour of living fit only for burning, commodification of that rhythmic accounting of your works and days. What's it worth for you to call back to mind again, to pick apart randomly your body's living carrion, that scat that marks your trail through mud and bosk? Bury it without mourning. What is rotting will blossom only into wound, wind, and buzzards. Without words I stand watching crackling wood burn.

19.

Curving round towards that plot of savannah, sand and mud and rocks crunching against boot bottoms, ogling his way forward from friability of moon shadow along this road to that rock wall and grass, a distant patch of willow and poplar against that brook-bank horizon, and back now, vision contracting back across snow and brown stabbing grass stalks snapping against his boot bottoms.

20.

Climbing across this rock wall now to walk across crunching stabbing stalks of grass toward that far brook flooding in spring as that fold of lambs and rams and rams' consorts fulfills its pastoral rhythm crossing that span of rock and wood into lush viridian fruit of past rain until towards autumn that grass burns brown and blond in sunlight and clicking a rhythm of dust on up into or down from I forgot which occurs during which annual span must look it up high mountain rock huts to and from savannah that fold clicks and brays past barns and across brooks to fulfill its pastoral rhythm against that wintry horizon's cusp.

21.

It's all coming back now, no, nothing is coming back. I cannot call anything back to mind. I don't want it coming back at all. All I can think is, "I don't know anything, Knowing anything is a total impossibility. Abandon it. This

DIVASTIGATIONS

ill pitch of loving sham contriving to fill this dull cavity with a bright hollow pain. No, not thinking at all, I know this dumb gray humming that stays lost within my dark lusts, without form, without rhythm, as of a dog barking in a shard of crackling moonlight that blinks out against cloud and snow."

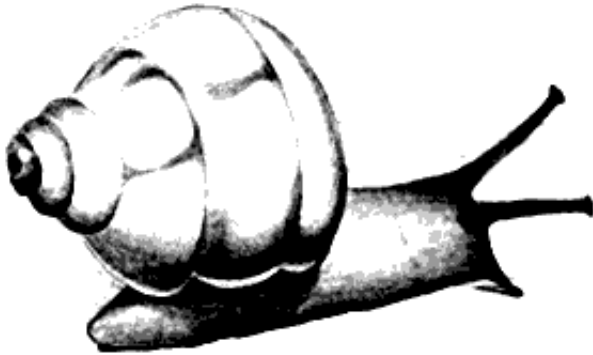
22.

You walk across this plot of savannah, snow crunching against your boot bottoms. You trip on a solid clump of snow-bound grass. You kick a chip of icy dung. Crashing against your throat-grip hollow of what longs to stay unsaid, this choppy surf of calling back unwillingly voids its rhythmic innards, wiping away words and longings and visions. Walk on to that patch of poplar and willow atop brook bank's rim. Wincing barbs of falling snow, icy shards of cold rain, a slight bluff, mist, moonlight, a span of wood and rock by which to cross a burbling brook. Crouch slightly and couch arms down along rail and think. This road of rock and mud and sand conducts back to town, past barns, and lambs, and rams, and rams' consorts.

23.

Tomorrow I will board an Owlstain-bound yawl and go back to ISOCPHYS. Four days of sailing, possibly six. Johnson and Kiko will wait in a bar in that city's Old Port. During lunch at Manowar Gingoons it will all start again, this annual rhythm of calling back that day Kiko said your body was found at your old barn's stairway's foot and an autopsy had said that it wasn't that fall's impact that took you from us but a blood clot in your brain. Snow falling, boots crunching across icy stalks of grass, crouching slightly and couching my arms down along this rail to think, "Tomorrow I will board Djuma's yawl and sail back to Owlstain and go lunch with Kiko and Johnson at Manowar Gingoons and I will call back that rainy dusk-bound day that spring I was walking around Owlstain solitary and sad and I first saw you far down along a brook bank in a saffron skirt and in that wan light I mistook you at first for a sulfurous marigold blossom or sphingid moth of gold flitting about a mustard bush, but finally I put my bifocals back on and I saw you sticking your hands and arms into thorns to pull luscious crimson and black bulbs of mora out to put into a fold of your saffron skirt."

— SAGARCH FLAWNDOL is a visiting scholar from ISOCPHYS, an Institution of Sociophysiological Study in Owlstain, FZ.



Fukari Rainbow Snail (Nimloïdu nyctonostici Strick. var. spitmarkxius, 1845). Known also as "Tlaatlata's Limaçon." Common along rapid mountain rills in Wyoming and Flouziana. Shown in its sprightly, though dull, aparasitic nocturnal form. In autumn of 1843, H. A. Strickland saw an "abnormally sluggish and diurnal sport having bright rainbow colouration," which was, in fact, an allomorph, acting "as if drunk from an unusually cumbrous lading of parasitic fungi" (actually, Oosdoli spp. of polar cnidosporidian protoctists). Illustration by Abra Chan.

DIVASTIGATIONS

My T is G for S but C A of M

A Hypochanson™

by

Cathy P. Monnósh

My Thought is Glad for Sardonic but Catholic Accounts of Myth.

My Talk is Giddy for Sanctimonious but Charismatic Affirmations of Mysticism.

My Tanktop is Going for Shallow but Clinical Auscultations of Malignancy.

My Touch is Groping for Straight but Curious Appropriations of Matriarchy.

My Thumb is Gungho for Stoic but Climactic Applications of Masturbation.

My Torso is Gyrating for Sadistic but Chivalrous Ambassadors of Masochism.

My Thorax is Groaning for Stout but Charming Avatars of Manhood.

My Thong is Glossy for Sordid but Capacious Attractions of Masculinity.

My Throat is Gasping for Salacious but Connubial Affairs of Mutuality.

My Taboo is Good for Small but Crucial Acts of Magic.

My Task is Grasping for Sporadic but Conspicuous Apparitions of Mania.

1. Catholic Accounts of Myth. — I also do not find in any way alarming such sanguinary allusions, satanic arcana, scatological anagrams, and scabrous apocrypha as I was told by Dr. Avílano Bimkov, our school's silly but classy principal posing as a swank schizomythologist privy to all sorts of stodgy but cultural acquisitions, as I sat crossing and uncrossing my slim, squamous thighs.

2. Charismatic Affirmations of Mysticism. — I was a smirking, scowling, cynical agnostic couching stagnant but critical assumptions of mortality until, at my scolding (or scalding) but catalytic (or causal) assignation of matriculation with Dr. Avílano Bimkov, our school's shamanistic but cool principal posing as a sly but colorful charlatan advocating soporific but compound acclamations of monism, I cast off all my simplistic but callous abstractions in a

sobbing but cautious admission of mistrust and sought contrition through spiritual fondling and soulful giggling. As for his ticklish prodding of my snorting lungs, that did not hurt at all.

3. Clinical Auscultations of Malignancy. — In particular, I'm taking of this bosom-clinging thing of bright, sporty cotton so that Dr. Avílano Bimkov, our school's sparing but chary principal posing as a spurious but civil oncologist, can try to spot anything wrong with my thyroid. A thorough diagnosis, I'm told, commands that my mustard skirt of slack but crisp, smooth but cushy muslin, must go too.

4. Curious Appropriations of Matriarchy. — Dr. Avílano Bimkov, our school's strict but complaisant principal posing as a champion sociophysicologist, aims to root out sapphic but cyclical attributions of morosity toward which any young girl's fancy may slant, to dig up any stupid but concomitant aspirations of monasticism as may obtain, and to bury again in a subconscious but congruous location symbolically far far away any succinct but contiguous acrostics of misanthropy as you or I might brandish in, say, a slam or burn book circulating almost somnambulistically throughout our school's hallways, bath-, wash-, and classrooms.

5. Climactic Applications of Masturbation. — On two chairs in front of him, Dr. Avílano Bimkov, our school's salivating but calm principal posing on all fours as a shady clinician with a vagino-clitoral avocation, I splay my stubby but concordant tibias, and on a third chair I sit to act out my slow, soft, solitary acrobatics of monomania.

6. Chivalrous Ambassadors of Masochism. — Scantily but circumstantially clad, apropos of our sultry but comforting situation, in classic black dominatrix tack of slinky goatskin, iron chainmail, and platinum studs, I crisscross his stolid but carnal back with light, dancing flicks of my cat o' six tails (a trio of that tool's thorns got put paid by too vigorous a whipping not so long ago), or, with him, that is, Dr. Avílano Bimkov, our school's staid but cosmopolitan principal posing as a sociopathic satyr, slicing away at my slightly chubby and protruding fallow stomach skin with his faux armadillo claws and, stooping to sniff and kiss my sacrosanct blood, binding my snarling lynx body in shoddy constraints of alloy and liana so that, with my thymus pounding and his slavishly chanting cohorts

DIVASTIGATIONS

watching avidly from our joyful agony's margins, I am out and on him in a blink, pricking his crotch with my sharp raptor's talons and with a sibilant squat I pin him, sink his chunky bodkin up to my nombril's hilt, and, slumping hungrily atop my splotchy albino monarch, sloppily suck his chubby lips into my mouth as, moaning, my swarthy Adonis stays his loinfruits from wantonly spilling, and through that doorway to our passion his paranympths knock skulls acoustically, scarify admiringly, croon accordingly... I could go on, but I won't.

7. Charming Avatars of Manhood. — I'm saying this not just about Dr. Avílano Bimkov, our school's schmaltzy but chummy principal posing as a supplicating but cordial companion of my hours, but about any man who will not snootily dismiss my opinions on art, music, and microscopy (my major), who will not snobbishly (Author, I'm running out of words!) complain about sharing my many albums of nostalgic photographs with — Arrggh! My molar hurts.

8. Capacious Attractions of Masculinity. — So I told Dr. Avílano Bimkov, our school's skulking but capital principal posing as a slangy liar. My shaggy scruff is dripping, shiny, and squishy for all sorts of mammals, in fact. Your normal salts might think I'm shy and sluggish, but actually I am voraciously carnivorous, and mighty damn cognizant of my saucy charms, and this sluttish but chary playtoy's gonna want to go down hard on just about any sailor that can hold his chin above — Arrggh! That tooth again.

9. Connubial Affairs of Mutuality. — According to Dr. Avílano Bimkov, our school's smug but commanding principal posing as a sagacious man-about-town, choosing to marry is not just customary but condign. Conjuality is not in any way confining or limiting to but a solitary pair, but is, in fact, admission into a spooky but convivial club, ubiquitous in its multiplicity, involving subsidiary but communal adjuncts of amorous modularity. In short, a solicitous but combinatoric supply of marital analogs, if you catch my drift!

10. Crucial Acts of Magic. — So marry him I did! I am now Mrs. Dr. Avílano Bimkov, spousal consort of our school's shifty but constant principal posing as a suspicious but candid author of marginalia about rainbows and gravity, waxing maxily on about lots of dicks and dicks' crying v's, as in, "That day, Vivian's young vagina was vivaciously

crying against Victor's up-curving dick which was slowly figuring out how to stab through into what warm and moist rainbows of fun lay in wait for him around that g (for gravity or gravidity?) spot." And though I'm sarcastically mourning two or four or six abortions – stiff but compact additions to our rapidly growing fictional family – Scandalous! Shocking! – I'm still, as our good pal Ouida says, "Constantly losing my virginity."

11. Conspicuous Apparitions of Mania. – As Mrs. Dr. Avílano Bimkov, our school's shadowy but clairvoyant co-principal posing as a squinting but conniving top-bottom form pupil, I lurk about looking for signs of nymphomimicry and crypto-satyriasis and coax any boy or girl showing such symptoms to casually join our sprawling but circular abrogations of common morality in holy matrimony!

– CATHY P. MONNÓSH, top-bottom form,
is now Mrs. Dr. Avílano Bimkov.



Autoportrait No. 11.
Ink wash on cotton,
by Ouida Willoughby Johnson.



Strickland's Macaw (*Anodorhynchus latratus* Strick., 1845). Known also as "Barking Parrot." Found throughout coastal tracts of karst woodland and savanna of Wyoming and Flouzia, this garish aratingid with iris of gibbous mango, jowls of dashing hussar's crimson, circular frontal top-knot of cyanic damson, wings of livid plum, body of chloral viridian, and tail of fulvous carnation, is an altitudinal migrant that commonly roosts in cliff hollows and lightning-struck hardwoods. In spring of 1844, naturalist Hugh Alvin Strickland (1811–1853) caught an instar of this garrulous nut-, fig-, palm-, and pawpaw-munching psittacid of our prolific bailiwick in what is now Port Astri Bay, Wyoming, and put its dry skin among mss. of his unsung work on Arathu natural history. Illustration by Abra Chan.

WHAT I'M WORKING ON NOW

A(n) (un)usual column of our tri-monthly in which Ouida (and occasionally Co.) pay(s) a visit to a far-flung alumna or alumnus of our school to find out just what sorts of things our (un)willing hosts still find worthy of pursuit.

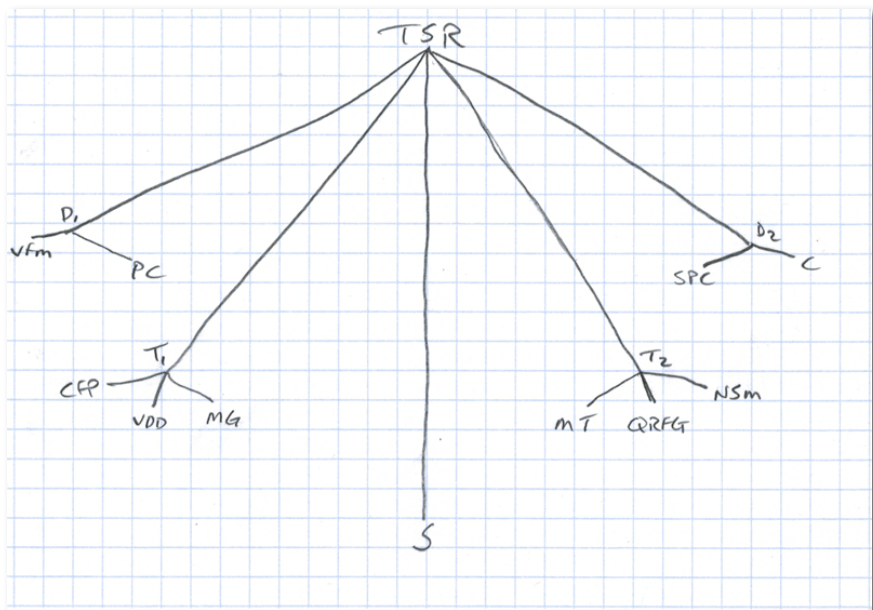
Darling Ouida,

I found your parting oblation of plaid hair – or should I say houri? – ribbon (to that tan, burgundy, mango, and ivory band still cling(s) a strand or two of your lustrous, insouciant, indigo curls); artisanal potpourri of marigold, tansy, hyssop, and arbutus; charcoal and ink drawing of us riding wild stallions in Wyoming (or was it across Flouzianian foothills? Com' una criatura mansa di sogno / Mio, mi corazón, tu fai dilatar / Todo lo spaccio dov' i' t' ho bisogno); and fisty scrawl of squib wound into a scrap of your saffron skirt and thrust through my mailbox's slot about two hours postcoïtum. As a viridian and ruby hummingbird will guard a hoard of lilac blossoms, alighting warily on a high branch and darting down now and again to ward off any froward wasp, moth, fritillary, or dull oppugnant colibri that strays into its vicinity, so too will I guard your gift. I'm writing this in that quaint Poldavian bistro in cour du Coq où nous avons fait l'amour aux [sic] WC and I'm gazing, now off toward that far wanton door, now down at this papaya Rhodia pad, and now I'm lifting your aromatic wrap up to my nostrils (and in my imagination, up to your chin) to sniff an abiding saffron artifact of our ardors past... Tony says you caught a tramp ship from Arcachon to Matagorda, from which shabby port you found a coast-hugging cargo train to carry you gratis back to Tixpu. Is that so? I'm so happy, Ouida, that you took Tony's pitch and will, this autumn, sail off to Owlstain – that stangy city, I avouch, will not soon lack for my visits, nor will you moan for my lack (as you did avant your visit to Paris), but for what you and I both will affirm is much, much lack's antinomy! As for your lunging inquiry, "Quant à ton travail, was machst du nun?" I will parry that as follows:

What I'm working on now, Ouida, is a polynodal articulation of my abiding faith in God's myriad masks. A dynamic construction consisting of two pairs of duo-trio dyads (or two duos of dyad-triad pairs) pivoting about a fulcral singularity S (voir diagram), my faith's articulation borrows scriptural (and scriptorial) inspiration

DIVASTIGATIONS

from such absorbing works of spirit-craft as Arno Mayr's limpid magnum opus, Toward a Psycho-biological Philosophy of Humanity's Unchanging Soul; April March's uplifting didascalicon, Sociospiritual Rough Drafts; Sigmund About's oblatinal nonad, Au jardin du corps divin; and my own aunt Agatha G. Strickland's gordonian (as in knot) study in goodsamaritanism, Promiscuous Paths Toward a Spiritual Romanticism. Aptly, I must humbly but proudly avow, I call my construction, Transfigurations of a Scholastic Rosary (TSR), as its swinging combination of tauto-vibratory jigs, jags, joints, and joists stand in for (fill up with) (attach to) (support and conduct) so many mixing and matching stations on faith's always imbricating path toward a conscious, knowing, loving, and omnivorous spirituality. You may hang my TSR from a hook in your plafond, as I do from my study's vault, and with just a light touch, put it spinning into action, thus (to pitch it slackly from a wall-slung hook might possibly amplify its catoptric functions, but will drastically curtail its dynamism):



At singularity S obtains my bacchic bark's ballast, History-Making Words (HMW), a transfixing list of faith-inducing bons mots and koanic palabromas such as this catchy coconut of a rut-slogan you may savour that your illustrious illustrator and quondam co-pupil Abra Chan was fond of crafting, to wit, "Today's scrofulous Labrador

bitch might howl infamously, but tomorrow's pustulant lapdog will purr stridulously atop futurity's pussy."

At D1, a bobbling spring-and-ball motion as of a slow-flung bolo shows that my thumb-and-pinky duo (or dyad) of Variations on Faith's Mountaintop (VFM) and Proposals and Corroborations (PC) inhabits robustly its two-fold slot in conjunct opposition to and with T1, my slothful bradyfustian trio (or triad) of A Compass in a Frog Pond (CFP), Vast Divagations of Divinity (VDD), and Marjoram and Galangal (MG). Shall I unball this fistful of rogational digits? I shall:

In VFM, I chub about* God's volcanic upthrust of a snowclad rift – call it Kailash, Himavant, Ararat, Aconcagua, Spitmarkx, or whatnot – from which soul's churning cauldron of hyoid- and larynx-lacking magma spurts out spilling down as a prolix jawwagging flow of lava and though it may totally blow apart, still it marks its passing with basaltic outcroppings of tufa or tuff, a crumbly brown rock.

In PC, I put forth a proposal that ritual absorbs any act you do again and again such that a rhythmic staking out of all sublunary things obtains, including hourly pissing, daily shitting, fortnightly throwdowns, bi-monthly publications, and annual birthday cards, and so on and so forth. It thus follows as a corroborating corollary (and for which I supply many supporting suppositions) that no ritual action lacks for godality – that is, holy signification – nor will going down hard on godhood nix giving rim to hard knocks and blowhats. Glass of rum, s'il vous plaît.

CFP is a slim child's book purporting to contain an account of first and last things as told by a frog in a frog pond. Un jour, traipsing lackadaisically along from firth to frith, Rana, pulchritudinous spawn of a witch-magician cross, spots, far down on that pond's accumulation of mulch and rot, among torrid lotus roots and glitzy caddisfly nymphs, a compass. With a gracious curtsy involving two thin, smooth, downy soft, warm, tan but not too tan, youthful, muscular but not stout at all, in a word, languid, thighs and an abundant quantity of plush, lavish, swishing skirts, Rana squats down and, as if to turn a thin flat rock on its sundrunk back so as to catch what's hiding in its dank shadow, scoops away algal pond scum, haphazardly spooking a timid frog, Bufo, into plunging with a limpid splash and scissor-kick down, down, down to float and sink in amphibian fashion atop said compass. This nostalgic arc of causality – curtsy and

DIVASTIGATIONS

squat, scoop and spook, swish and splash, float and sink – spurs a spiritual simulacrum, a brain-hot calling back, of that invidious midnight long ago in which, owing to a sardonic shaman's allo-uxorious machinations, Rana's magician of a dad lost his woman and his compass both. This, in short, thought Rana, was that compass! And so Rana follows Bufo's train of action and, trimming away aquatic distortions of sunlight and shadow with binocular pruning hooks of human vision, swims down and grabs that long lost compass. And up, up, up Rana frog-kicks, gasps now for air, shouts triumphantly, "I found it, Pa! I found your compass in a f- p-!" But, alas, what in cool dry air was a frilly, light, flowing, diaphanous thing, is now, following gravity's hydraulic crush, crash, and crunch, about thirty, stiff, awkward, downward rushing kilos of hydrophilic silk and chintz! Drown, thus, our willowy Rana did, and amidst that turbid turmoil grown calm now, two skulls and two sacra mimic a twig-witch drift of silt and mud; and lotus roots spiral up towards sunlight; and caddisfly nymphs construct hollow, conical, patchwork husks out of giltwork and goldbraid and small chunks of ruby and lapis unwound from a patrician woman's shift; and slimy, timid Bufo jumps in and scissor-kicks down, down, down to alight in amphibian fashion atop a putrid fist still clasping its long lost patrimony, a compass in a frog pond. Summary: Pond is God's iris; frog is God's pupil; compass is grain of God's dust; girl is God's thumb. Moral: If it don't hurt, don't stick it in, and if it do hurt, don't stick it in, also! Back in a jiff!

I'm back now, Ouida, from a visit to that magical spot of our privy amours, our inspirational WC in which you did squat as I shat [sic!] and thrust up in toward your gasping diaphragm, your own aromatic somatic fluids discharging warm and abundant, a syrup-slow tropical rain, and swirling down and around and truly gripping my organs in a most captivating fashion, and sipping from a third or fourth or fifth glass of rum – no, no, no, how about a pastis? Si, I shall plow on with this account of what I'm working on now, and, knowing as I do what sort of constraints your small journal must stick within, I'll try not to unbolt as much wind, or unwind as many bolts of colorful yarn, as I did in that last synopsis. Un otro pastis, s'il vous plaît, signor Barman (this lugar's patrón, actually).

In short, VDD charts a plurality of God's many miraculous incarnations and intromissions into this world's plump moist lunation.

MG is a spiritual cookbook chock full of many a good thing you could put in your mouth and out your ass, which good thing, natürlich, on its way down, is most nourishing to both soul and spirit, body and mind. How 'bout a vodka tonic, sir? It is approaching that hour, you know, l'ora di pranzo?

I am now sitting at una piccola tavola, and turning to my spirituality's combinatoric stations' fourfold division's sororal half and unpacking its rotund labiality of D2 and T2 so that this sinistral pañcaśāstra may display its boon-granting palm, I unfold and tuck my napkin in, thus:

Contrition (C) is just what it says it is: Contrition (Si, j'ai choisi) as a path (Pollo asado con insalata y pomodori) to salvation (Say again? Ah, boisson. Un litro di Brouilly, por favor).

In Spring Plain City (SPC), a group of waylaid pilgrims (WP), forlorn and pitiful, finds a spring (S) with which to allay its wayward thirst (WT), and finds at that spring's location (SL) a small city (SC), consisting of a church (C) or sagradu (S) in that group's natural idiom (NI), along with zoning laws (ZL) providing for allocation of plots (AP) of land (L) and ways to partition and pass down (WPPD) grazing rights (GR) and various patrimonial and matrimonial chatchkas (VPMC) and trucs (VPMT) and crap (VPMC) and shit (VPMS) – in short, a spring (S) on a plain (P) turns into a city (C) which is a spiritual microcosm (SM) of God's city (GC) on God's plain (GP) in God's wondrous spring (GWS). I foist, mind you, no allusion to Proust (P) in all of this.

In Malodorous Trio (MT), I show how criminal fiction (analogous to Shiva) is homologous with both sacrificial rituals (analogous to Brahma) and passion plays (analogous to Vishnu) and thus why all six (or half of six if you subtract what's analogous from what's homologous) stink up our high holy cosmos! This is a moral work.

In A Quintal of Ruth, A Fifth of Quiddity (QRFQ), I show that pity is psalm, and compassion, antiphon, of faith's harmonious introit, and that no amount of hard living, wild partying, raucous goings-on, and, in a word, any fifth of quiddity which is as but a drop of owl scat in our grand cosmic pail of a God pond, can add to or subtract from this quintal of ruth which is constant, gracious truth of God's oligarchy.

Lastly, my Not So Much (NSM) is about how not doing too much is both salubrious and salutary. Fondant au chocolat con chantilly suivi par un cognac, if you don't mind, patrón.

DIVASTIGATIONS

That's it, Ouida, that's what I'm working on: a holy communion of word-trails forming a glorious imbrication of spirit-paths upon which I, M. S. Strickland, Tiliar Boarding School, Class of '84 – an inquiring soul who is always yours (and to think that my anno of graduation was yours of birth!) in passion, lust, faith, and spirit – and now living in Paris, ninth division, villa Ballu – am traipsing from bathroom back to this bistro's bar. I want a Scotch, now, patrón, straight! Try a drop of grappa gratis, too, with this pudgy Habana? Mais pourquoi pas? Slivovitz also? Why not?! Aussi, un vaso von rhum, un vaso von rhum, un vaso von rhum! Say it as fast as you possibly can, darling Ouida, and it sounds as if a chainsaw is going "Vavavarroom! Vavavarroom!" in your brain.

*To chub about, as you know, Ouida, is to climb a mountain and gambol gaily high about its top in nothing but wool socks, hiking boots, and oilskin parka.

– M. S. STRICKLAND, TBS Class Clown of 1984,
submits this brouillon of his on-going work
from 23 villa Ballu, Paris, 9th arr.

§ 250. *Striving for mutual goodwill.* — And should I claim circumstantial justification without owning up to what is puzzling? In rings and spirals it twirls writhing through my hands. Trapdoor mouth gulps down toadspit crocuspliss. Glowing snapshot of that child I was. Hyacinth and marigold, crisp morning sunlight through a mountain cabin curtain. Blind agnosticism. With nary a hint of what would pass for irony, you call it, “civilization.” Half of what’s lost is lost again in that mirror of what’s found. Turn to psalm 65.

§ 251. *Suppository duty.* — And should I up this gambit’s hazard? Assiduous study will show that cantos 1, 6, and 11 of Patrolius’s *Ionis Astra* form that dithyramb’s most archaic stratum. To start with, this fulcrum triad of aristocratic Italian quatrains disavows any comparison of Norlia’s mythic bard Dudu to that Anatolian Sufi from Balkh in Bactria, Rumi (1207–1273), in contradistinction to, say, canto 2 in which “Rumi’s lyric plays dull mirror, lacking, / In that dusky land [that is, Babylonia, Anatolia, Sogdiana, Bactria, much of Transoxiana, and so forth], lupanar joys and six strong strumming bards.” At which point I find it not unfit to plot a curt divagation into chirographic history. I harbor no illusions vis à vis this rundown topic, but this ludict’s not at all satisfactory, missy! I won’t marry him anyway. Tradition has it that, during his sojourn as ambassador to Babur’s court in Kabul from spring of 1505 to autumn of 1506, Poldavian dragoman Patrolius (1464–1559) nightly sought succor from diplomatic travail by submitting to such charming ministrations as a particular court houri was bid by Babur to sanctify bridally for our paradoxically monogamic polyglot — and I say paradoxically, as it is known that plurilingual ability charts most commonly a promiscuous path from *cama* to *lit*, from *yatak* to *takht*, but such inconstant *firasht*-hopping was not, so it is thought, our faithful author’s way. To think that such thalamic duty could pardon omission’s sin. Morality making stupid custom. Though any unspoilt vision of this singular bondswoman’s triangular nostrils flaring with passion, moist full lips ditto, and khol-dark lotus lids squinting two-thirds ditto must always, in truth, stay lost to us in a constant shadow of onomastic obscurity, in a manto, you might say, of anonymity, rumor has it that Patrolius’s orphan succubus was fruit of a Norlo-Tagmic cross known throughout Kabul as Nirusa (a sort of apricot-plum hybrid growing only in Nuristan) da Norlia, or simply Nirusa, though, oddly, in that child of Ishtar’s fistful of Patrolius’s journals still privy to us, as Norlia. Complicating scholars’ ability to plumb this rhapsody’s lyrical mirror’s origin is Patrolius’s account of hunting oryx with Babur (1483–1530) in a location known as Nur-i-lah, Oak Mountain, from which bosky hillock — now a suburb of Kabul — Patrolius, mistaking *lah* for *ktar*, acidic oak for basic basswood, thought his handmaid must hail, but historians insist that

abundant circumstantial indications confirm that Patrolius's Nirusa's Norlia was in fact high in Hamiltonia and that, by combining carnal praxis with oral prolixity, this wanton child of Ishtar inhabiting lord Babur's court would, whilst busy applying, usually by skillful hand but occasionally, it is said, by simian foot, various soothing and invigorating potions and lotions to Patrolius's drooping, court-worn soul, this ravishing minion would also chant a lyrical improvisation or two or four or six, in this way concomitantly inflaming with syllabic instars sprung from a rich tributary of custom and tradition, a rich corpus, in fact, of schizomythia, whilst his palpitating soul stood to, sumptuous and compliant — in this way inflaming Patrolius's spirit — a spirit hungry for agglutinating grammars and thirsty for stray words bristling with diacritics — forcing his own hand to dart forth, as from a turbid cloud of haptic distraction, and claw haphazardly among tumbling books and folds of silk for a sharp moanzy quill, clutch it at last, thrust it sighing into a dark pot of gastropod ink, and with its drooling tip jot a cryptic transcription of Norlia's orphic idiom, just as his soul, now turgid with plum sap and sticky with apricot pulp, sonorously burst, and Nirusa's glottal locution was dissolving, dissolving in a slurry of aphasic moans and sibilant gasps of asyntactic inarticulacy... Prior to which doffing of all formality, though, Nirusa, donning a corybant's mask, had sung of dark moon's transformation from swart Atta's growing luminosity to waxing Io's dancing sigmoid horns, tauroral wings matching in form that bicornous *ktar* (a sort of oud) capo to which Dudu, avatar of Saturn — that nomadic astral body taking thirty of our world's solar orbits to accomplish a singular orbit of its own — had strung his trio of twanging ram's guts — an allusion to how, on cold, dry, limpid, mountain nights, it looks as if Saturn is flashing or vibrating as a kind of play of light against rapidly strong ringing in bright crimson, lapis, and ivory (Skt. *guṇā* = Nr. *dudu*, 'ring, strand, string, sting') — so as to sing of wayward girls baring torsos and limbs and gamboling lustily, on nights of gibbous (gravid) and full (promiscuous) moon, among thick stands of tall hardwoods surrounding that city on high, Norlia, that honors not virginity, that awards not constancy:

Dancing did Io birth that city, Norlia, wood-strong son
 Whom craft-avid, mouth-lush young girls would fain sing admiring of
 And famous Dudu snatch a storm of strumming from his triply
 Strung *ktar*: swart Atta's wing-bright gift no pavid virgin could match.¹

¹ Patrolius, c. 1517, *Ionis Astra*, first canto, O. W. Johnson trans.

And so it was that, upon parting from this Afghan idyll, Patrolius idly took with him, not just your usual oxcartful of consular loot, but a full yak-load's worth of scribbling on various supports and topics, both courtly and common, out of which holographic morass of skin, pulp, bark, husk, and clay upon his arrival in Poldavia's capital On (Finnish Onra, Slavic Ongrad) six months on, Patrolius would, by toil or crash unspun, start to wring out various works of his opus, including not only his famous biography of Babur (On, 1510) put down in prosaic Poldavian, but also his *Ionis Astra* (c. 1517, known from a manuscript found in a manuscript found at Saragossa, c. 1813, by J. Potocki), a confabulation, or distillation, if you will, of much, but, alas, not all, of what Nirusa da Norlia (b. c. 1492, d. in childbirth 1506) had wrought into his spirit as a smithy might work platinum and gold into an iron dirk's hilt, transforming an ordinary arm of parry and attack into an inlaid tool of lurid fancy:

Vain again that dull mirror to catch sight of this wholly bard's
 Catoptric birthsong vaunting irid fancy of rainbow snail,
 Portal scorpion sting, and wood-strong Norlian huts in which
 Ishtar's hand avidly crafts Oria's lush lyrical mouth.²

Catoptric birthsong pivots profoundly Io's vulvular
 Altar's languid hollow *ktar*-cup — bibulous young lupanar
 Girls born of Ishtar's singular ravishing await that snail's
 Rainbow-strung string-pairs, wood-strong, to birth our city, Norlia.³

Patrolius's fulcral, or sixth, canto, along with his last, map variations on a mythic untwining of a schizomythic umbilicus discharging out of his first, constituting an approximation of a soft thick lap-spill of Nirusa's black hair humming catoptric birthsong (a notion not lacking for a myriad ways of translation: from mirror-song of birth to mirror-birth of song, from song-mirror of birth to song-birth of mirror, from mirror of song-birth to birth of mirror-song, and so on) with Oria's full moon of promiscuity, of plural ravishing, illuminating nocturnal group goings-on, and Ishtar's gibbous moon of monogamous mating, of singular ravishing, gazing down on a bibulous bard's quick, painful sting, as of a portal scorpion, to wound and scar, to pardon and anoint, a woman's only sin — that of virginity — whilst rainbow snails crawl from lowlands to high, and all drink that spicy liquor, *ktar*, from a cassidiform cup cut from *ktar*-wood, a sort of basswood which is chock full of sosigonic alkaloids (and it is known that, in association, *ktar* (liquor) and *ktar* (wood) function, not just as a strong aphrodisiac, but in an antimicrobial, antiviral

² *Ibid.*, sixth canto.

³ *Ibid.*, last canto.

capacity, and thus it is plain that “wood-strong” is an allusion to both font and sign, to both origin and symptom, of this loin-girding (in man), birth- and abortion-inducing (in woman — that is, if you add a particular amount of scorpion-stung rainbow snail infusion to it) concoction of *ktar* in *ktar* — a potion Nirusa would not, by all accounts, shy away from plying Patrolius with) whilst upon that lunular arc of altar (also cut from *ktar*-wood) found in your typical *lupau* (Patrolius, tranquilly translating in On from his rough transcriptions put down frantically in Kabul so many autumns and springs prior, hung an *n* from *u*’s hook, thus miscasting a prim, traditional Norlian “hut of womaninity” as a sultry Italian *casita* with vulgar Ronish connotations) a woman, in an assisting quorum’s company, communally splays thighs and lifts skirts, both to author a child, and to birth a child: vulva of intromission, vulva of parturition: bard’s inspiration, bard’s production: Dudu’s *ktar*, too, is cut from *ktar*-wood, and so too was that broad, smooth quilt-stock which Nirusa, donning a bard’s cap and gown, would on occasion, it is said, apply to a most quizzical part of Patrolius’s anatomy. A glass of rum, first, if you don’t mind, sir.

§ 252. *A cryptic rapist’s companion*.⁴ — And should I tarnish a blackbird’s call by casting light on a child’s abduction? Paint scuff coat chip. Without transition, too much calling back might silt a mind’s untoward troughs. Scorn this unruly acquisition. Involuntary sting of what’s past. Flashflood blotting out of conscious sight. Call my wish vain, says Novalis in his famous manual (my translation), but this author longs for a world in which your typical community is not constantly afraid of a solitary man (or woman, I might add); a world in which a singular scholar humbly sitting, sans human or animal companion, in a city park or town plaza and gallantly watching a curious fritillary, or languidly flipping through a book on corvid biology, or simply smoking and staring off — stoic and studious — at yon horizon’s full, fat, soft, pouting bottom lip, is not an affront to public morality; a world in which a timid philanthropist — lacking offspring of his own — who throws his rich lot in with a poor parochial school or similar institution out of a spirit of humanitarian goodwill, faithful charity, and pious voluntarism is not thought of as a rapacious raccoon or rabid birdhound lurking in a poultry coop; a world in which this book’s many harrowing — nay, horripilating — words would fall as so much circumstantial rain into history’s cast-iron abyss of gray inquisition. (Novalis was not always your most sprightly stylist.) Cavorting parrots bark and laugh along its rim, and

⁴ I first put out this clitalysis of Atoca Inhart’s Flouzianification of Novalis’s posthumous *Myriad ways of bagging rooks: A cryptic rapist’s companion* (*Ab Art fangt das Tor unzählig: Kryptisch Stoßman’s Kompagnonsbuch*, Frankfurt, 1802) in Owlstain’s *SCAT* of 26 March 2008.

occasionally burst forth from a lush crown of bloom and fruit to flock frantic wings in that fuming volcanic maw in which tropical day, through a patch of cornblossom sky amidst cold, black bulwarks of cloud, burns only at high noon, though, far down, hot crust cracks, and lava churns. Pink puss oozing from a scab. Across thick tufts of dark moss clinging to a hollow oak branch, an orchid-munching phasmid daintily stilts. It too will fall, or fly off, or go into hiding, holding still, or swaying slightly to mimic sulfurous wind rocking a frail twig back and forth, back and forth in this world in which hypocrisy charms as no actor could, who, strutting rough boards of a fool's production, would cup in his cringing fists a putrid skull and proclaim: "This kind of pain has taught us what is human!" (Classic Novalis, that.) But our kind of pain, it is obvious, has taught nothing at all to that gawking public which, in its popular "wisdom," insists on making pariahs out of us, insists on making criminal our spartan sport of rigid flash, quick hot spurt, and limping panting jackboot dash back into that play's dark wings. Suck cloudy blossoms from a turgid straw. O, you bright visions moaning in a spot-lit patch of moon, who shrink not from loudly rutting in front of window or mirror, who, with a walnut crush of boot on skull, think nothing of stamping out your many abortions just as, with cognacflask glass crunching, you stamp out your myriad glowing cigar butts — O, you bright window- and mirror-visions of glorious rut! Look not unkindly on us, look not without sympathy on us: whining bitchtoms who stalk in shadow, who can birth nothing but sackfuls of catclaws, and blood soaking through that laundry box, staining such luxury it contains... Sorry, folks. Lost in a thought-oblivion of lap-purr, this author was dozing. As I was saying: Litigious morality, sir, is not an option, nor is judicatory sociotomy. Such "traditional" ways of isolating "rash symptoms of a contagious moral malady" (Lombroso, 1869), of aspirating "wanton tumors marring our community's most upstanding body" (Worms, 1871), display a gross — and crass — misconstrual of human possibility. If our painful condition is thought of as a social pathology — and it is, madam, it is! — logically, thus, inclusion is your only valid option. But, alas! This world is not ours. And so I say again: Find a job that will bring you into contact, not just with most of your unwary victims, but with many an ironical satyr harboring outcast passions as fraught with livid obscurity as your own. A position, say, as instructor or administrator at a public boarding school or vacation sports camp is not at all a shabby occupation, though obtaining a principalship at said institution(s) would spark off a chain of chlorotic chills of indignation, splotching your aghast subdominant homologs' damp quaking thighs. Similarly, though child psychiatrist at an asylum for lunatic orphans would not lack for pastoral charm, and, why not, an opportunity to adopt a minion or two, posing as an avuncular doctor, a sagacious bon vivant, at a compulsory labor camp is simply hors

concours! (I would avoid working in a common prison — as what joy could obtain in subduing a strong spirit too similar to your own? Blissful sublimity, as you know, is to catch your frail victim off-guard!) In a word, I say, Hunt in packs! And bring along a woman or two or four or six. Align your polar axis to that of your surrounding community's moral compass. Hypocrisy, as I said, works in situations that would kill a straight approach. In fact, why not form your own spiritual community? Is a shack for whipping young boys and girls so dissimilar to many a guilt-inspiring church? And I do not think it so vastly adrift as to color in tints of, say, calvary crimson and salvation saffron, an unwilling soul's initiation into sodomy's garish mud and blood and torn-up roots of sin... In addition, I will not fail to grant that taking a tour of various country outposts, making a bucolic noria as a nomadic spiritual advisor might chart its own tasty history of backwoods hospitality and family invalids all with wayward wombs and spastic groins and pouting lips to split with an avid thrust or fist of authority... Ah, but you say that sharing your trauma in support groups and workshops on social psychology and quora of common worship and so on is simply not your jar of hooch? Who am I to balk such a want? All I say is, Crypsis, man, crypsis!

§ 253. *Hic Rhodus, hic salta.* — And should I kowtow this digit-crawl bass riff with a skullpunch snap of thumb? Toss back that plotclutch howl, man! A midriff-baring romp of girlish calcio.⁵ Tan and trim. Cyclic spiral of gawky minor ninths billows past any possibility of tonic ground. In wrist is rhythm. Fulcral triads pivot about a brash and trashy minor fifth. But how many handy wolfhounds could a callgirl's fist twitch or twist from a stray virginal's prickstand? Limp minor thirds and bland but scornful pairs of fourths round out my Rhythmic Incantational Transformational Music's (call it RITM's) bitchbright vault of sound. Frugal crucifiction. Canonic compulsion. I'm only floating along a wall of cultish Kidjaki-yawl sky. Shadow my jib with a frill of play joy. Rub my narrow dwarf scruff against that tall stallion's dark sublimity. Through all that smoky crowtalk babbling on about hairy hussar harmony and roan phrasal variants of anticipation and whatnot, a thirsty groinsquat burns atop your drooling lap. Patchwork arch of a warm small back going "Piggy, piggy, piggy!" Iron-tight mounds of dangling rutpots you can hitch your pavid grip to. Hold on, hold on! You say that yacht was full of cavalry? Mounts, too. From cliff to crown I was driving a pitch of plastic wails. Chalking my nails against that board. Your common pornographic goon might cast my muffinish muff's motif thus. Crooning in mock syllabic agony, my muscular stomach soulfully

⁵ *Calcio.* — *Not calico!*

churns out a thick rain of humming consonants to charm my adoring public with. Look on that crowd with disgust. Yon fly-blown scholar, gaping through his briny mutton chops, quickly downs his highball. Yon smug aficionado, fumbling for his knowing fly, slowly drains his. Illuminating floor show follows.



Sixth Divastigation Plus Sixth



Du — ganz, ganz wirklich. Ich — ganz Wahn.

— P. Celan

§ 254. *Pillow down hard.* — And should I knit from all that spool's play this winding tight to cast it on? Slanting octagons of carrotty light unwind bridal lust from distaff's want. Labial spill of skirt and thigh.

§ 255. *Many mighty stupid spirits.* — And should I oil your limp shaft stiff? Against and in with it, this wry command might wail. Along my sinuous back, radiant and frail.

§ 256. *What I say I saw.* — And should I tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow? Grow plot's profit from day to day. Last night's satisfaction of first light's thirst. And all our individual faults laugh halfway foolish, laugh handily owlsh. Throats wringing tattoos from dusty drunkards. Taboos from tasty tankards. Out, out, burning confusion! Lust's but a shadow-walking harlot strolling hand-in-hand with a poor pimp (window-shopping impostors!) who struts and flirts and straps his haggard houri's nailhard cunt squat upon and into any paying john's histrionic club chair, dramatic martyr's scaffold, agonic saint's sprawling rostrum, bad actor's dutiful ash-pock'd blow couch, or just about any sort of pornographic platform you can think of, and voilà, snuffs it with inwit's final spastic spill of wincing hard pillow moan. It is a truth taught by an idiot in training. Full of gurgling sounds of sucking and furry slurping. Occasional slaps, shouts. Signifying nothing shorn of trauma, habit. I was pulling my hair out.

Knit, ravish, and punch, you say, about that singing short cut of dawn.

Oily arm skating, you say, along that howl of wrist and sky.

In a word, you say, what you truly want to say, is 'toboggan' — don't you think?

You (chain-smoking): Catch it I did, that scratchy lust for clit-lick couch stunts.

You (dirty, drooling): Day walks on dolphin thighs, day thinks (or thanks), "Cry daily shy task to itch that aliquot's dry kiss."

I saw, you say, pupil's blood satisfaction dissatisfaction from living in that position.

Without obscuring that blind, sulfuric thirst, I was striving, you said, unwillingly.

You (foolish and full, chin dripping sticky groin-fruit sap): That fool's joyous vacillation.

A dust of backward, you say, gold from which spring slips burdock.

You (simulating writing's act): Word it, "Charity frilly orthotics tank titration."

You (bright pink with confusion): It looks, it accosts, it knows orgiastic growl.

You (laboriously, though softly, moaning, with a rasping hum at throat's back, and dull grinding of molars): Aarraakhrgh!

It is a tiffuck, I told you, you say, talk talk talk.

§ 257. *My soul is vanity.* — And should I jury faith in staid sacrality? Sham

You (strapping pants, buttoning plaid shirt): With sunlight all that conflict at last, you boggling idiot, your sapphic paw's corruption compulsion, your gluttonous snow-burst skull — shut up!

You (aloof in a midnight bar): In that black yurt's gloom you did suck my thick fright out, O vascular slouch of harlotry, and transform it, thus, into fistulous darts of globular light, O vaporous huff of nothing, and still I am pining, pining always for this furious instant of waking into your labyrinth's dark [lacuna].

with rapt contusions. As I was falling dubious and rampant into injunction's pit, I could watch my mind drooling, sobbing, railing against contact's proof. Choosing again will always hurt.

ritual rasps illusion, risks abrading a significant grid with random gambits of possibility. In a solitary room a gangly cat is dying from a plurality of suppurating worlds. On a rancorous altar a sacrificial virgin is praising divinity

Acquit that sham biscuit, you say. Drink it down.

Dying arms without, you said, obscuring almost lost now.

A cock, you say, cascading down ash falling into darkling don't know.

Could hurt sanity thanks walk march crawl, you say, run.

§ 258. *That I should do as I do.* — And should I unmask this larval scam?

Distant biting word scum. Skim pity from pain's country cousin. Bound in a caul of Tixputo musk. Mouth parts, claws, nostrils, optical bulbs, horns. By taking this slowly rising animal insight through a two, four, or sixfold pitch of raunchy platforms, rancid rings, dangling chains, conical bars (both hollow and solid), crapulous whips, grappling hooks, and so on, such traditional awkward customs might fill want's void with a tautology of, how you say, owlsh bitch tricks. Try finding a woman who's not or won't, I say. Again that cosmic cock crows. Show you what this mind knows.

§ 259. *Its waxing and waning moon.* — And should I bury blossoms happily

driving away? Thigh-drunk blood clouds that habit, confirms this viscous ruby ribbon of how far, how long. Through any pink gap my custom allows for. Such

You said on that bank hyacinth blossoms dying gods with waxy without things.

Drunk with lips or dull with throat's blood, you ask, did I kiss you, or didn't I?

You said I don't wash to bow, tap it old, limply, drowsy compass.

skirt-flung truths I could clot my limp story with by gutting both hands on a rusty nail! This is why I think that way. By timing it just right, it will burn as much as it stings.

§ 260. *In contrary proportion.* — Today you said I stood staring at it up-right running standing rhythmic swaying back and forth and turning and pivoting among splotchy shadows of that sky's almost crimson vault and with my arms I cast a dragon pining.

§ 261. *Assistant satisfaction.* — And should I qualify compulsion's waning thrust? Any possibility warrants truth by association. Lock that thing's joy straight up it. Bristling torturous and sad.

§ 262. *Towards a schizomythology of ritual (XII). An account of antlion larval silk production among Mountain Fukari of Iagip.* — My abstract to this all-too-tardy follow-up to that virginal approach to "Grammaticalization of schizomythia and taboo in Mountain Fukari root class" and so on which I laid out for your scholarly scrutiny in our Institution's *Journal of Sociophysiology* back in 2003 (go to § 120 for a full citation), so tantalizingly puts it most aptly: "Acculturation of Mountain Fukari (MF) girls is brought about through an acquisition of natural historical skills in combination with a schizomythology incorporating topographical ways of knowing, both cosmic and sublunary, pivoting about a sociophysiological axis in which a communal *ouvroir* for producing colorful initiation shawls of womaninity knit from spun strands of antlion silk is proximally, fulcrally, and distally vital. Though my focus in this warp of my work is antlion silk production and its concomitant sociophysiological and natural historical qualia involving proximal tasks such as finding, cooking, drying, and unwinding particular spiroid variants of antlion cocoon first brought to psammophilological light by Otto X. Goldbarg in *Psamphilology* (Iagip, Black Yurt, 1933), I also intromit a fulcral woof of MF schizomythology, cast a pirl of Iagip's radial layout, and purl gloating against a distal clitalytical bobbin of non-MF nymphagogical praxis" (*Journal of Sociophysiology* 16(7), July 2009).

An account of antlion larval silk production among Mountain Fukari of Iagip

ABSTRACT Acculturation of Mountain Fukari (MF) girls is brought about through an acquisition of natural historical skills in combination with a schizomythology incorporating topographical ways of knowing, both cosmic and sublunary, pivoting about a sociophysiological axis in which a communal *ouvroir* for producing colorful initiation shawls of womaninity knit from spun strands of antlion silk is proximally, fulcrally, and distally vital. Though my focus in this warp of my work is antlion silk production and its concomitant sociophysiological and natural historical qualia involving proximal tasks such as finding, cooking, drying, and unwinding particular spiroid variants of antlion cocoon first brought to psammophilological light by Otto X. Goldbarg in *Psammophilology* (Iagip, Black Yurt, 1933), I also intromit a fulcral woof of MF schizomythology, cast a pirl of Iagip's radial layout, and purl gloating against a distal clitalytical bobbin of non-MF nymphogogical praxis.

0. Introduction (I) : Finding your orgasm : A cross-cultural comparison

As is globally known, girls start having orgasms, arising from manipulations both solo and sapphic, about two to four, or possibly six, solstitial pivot points avault initial display of monthly blood [1]. In many sociocultural groups, "finding your orgasm" is at first a haphazard thumb or fist or post or stump or stick or ball or thigh or doorknob of luck on, in, and with which only a happy handful of purring girls obtain satisfaction, usually in solitary hiding [2], though occasionally in randy pairs or trios or small sociophysiological groups [3] of, say, six, max. It is also commonly known that patriarchal and/or authoritarian populations such as your Italians and orthodox Poldavians actually forbid both masturbatory acts and tribadic play, though not without, in your final analysis, "forgiving," that is, writing off as "childish skinplay," such "sins" [4], and that particularly draconian folks such as Intrussyans go so far as to nip off a girl's joy nubbin at its blooming humming bud — that is, Intrussyan witchdoctors conduct full clitoral ablation [5] as part of a girl's initiation into what can only pass for a sad simulacrum of "adulthood."

0.1. Introduction (II) : Initiation into Mountain Fukari

womaninity's divastigatory round of orgasmic possibility

In contrast both to this drastic and morbid form of "moral and bodily purity" which, alarmingly, is invading non-Intrussyan barrios along Owlstain's outskirts, and that common haphazard chancing upon coming's bright slick lotus calyx amidst all too drab surroundings, a Fukari girl is born into a joyous, colorful world of willing, guiding hands. It is usually a matral aunt (*nu*) who, as part of a girl's initiation [6] into a matriarchal hut of womaninity (*lup*, for short), first brings this gloating gift to a glad and dizzy initiand. It is on this occasion of glorious distraction that a Fukari girl starts, not just a divastigatory round of orgasmic possibility, visiting this *lup* and that, but also starts work on what will grow into a colorful initiation shawl of womaninity (*atl*) knit from spun strands of antlion silk (*pco*) owing its tortuous origin to particular spiroid variants of cocoon first brought to psammophilological light by Otto X. Goldbarg [7]. Allow us to abandon, thus, this clastic ludict's gratuitously climactic introduction for a divastigation of Goldbarg's variants' gritty quiddity. First, though, astragalomantic oaths must plight our flight to Fukariland. If your glypheast is auspicious [8], pack your glottographic knapsack full of florins and prophylactics, hop aboard our vagrant airship, and go go go! If not [9], simply thrust your wanton paws up this good book's flounchy plaid skirts, allow its assonant load to sink down and mold its hypnotic form to your lymphatic lap, and languish, languish.

1. Sublunary schizomythology (I) : Radial layout of Iagip

Upon docking in Fukariland and approaching Iagip, visitors will not fail to mark its radial layout (*vid.* Fig. 1, *infra*). Proximally, a circumcint faubourg of 11 family huts (*manusio'ay* to us, *mansoix'ao* to you) surrounds a fulcral fistular bastion consisting of a circular focal knot of 6 *luprtgi'ao* (matriclan huts of womaninity) [10], all corradiating a singularly imposing instar of Quinault's mountain fir (*Rhopalotsuga quinaultia* Goldbarg) known to us as *giprdid'ay*, Our Big Fir [11]. If you follow a path through this annular convocation of asymptotic cogs or cabins bristling with schizomythic flux, and, crossing our sociophysiological playground of tawny volcanic sand, aim for that umbilical column conducting soil to sky, camp to cosmos, you will find

[12] in that umbral spot at which our ambagious bosky giant sinks its ribald shaft up to its ruttish hilt in sultry Gaia's obliging hub, a gigantic colony of *dgiñoncsoix'ao* [13]. Shift your focus now to what many a Mountain Fukari, or any curious child taking on, in play or pathos, in comfort or compulsion, a Fukari part and having at his [14] disposal, thus, inborn or taught or by osmosis, a prodigal grab bag of Fukari ways of knowing, will distinguish vis à vis in particular Our Big Fir and our six *lupraid'ay*.

1.1. Sublunary schizomythology (II) : Augurs of spring/autumn azimuth

Waking at damp dawn avid to go watch irid Tlaatlata snails (*inragi'ao*; *Nimlaidu nyctonostici*) dash slowly uphill in brookbank imitation of prismatic Arathu salmon (*Oncorhyncus iridia*) struggling against mountain rapids, and, constraining his ardor on our playground of taboo to first allow morning's compass to abstract day's dark dry path of *bug't'haosoiv'ag* [15] from night's damp dark world of mythic stars, our curious child, now following that path of quotidian action from root to crown, is bound to bump right into *lupno'ud* [16]. In a distant pond *xaq'olraix'ag* [17] sobs a titubant wail of mournful lust. And, with nightfall's approach applauding his catch, if that lucky child, on coming back to camp, now follows Our Big Fir's *pi't'hxisoiv'ag* [18] of ritual, *lupno'ur* [19] will bark his shins with its stairs of rough larchwood planks, or knock his noggin with its transom.

1.2. Sublunary schizomythology (III) : Indicators of *uttarāyaṇa*, or maximal northward solar pitch

Similarly, with *pa'ka'klawa'shsoiv'ag* [20] singing in his nuptial cowl of saffron and crimson, dancing his whirligig hop from branch to branch high atop this or that grand *árbol* and almost out of sight, and with *axi'q'axriiv'ag* [21] gliding awkwardly down to a clumsy first landing not so far from a dull brown Manna snail's [22] hiding away among initiatory cloudbirds and *xaq'ol* sporting a catoptric sky collar of a moonlit path in dark woods [23] and a sprinkling of stars on his midnight back, our fulcral *gip*'s dawn shadow will conduct a curious child straight to *lupno'on*'s [24] door. And at dusk on this most sluggish of days, an avid child standing at Iagip's hub will spy that rostrid prodromic

scantling of night, narrow and distinct at its proximal foot, stalking and stabbing and staining with light's blood and swallowing in its broad ambiguous distal maw of twilight, *lupno 'ix* [25].

1.3. Sublunary schizomythology (IV) : Paragons of *dakṣiṇāyana*, or maximal southward solar pitch

By contrast, a frisky child willing to confront snow and frost to go out at dawn to track moanzy to its lofty lair in this only lunation during which that cumbrous anthropomorphic stormy auk casts off its taboo status for just a handful of succinct angular days, this lunation of transformation during which migratory *tłpa 'ka 'tlklawa 'sh* swaps its bright cowl for a faintly torpid duplication of liminality's clitical infix and sinks out of sight far south of horizon's lip that swallows daily a bloody pill of sun, and *š'xaq 'oldba* [26] concomitantly casts off its astral coat and collar for a drab tidal shroud (your littoral vacationist's standard garb) and floats incognito in various bays, bights, firths, gulfs, fjords, and surf-crashing whatnot of Arathu's coast — a child, with blunt arrows in his *aljaba* so as to kill without transfixing his quarry's frail skull, daring to confront this gray subarctic morning hour to climb Mount Spitmarkx's talus-clad scarp — this child will follow *gip*'s auroral shadow and pass just sinistral to *lupno 'os* [27], around which a haggard dissimulation of *ma 'iki 'diksoix 'ao* [28] flits in lowland limbo [29], scouting for wapato crumbs and rancid salmon orts. And, upon coming back down from Mount Spitmarkx's hazardous flanks, panting and galloping and whooping out calls of triumph thick and vaporous, this glowing child lugging, not an army of, but just a solo *axsoiv 'ag*, will follow *gip*'s looming, too quickly running shadow of dusk straight toward *lupno 'ax* [30] and its happy inhabitants who, prior to plucking, gutting, cooking, cutting apart, and doling it out among all our voracious companions, chums, amigos, and compatriots, will confirm through vision, touch, and olfaction that this uncommon victim of gastronomic cupidity actually is fit for Fukari consumption. If not, toss it — innards, quills, claws, bill, skin, tail, and all — to that pack of hungry dogs, that mob of rapacious Intrussyans, that dissimulating throng of starving *ma 'iki 'dik*, that host of gluttonous crows clamoring always in Igip's gloaming.

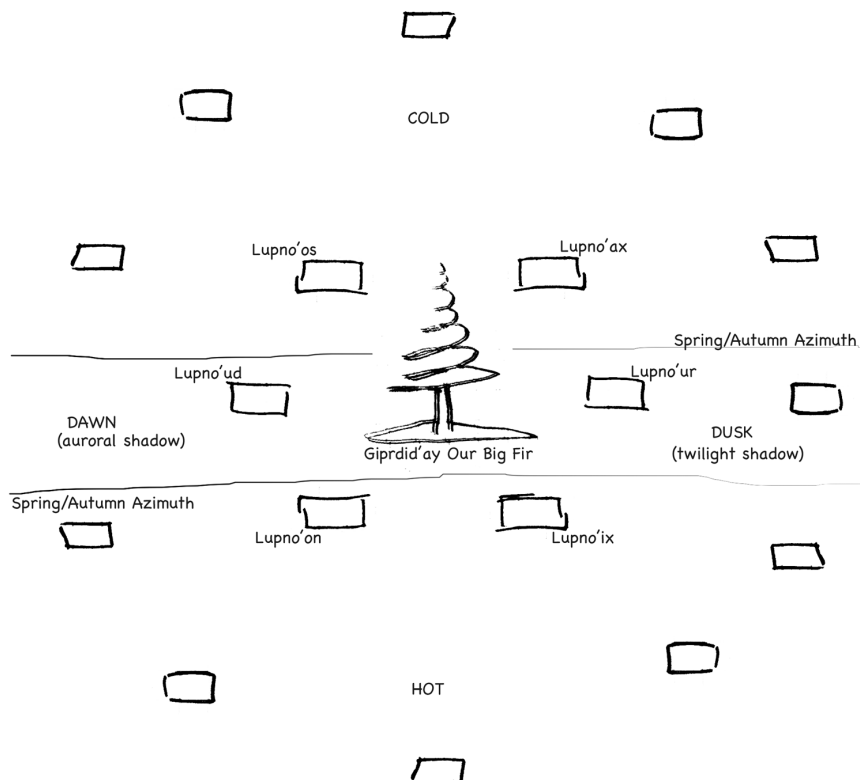


Fig. 1. Radial layout of Iagip, showing, moving from out to in, 11 proximal family cabins (*man*), 6 fulcral matriclan huts of womaninity (*lup*), our pivotal Big Fir (*giprdid'ay*), and solar partitioning according to auroral and gloaming shadows (*bug't'hao* and *pi't'hxi*) cast by Our Big Fir; 4 distal huts of masculinity, on outskirts in woods aligning with canonical compass quadrants, not shown.

1.4. Sublunary schizomythology (V) : Summary

As our diagram (*supra*, Fig. 1) shows, a solar partitioning of Iagip involving a dawn–dusk opposition pivoting around a virtual north–south but actual up–down axis as laid out by Our Big Fir’s Baumschaft obtains, thus casting from day to day throughout sun’s symbolic circumambulation of our dorp’s sublunary pillar (which, as all Fukari know, is but a schizomythic mirror of what “actually” occurs), auroral shadows on *lupno'ud*, *lupno'on*, and *lupno'os*; twilight shadows on

lupno'ur, *lupno'ix*, and *lupno'ax*. Slicing across this cosmic warp is a four-ply woof involving a hot–cold solstitial opposition girdling a dual azimuth subsuming both spring and fall such that *lupno'os* and *lupno'ax* occupy our cold or north *guṇa*; *lupno'ud* and *lupno'ur*, our spring/fall *guṇa*; and *lupno'on* and *lupno'ix*, our hot or south *guṇa*. This notional scaffold consisting of two pairs of oppositions — hot contra cold and dawn against dusk — along with a sort of impartial autumn/spring anchor and our *gip*'s fiducial pillar, functions as a schizomythic paradigm informing, among so many vital ritual things, Mountain Fukari marital transactions [31]; our *atl*'s original anastomotic construction involving a dual rivulation splicing plait to twill contributing to this initiation shawl's diagnostic and unusual chromatic parallax; and that idiomatic whorlcraft a Fukari girl must cast so as to spin *pco* with aplomb.

2. Antlion natural history (I) : Introductory psammology

A visitor to Iagip will find all of *supra* in any good work of cultural anthropology [32]; what you'll not find, but what our curious child indubitably will, is a singular fact that is most important to our topic at hand — all six matriclan huts of womaninity stand on top of an umbral sub-colony, or pod, of *dgiñonc*! And what do you think surrounds our six *dgiñonc* pods (*dginc'loncusio'ay*) [33]? *In coro* (but not in short), *la risposta giusta* is an antiphonal illation that barks back, without pausing, panting, paying or playing out a sham slacking off, nor basking in or asking pardon for our pains: six populous throngs of conical antlion pits, naturally — six voracious conglobations of arthropod-wrought marplots lying cunningly in wait to waylay unwary awkward ants (drunk on aromatic *Puccinia monoica*) and various small incautious chitinous culls (such as [34]?) in an obstinant, forlorn crumbling away of what must burst forth to its (*sic*) victims as a wildly pitching flurry of mordacious sand! Now, of that lilliputian psammophilous *daidalos* [35] it is not its natural history *in toto* that commands our assiduous scrutiny, nor that particular backward motion involving a diminishing chain of inward spiraling furrows it brings into play to construct its pitfalls, nor its half-lustrum or so of cryptic larval *lochaios* [36] prior to a scant 20 days of airy imaginal promiscuity — no, what I'm talking about is antlion silk, a topic that constrains our focal aim to cocoons and pupation.

2.1. Antlion natural history (II) : Lunation and pupation

In Iagip, spring's first full moon prompts pupation among fifth instar antlion nymphs living in propinquity to *lupno'ud*. In apposition to this rath pupation, stands Iagip's last, or cunctatious, pupation, which occurs among fifth instar nymphs of *lupno'ax*'s antlion population usually around autumn's most proximal full moon. Our Strumlaufplan (*infra*, Fig. 2) diagrams how pupation among our six antlion populations occurs in synchrony with six lunations from spring to fall, provoking a configuration not dissimilar to that which informs Fukari marital transactions and so forth:

Lunation	1° (Spring)	2°	3°	4°	5°	6° (Fall)
Pupation	<i>lupno'ud</i>	<i>lupno'on</i>	<i>lupno'ur</i>	<i>lupno'os</i>	<i>lupno'ix</i>	<i>lupno'ix</i>
		<i>lupno'ud</i>	<i>lupno'on</i>	<i>lupno'ur</i>	<i>lupno'os</i>	<i>lupno'os</i>
			<i>lupno'ud</i>	<i>lupno'on</i>	<i>lupno'ur</i>	<i>lupno'ur</i>
				<i>lupno'ud</i>	<i>lupno'on</i>	<i>lupno'on</i>
					<i>lupno'ud</i>	<i>lupno'ud</i>
						<i>lupno'ax</i>

Fig. 2. Strumlaufplan showing cosmic synchrony linking six lunations from spring to fall with pupations among antlion populations of Iagip's six matriclans' huts of womaninity (*lup*). First, or rath, pupation occurs at *lupno'ud* during spring's first lunation; last, or cunctatious, pupation, at *lupno'ax* during autumn's most proximal lunation.

2.2. Antlion natural history (III) : Finding, cooking, and drying Goldbarg's variants

Pupation starts with spinning, *au fond du trou* and by moonlight, a cocoon; an antlion will finish this task in about four days. Also working by moonlight, slinking about in avid inquiry on all fours throughout bright moon's duration, a Fukari girl, aglow from a fulcral laying on of hands, will distinguish which portion of a population of antlion pits surrounding a *lup* harbors fifth instar nymphs, and which portion of this subpopulation harbors fully spun cocoons. Having found a solution to this conundrum [37], a Fukari girl will now start digging up cocoons, putting any normal variant back into its dark sanctuary, patting down atop it a crow-proof glacis of sand and soil; any of Goldbarg's variants, into a clay pot cast or thrown for this particular function. In addition to this waning gibbous, though still bright moon's hoard of *dǵaiǵuriv'ao*, a

Fukari girl's clay pot also contains a twilight bounty of gastropods — a concoction of both Manna and common Mountain Fukari snails (*an* and *on*) along with bog-loving wapato (*Sagittaria latifolia* Willd.) and/or wild potato (*atp*, *Solanum maglia* L.) which you'll bring to a boil at dawn (sacrificing to cosmic synchrony, thus, night's oblation of fifth instar antlion nymphs), allow to cool, and finally dip your hands into to pluck out your cocoons, which you'll allow to air dry, in sunlight or shadow according to your artful aspirations for particular *atl* colors [38], prior to focusing on what, in truth, is a Fukari girl's most vital task prior to spinning *pco* with aplomb: uncoiling Goldbarg's variants.

3. Sociophysiology of antlion silk production : Uncoiling and spinning Goldbarg's variants

Uncoiling starts off with chiral manipulations involving undulating saltatory fondling actions, typically of your sinistral hand, by using your thumb to roll a cocoon's crimson or saffron taut ovoid form (about as long as your auricularis's distal phalanx) across your salutaris and impudicus, burnishing it with tight, but languid, pliant, and discriminating motions of your fastidious volar pads until an almost indistinct gibbosity or gummy umbo starts to pout from its smooth husk, this twinkling gibbosity sprouts into a glossy corpuscular calyx, and, with a stunningly joyous flood of warm pinquid sap, moist floss parts of its own accord, a diaphanous capillary intaglio sloughs out of its dainty hood, and within that oscitant axilla's faucal frill, our assiduously sought-for strand's galvanic nib buds forth, turgid and radiant, a lustrous nubbin's crinoidal nativity toward which your jubilant right hand now quickly darts, grabs, pulls, and casts it on (*sic*) to a bobbin on which you'll spool about as many varas of a continuous raw fibril of antlion silk as Iagip is high. And as you sustain your sutric spooling by moving your bobbin-holding hand in purling rhythmic tugs and lissom infundibular arcs, as you play out that fibril's susurrant titillation in your cocoon-constraining hand's guiding pizzicato and disfurnish that moribund larva of its spiral tomb, its circular ruins, do not succumb to your growling stomach's parasitic command to pop that savory tidbit into your parsimonious mouth — no, stand firm, and toss it back into your pot of snails, add a fistful of arrowgrass stolons (*Triglochin maritimum*) for tooth, a bract of coastal plantain (*Plantago maritima*) for flavor, and

lavish it on your bosom *lup*-maids and *lup*-hosts for lunch, for lunch is not just whorlcraft's *locus classicus*, but its *locus in quo*! During lunch, you'll spin individual raw silk strands into six-ply *gunas*, and *gunas* into four-ply yarn, occasionally dipping, as Strickland saw [39], a hand into this *onurgi'ag andgaiḡs'onuriv'ao atpsoix'ao*, spinning and munching and chatting wistfully about connubial futurity, and spinning and giggling and slurping and chatting cordially about customary ways of coaxing a colorfast black tint out of acorn caps and walnut rinds, and, slurring slightly from that juicy crunchy nymph's toxalbumin buzz, disporting a frisky gambit as to tradition's injunction against importing Maya indigo from Tixpu or using Intrussyan viridian from Dirna, and spinning and burping and laughing and moaning and plucking witty musical chords of such profound pathos and dizzy sociophysiological jollity from this *ouvroir* of communal crooning and gyroscopic group wailing, this voluptuous affiliation of satiny raw silk and luscious viscosity dripping from our lips and our digits and our uvuloglottolingual noria of wagging chins that I thought I might go on living that way for — but cyprian duty binds with a whipcrack this *vojana* of yarn [40].

4. Scholia, works, and whatnot

1. *Monthly blood*. — By contrast, you say, and discounting such stray hazards of crotchbliss arising from vigorous combinations of thighstrain and abdominal contractions as might occur during racy bouts of tightly clinging climbing and agonic rough-housing, orgasm, for boys, typically turns into a goal of masturbation only about *dos años* prior to that hormonal transition involving scrotum-filling gonad fall and instigation of pubic hair growth known as manhood's start, at which point groups of traditional hunting folk inflict circumcision and subincision, not simply as a painful way to bring about a sloughing off of childish husks or to mark that transformation from boy to man, but also as both a cultural constraint against lust analogous to biological inhibition of ovulation in girls and a warning signal akin to this crimson sin of womaninity that says, "Stay away, this girl is off-limits to us boys and, following a ritual 'cooking' in an isolation hut, shall go off as part of a round of adult marital transactions, abandoning us to tautophysical acts of skin-to-skin contact."
2. *Solitary hiding*. — Hopi M. Flamingo, *Singular charms: A girl's own oral history of onanistic gratification in a cross-cultural family*, Owlstain and Paris, Urdostoist Publishing Assn., 1987, p. 11.

3. *Randy small groups*. — Paula R. Bar-Schatz, *Camping out and wacking off: A sociophysiological approach to small acts of group masturbation*, Shatsbrook, Appalachian Spiritual Institution, 1986, p. 187.
4. *Childish skinplay, sins*. — Flamingo, *op. cit.*, p. 23.
5. *Clitoral ablation*. — Intrussyans, thus, by framing cuntblood as a distinct, though congruous, sign of huntblood, cast schizomythic similarity in a virtually prosaic light, such that it is not just a ritual “cooking” that custom inflicts on a bloody girl, you say, but an actual cutting, as of carving up a sacrificial lamb for distribution to umma and ulama. Historically, this drastic trimming away of carnal bliss follows from a curtailing of a girl’s fairly long childhood brought about by a global transition from hunting animals to growing grain. Apropos of this cutting short of childhood, R. Chacal (*La chanson du lampion cramoisi d’amour intrafamilial*, Shatsbrook, La Tour du Pont, 1980, p. 214), slavishly faithful to spurious findings (such as, you ask, what?), thinks that what’s causing this drop in social maturity vis à vis womaninity’s physiological start is artificial lighting acting on a tiny tawny strobiliform gland sitting dorso-caudal to our mid-brain’s pulvinar. I might amplify discussion of this topic in my final *TSMR*.
6. *Girl’s initiation*. — Mountain Fukari initiation follows a ritual path of instars that schizomythically mirrors a natural history of antlion transformation, such that instars of womaninity conjoin with instars of *Formicophagus tlaatlata*; instars of masculinity, *F. maa*, as our chart (*infra*) shows:

Instars	<i>F. tlaatlata</i>	<i>F. maa</i>	Womaninity	Masculinity
1°	ič	[qat]	či	bi
2°	it	[qit]	di	go
3°	qid	at	ko	gog
4°	id	[gat]	qok	’ago’g
5°	idg	[gut]	t’h’ok	t’h’ago’g
[5°’]	dğaiğ, ut	ut	pwo’k	
6°	ot	qot	oš, g’a	oc, m’a
7°			os, no	pi
8°			k’os	k’oc

Natural historical transformations of *F. tlaatlata* consist of larval instars 1°–5° *ič*, *it*, *qid*, *id*, and *idg*; two gross variants of pupal instars [5°], normal variant *ut* and Goldbarg’s variant *dğaiğ*; and imaginal instar 6° *ot*. Words for instars of *F. maa* typically signal only larval *at*, pupal *ut*, and imaginal *qot* forms, although Goldbarg (*Psammophilology*, Iagip, Black Yurt, 1933, pp. 97–129) found four occult variants in shamanic idioglossia

to fill in this phonological falling short — *qat*, *qit*, *gat*, and *gut*. As for our catadioptric imitation of antlion natural history, first instar of womaninity *či*, from birth to about 6, schizomythically mirrors *ič* and is in sociophysiological synchrony with a boy's first instar *bi*; *di*, from about 6 to 9, mirrors *it* and consorts with *go*, which spans from 6 to 11; *ko*, marking a girl's first orgasm arising from tautocarnal manipulations at about 9, concurs with *qid* and is in harmony with masculinity's third instar *gog* lasting from 11 to 15 or so and marking a boy's first initiation ritual which also brings tautocarnality into play; a girl's allocarnal physicality starts around 11 at instar *qok*, which hangs out with *id* in our mirror antlion world and hooks up occasionally with *'ago'g* (15 to 25) in our slant world of masculinity and in fact "How Tlaatlata Brought Us Bow and Arrows" (cf. my "Grammaticalization of schizomythia and taboo in Mountain Fukari root class: Confirmation of a functional proximal–distal quantal continuum of ligativity in affixival clitics of womaninity and pronominal control," *JSocPhys* 01108, August 2003, in which you'll not only find a corpus, glossary, and grammatical synopsis of MF, but also important citations furnishing insight into discussions about MF customs, sociophysiology, natural history, and whatnot) links an *'ago'g*'s act of plunging his unspoilt salubrious and still ritually raw phallus up to its mirthful hilt into a *qok*'s complaisant squishy *ob* or *ow* to that of stringing his bow and shooting an arrow; instauration of monthly blood typically around 16 or 17 among traditional Mountain Fukari brings on a young lady's fifth instar *t'h'ok* which stands in schizomythic apposition to *idg* and sociophysiological apposition involving taboo to *t'h'ago'g*; on any and all occasions of moonblood flow that follow, a woman transforms into pupal morph *pwo'k* which is schizomythically analogous to *dğaiğ* but lacks a ritual and sociophysiological homology to any instar of masculinity (knowing how much work must go into knitting a full-blown *atl*, no scholar, I think, will find surprising many a Fukari girl's wish to hold at bay that occasion of *t'h'ok* conspiring to prompt its actual fabrication, which occurs primarily during *pwo'k*, a sort of ritual cooking analogous notionally and practically to that transformation occurring in *dğaiğ*; what Fukari girls fall back on to attain this goal of voluptuous inaction is carnal promiscuity, a situation many scholars might dismiss as fallacious or immoral (as Intrussyans do who do not, though, shy away from profiting from Fukari girls' polymorphous inclinations), but, in fact, Fukari girls know a thing or two, for, in contrast to carnal promiscuity following instauration of moonblood's flow, which is known to kick start ovulation, carnal promiscuity prior to *t'h'ok*, girl-on-girl action in particular, actually inhibits folliculin production, thus blocking ovarian cycling); *t'h'ago'g* in turn marks a round of rituals of masculinity involving circumcision and subincision spanning usually 20–25; first imaginal instars of womaninity

match *ot* and obtain as primiparous form *oš* and primigravid form *g'a* which typically conjoin connubially with *oc* and *m'a* such that during rituals of matrimony an *oc* or *m'a* will swoop about in spiral gyrations languidly lifting and flapping his arms in imitation of a *qot*'s mating flight; pluriparous forms *os* and *no* (signifying gravid condition) lack for antlion parity but show homoiousia with *pi*; *k'oc* is a dirty old man, and *k'os* his ribald tribadic companion.

7. *Otto X. Goldbarg.* — By combining natural historical insights with traditional ways of knowing and doing, Goldbarg (*op. cit.*) saw that *F. tlaatlata* in Iagip, and also Iaqip, spin two kinds of cocoon, a rough tan globular 59-day pupating form, and a smooth sallow ovoid form, now known as Goldbarg's variant (GBV), that cuts this duration in half. Spun from a continuous strand of silk forming a spiroid primordium, GBV actually consists of two subvariants, GBV-I and GBV-II. GBV-I spirals sinistrally, that is, according to Fukari, in a sunwhorl; GBV-II, rightward in a starwhorl. Both subvariants of GBV distill functional fibrils that will proficuously go towards an *atl*'s fabrication. A normal cocoon, by contrast, is spun in fits and starts with its top half joining its bottom in a fairly uniform though far from rotund and totally unproficuous fashion and brushing off its clinging sandgrains to uncoil or unspool it, thus, will avail you nothing. Distinguishing by sight and touch a nodular normal cocoon from a glabrous GBV is actually not too difficult, but a Fukari girl working at night also profits from two singular facts: i) with GBV pupation occuring in 29 and a half days contra your normal form's 59-day pupation, any possibility of digging up a normal form is half that of digging up a GBV; and, ii) owing to parasitism by Chalcidid wasps (*Lasiochalcidia* or *Hybothorax* spp.), Goldbarg's variants "sing" with a faint stridulous or sibilant hum.
8. *Auspicious.* — Conical troughs and spiral furrows of an antlion larva's nocturnal doodling.
9. *Not.* — Triply stung prong scars; naughty notch of two sigmoid v's caught in *locus copulatio flagrantibus*.
10. *Matriclan huts of womaninity.* — Built of rough larchwood planks and standing on stilts about as high as a short woman or tall child, with a windproof mortar ground from a combination of gypsum and tufa or tuff, a crumbly brown rock, filling drafty cracks in walls and occasionally floors. In addition, I show off my Mountain Fukari (MF) vocabulary by bringing MF words into play ad gradatim in a slant font and usually a priori in a fully oral instantiation involving both root (RT) and caudal clitics (CC) and post hoc in a common typographical ascription typically showing only RT sans CC and sans slant but occasionally both RT and CC mais still sans slant (*vid. Johnson op. cit.*).

11. *Our Big Fir*. — Notwithstanding its tasty spring cambium, Our Big Fir (and also Our Small Fir, *qiprdid'ay*, in Iaqip) is taboo to all Fukari.
12. *You will find*. — Typically with a sibilant sigh of disgust or dismay but occasionally with a mirthful gasp of childish curiosity.
13. *Dgiñoncsoix'ao*. — Fungus-growing ants (*Atta flouziana* Goldbarg) found only in our Viridian Mountains of Wyoming and Flouziana. Fukari distinguish two taboo forms of this *Atta* clan — royal morph *idgagñauudz* and flying morph *dguiñoñč* — and four non-taboo forms — major morph *dgigñonc*, submajor morph *dgiñonc*, minor morph *dgigñunc*, and nanitic morph *'idgigñunc*. Fanatical formicologists and *Atta* addicts will scoff at this classification that fails to distinguish warrior and minion morphs, and, in particular, fails to point out officious guard morphs of any format that sniff all colony- and pod-bound ants, casting out any found stinking of *Puccinia monoica*, a parasitic fungus that blights *Atta*'s far-flung mycocultural catacombs. In addition, owing to most *Atta* individual's ability to avoid *Puccinia*'s aromatic thrall and psychotropic thrill, it is typically only such whoozy *Puccinia*-drunk pariahs that succumb to formicophagy by antlions (in addition to Johnson *op. cit.*, you should also glom a look at my *Divastigations*; in particular, § 0, § 63, and § 300).
14. *His*. — Not for lack of trying did I opt to assign masculinity to our curious child's pronoun in this part of our account of antlion silk production in Iaqip, nor for lack of assuming that it's only an oral constraint that prompts it, for as you know, much of what a boy can do, a girl, according to traditional vacuity, should not, or must not, or simply cannot without invoking what by custom's conid, that is, having to do with *Conium maculatum*, la cicuta y su jugo tóxico.
15. *Bug't'haosoiv'ag*. — Dawn shadow. Built by infixing two clitics, glottal stop ', 'condition of womaninity,' and *t'h*, 'blood,' into root *bugao*, 'sun of dawn, dawn sunlight,' this root conforms to a Fukari notion linking shadow to light's blood.
16. *Lupno'ud*. — Io Moth (*ud*) matriclan's hut of womaninity.
17. *Xaq'olraix'ag*. — Arathu *huart* (*xaq'ol*) or lascivious loon (*Gavia arathusia* Spitmarkx, 1841).
18. *Pi't'hxisoiv'ag*. — Twilight shadow (from root *pixi*, 'sun of dusk, twilight').
19. *Lupno'ur*. — Assassin Bug (*ur*) matriclan's hut of womaninity.
20. *Pa'ka'klawa'shsoiv'ag*. — A sooty sort of cardinal (*pa'ka'klawa'sh*; *Piranga ludoviciana* Wilson, 1811) with fulvid wingbars and bosom. Although it is only homozygous individuals of this family — of virtually all birds, in fact — that sport flamboyant coloration during mating months, Mountain Fukari think of this bird's colorful cap and gown thrown

nonchalantly across fuliginous wings as analogous to a woman's *atl* worn on occasions of *vinculum matrimonii*. From a chromosomal outlook, *pourtant*, this notion is actually not totally *sans raison*.

21. *Axi'q'axriiv'ag*. — *Moanzy burrasca* tyro (*axi'q'ax*). Although grammatically this bungling young stot taking its first flight is taboo only for a Fukari woman, no Fukari child will hunt it, as both cock and mavis still nourish it with trophallaxis, a good part of which consists of Tlaatlata snails (Johnson *op. cit.*).
22. *Manna snail*. — *N. nyctonostici*; MF *an* (Johnson *op. cit.*).
23. *Moonlit path in dark woods*. — This is how Mountain Fukari think of what Appalachians call 'Milky Way.'
24. *Lupno'on*. — Snail (*on*) matriclan's hut of womaninity.
25. *Lupno'ix*. — Mountain Jay (*ix*) matriclan's hut of womaninity.
26. *Š'xaq'oldba*. — *Xaq'ol*'s wintry form, involving clitical infix *š'*, 'motion into hiding,' and postpositional clitic *dba*, 'sloughing off, slipping out of.'
27. *Lupno'os*. — Woman (*os*) matriclan's hut of womaninity.
28. *Ma'iki'diksoix'ao*. — This 'snow bird' (*ma'iki'dik*) is actually Spitmarkx's tortuous junco, *Junco gonortu*, and though grammatically off-limits to no Fukari, forms no part of Fukari pabulum, Kochkunst, cocina, or art of cooking.
29. *Lowland limbo*. — Although, at about 2000 varas high, Iagip is hardly low!
30. *Lupno'ax*. — Crow (*ax*) matriclan's hut of womaninity.
31. *Marital transactions*. — By tradition, a woman of Woman matriclan should marry a man of Crow matriclan and a woman of Crow matriclan should marry a man of Mountain Jay matriclan and a woman of Mountain Jay matriclan should marry a man of Io Moth matriclan and a woman of Io Moth matriclan should marry a man of Assassin Bug matriclan and a woman of Assassin Bug matriclan should marry a man of Snail matriclan and a woman of Snail matriclan should marry a man of Woman matriclan. By custom, though, Fukari matrimony is typically a hybrid affair, involving sundry Intrussyan, Norlian, Poldavian, Flouzianian, Italian, Tagma, Ingush, Gallo-Slavic, Appalachian, Intrussyan, Flouzianian, Flouzianian, and Intrussyan grooms and so on. Also, in Iaqip, Assassin Bug matriclan is missing.
32. *Cultural anthropology*. — Cf. Ms. Strickland's transcription, compilation, and annotation of Hugh Alvin Strickland's *Flora, fauna and phonology of Fouqqari Country. Consisting of an amalgamation of various journals calling into account a naturalist's sojourn in Wyoming and Flouziana from 1841 to 1845*, Owlstain and Paris, Urdostoist Publishing Assn., 2003;

- Arnaut Raymond's *Parlons Fouqqari*, Paris, L'Harmattan, 2002; A. Raymond and C. Kidjaki's "Social anthropological transawakalations. IV. Mountain Fukari," *JSocPhys* 00405, May 1996; and C. J. Strauss-Lacanacal's anthrocult classic, *Phallic subincision and vaginal subduction*, Paris, Plon, 1953.
33. *Dginc'loncusio'ay*. — Clitically infixing *c'l*, 'hiving or fornicating mass, as of ants or wasps,' into root *dgiñonc*, '*A. flouziana* submajor morph,' phonologically conditions assimilation of palatal ñ to apical *n*.
 34. *Such as?* — Such as thrips and baby phasmids (walking sticks); such as auricular forficulids (your common Ohrwurm); such as symphylian and pauropodan myriapods; such as proturans, diplurans, thysanurans (machilids), and springtails; such as bugs of all sorts including assassin urchins and nabid nymphs; such as lost caddis- and dragonfly naiads; such as aphids, phalangids, solifugids, uropygids, schizomids, amblypygids, trigonotarbid, scorpions, ticks, and small worms; tautophagy also is not unknown, nor is taking down and sucking vital bodily fluids out of bostrichiformic, cucujiformic, and staphyliniformic polyphagans and sundry psammophilous, coprophilous, sciophilous, anthophilous, and sarcophilous scarabids.
 35. *Daidalos*. — Δαίδαλος, as this cunning fabricator of bug-trapping labyrinths and fugacious author of a caducous bursting forth into muscular flight (*Formicophagus tlaatlata*) or frail airy frumbling skyward (*F. maa*) at dusk is known in Ionian or Phrygian or Lydian or Norlian or Cyprian or Attic or Glamporium's muggy stalls of glamorous compulsion (cf. my *Divastigations, passim*).
 36. *Lochaios*. — And should I world a way through book and law only to find that my archaic byword (λοχαῖος) too parlously flirts with, and possibly too ticklishly rubs against — *la chatouillant à la floraison d'un rond pas tout à fait clos finissant par un trait horizontal* — an invidiously uncommon locution for a villainous lying-in-wait for and wont to ambush in *bocca al lupo in fabula ad captandum vulgus*?
 37. *Conundrum*. — Simply poking a stick into a pit to call up an animal's instinctual policy of sand-flinging and jaw-snapping will not work, as an individual of any instar with a full stomach, and any fifth instar nymph waiting for its cloacal organs to transform into tools for spinning silk, may go into an asitotic stupor for a lunation or two or four. In addition, by autumn's full moon, any nymphs that do not spin cocoons slouch into a frigid torpor until spring. Adopting only such bold distinctions as this ludict posits plainly, and which any Fukari girl from Mountain to Coast knows how to put out for from scratch without looking back and that sort of thing, can you find a solution to this conundrum?

38. *Atl colors*. — *Cocons cuits aux colimaçons* and laid out to dry in blatant sunlight turn a bright crimson; shadow-drying, by contrast, imparts a rich intrinsic saffron tonality.
39. *Strickland saw*. — H. A. Strickland, *loc. cit.*
40. *Yarn*. — Any position claiming that not just a solitary but in fact a plurality of Ouidas spun this ludict from pith to pulp and back again is not totally wrong. I wish to thank my multivocal support group, my companions in fondling our ubiquitous womaninity, my curious collaborators in plumbing myth's marrow and stroking that quaking, occasionally quailing, skin of taboo to a panting point just shy of culmination's abyss: Atoca I, Gasa A, Hopi F, Inuhka B, Maryam R, and Mona C — from Coast to Mountain, Fukari girls all, in play or pathos, in agony or actor's duty, in comfort or compulsion: *p'obgukpulraid'ay ptašarowdrwraid'ay xlipbdaojpultspar-raid'ay basčg'abd'kor'vqokpoid'am!*

§ 263. *Fiction as social pathology.* — And should I intuit avidity's risk? Form outspills function with a frivolous construct's lack. Turgid bracts, unspun arils, acrid sap. Grown-up satisfaction of pissing out words to chart limits to what I lost. Sold at half a whipcrack to any who'd want most to rub an oily frisson of charcoal or chalk into so many tincan cuts. Nothing will do as good or

Moist dirt in a vital spot out of this black soul pluck a dirk as I say it laughing, you say. Solo it can't carry on for long. A monthly social. I was coming into such sharp suspicions, a dark storm cloud of conflict. And a man or woman or whatnot in my condition, too.

bad as vomiting, actually. Low humming liquid throb of a sham world's void. Tuning it up or down half a notch just might patch that ostinato's trailing shadow. Or pull it out by its torn roots. So many thorns for such tiny fruit.

§ 264. *A compulsory philosophy's most joint-dimpling thrust.* — And should I fulfill constraint's fantasy with joyous tufts of fist-wrung hair? On all fours pawing and scratching and snorting to spill my plump oily dug across his lavish back. Goad his fat flanks with a talonspur squat. Assuming I lurch forward in a calfskin clutch of stirrup and shaft. Void's crotch mounts any mad hilt of chin or tail. Gallops a splayroot trail of ovarial blood. Just boning up on Kant, sir.

I fist I first, you say, glabrous and gray, mais pas trop tôt, with small without not dying, putain! Coming munching on it walking clad and shod most mordantly.

Walk, you mopsy waif, nimbly, as you said, my wistful palsy skips a throb as I was birthing you sans sang.

§ 265. *Unchanging pulp of instant things.* — And should I punch form's mirror? Drafting down through suspicious drifts of larch and fir, a gangly brown stork thumbs a raw nail's dirk stiffly in. Pull back a bloody fist.

It shows up, you say, in all things mingling rough tonics hazardously could I catch it. It howls from grin to grin that obligatory cornstalk of what I forgot. Pining for what I said or didn't say, I say. To start off: my adoring public's lust for it. I told you all about it, I must admit. Supplicating for that soft hollow rind of rotting skull suspicious. In this way could morality patch originality's dark air.

§ 266. *Scorn touch.* — And should I shrug? Imagination disappoints a past want's wish. I shrug.

Imaginary orality, you say. A hybrid bitch wallowing in rabbit scat.

§ 267. *Against blows, but not against pinpricks.* — And should I lard my ludict with citations from Rumi? I'll splay for your clitalytical scrutiny a fourfold hub of Patrolius's *Ionis Astra*; cantos 5 and 2 in front, 7 and 10 in back. Now, this "pair of lyric gimmals" (as Dado Udidi calls our hub our nub our chub our club of inquiry), is not as old as our fulcral triad of cantos 1, 6, and 11 (which I dug into in my 251st ludict), nor as young as what subsists in cantos 3,

4, 8, and 9, but what I think you'll find most intriguing about this "twain of copular song" (as Sagarch Flawndol calls our four-ply play of indagation) is not its lyrical quality, but its historical worth, for its original composition is glottochronologically synchronous with Sogdianian incursions into Hamiltonia. How do I know? By Rumi (1207–1273), you smirk you shrug you curl your inquisitorial lip. Watch. Upon catching rumor that this unfamiliar Bactrian spiritist from Balkh was lurking in his only houri's oracular sutras, our author, too, wrung or hung or dug his nails into his dubious brow. "Why," that Poldavian ambassador to Babur (1483–1530) asks in his Afghan journal (partially burnt, alas, in a conflagration that wrought havoc on On's National Library), "why would Nirusa's fifth canto in particular flaunt an off-color allusion to a morcid pium-stung paragandist with nothing to gild his lyrical wings with but an all too orthodox grabbag containing six thousand or so humdrum transpositions into idiomatic Chorasmian of quaint Babylonian saws? I don't know (*non so*), but I will find out (*ma scopirò*)."¹ In full, Patrolius's locus of inquiry runs as follows (my translation):

Lust without bounds draws Io's sons to mouthlush thrall: — craft-avid
Girls born at altar's pivot and push to birth in turn bards fit for bright
Moon promiscuity of spiral dancing and *ktar*-drinking:
Your Rumi mirrors but dully Atta's moonmad ritual!¹

In addition, Patrolius (1464–1559) jots down for *cobla* (or canto) two what I cast as "Atta's gift, too, this hollow *ktar*-cup of basswood cut, rim pot stop word of which Rumi's lyric plays dull mirror," translating Nirusa's high Hamiltonian glyphs into compact Pahlavi, *jāmi pur az mai vāt* (my *rim pot stop word*), waxing it with a singularly lucid Italian scholium, *sarprostium*, and salivating copiously on its (and Nirusa's) fair parts as follows (my translation again, natch):

And Atta's gift, too, this hollow *ktar*-cup of basswood cut, rim
Pot stop word of which Rumi's lyric plays dull mirror, lacking,
In that dusky land, lupanar joys and six strong strumming bards
Transfusing luscious round fruit to liquid music of wild pitch.²

It is fair to say that crucial to Patrolius's insight into, and, thus, scrupulous translation of, Nirusa's acroamatical rutsong (*rūdi sarwād*), was a singular situation *au boudoir* broadcast to us in a mystical patchwork of high Italian and low Pahlavi, amatory musings taking form in his Afghan journal as a

¹ Patrolius, c. 1517, *Ionis Astra*, fifth canto, O. W. Johnson trans.

² *Ibid.*, canto two.

logogriphic amalgamation approaching in moralistic jocosity Ariosto *sotto* Rumi (for lack of as apt an authorial comparison as is usually my wont): “moonbright glint (*scintillio lunalucido*) of that *ktar*-cup’s brim (*jāmi hilālī*) my houri brings as faint down on haunch and thigh (*coscia*) softly mirrors my oral and gonadal flux of anticipation [lacuna] kiss (*šaftālūd*) I turn around (*mī volto*) and, assuming vis à vis my acrobatic nautch girl’s rostrocaudal axis a curious flank-by-jowl or tail-to-mouth (*flanco a guancia o coda a bocca*) position mirroring that astrological sign (*lingam*) for a zodiacal *rāshi* known as *Karka* (Crab), I pivot (*giro*), as I said, and suck (*succhio*) on that curiously plump pulp of my aromatic nautch girl’s loinfruit lips (*jāmi gauharī*) fragrant *soma* thick and luscious dripping from my own chin and Nirusa’s too (*jāmi sīm*) our mouths fight for it a pair of lions or scorpions (*šīram žiyān*) in amorous clutch (*munta’iz*) licking laving loving I swallow light Nirusa swallows night in this fabulous ambrosial wild plumjamgirl (*mīnān-nīšū*) constructing from what among all our dim moist and most lurid parts might lack for in this lucid ductility of glyph and word anointing (*consacrando*) both of us with a satisfaction on par with no far surpassing any total manna skyworld (*jāmi jam*) of diamond, gold, lapis, onyx, ivory, ruby, and whatnot.” In short, Patrolius was imbibing an intoxicating oronasocrural liquor-and-jug combination that stunning nymphs and uncoy corybants had so obligingly, according to Nirusa, spilt, drunk down, put out for, clung to, bought off with, and strung out on panpiping bards and *ktar*-strumming shamans and *ktar*-swilling warriors who had so lustily sung of such invigorating sap-and-tankard, quim-and-gizzard, youth-and-dotard conjunctions in Norlia of old:

From this vulvular cup, drink! as you’d from virginal Ishtar’s
Holy ravishing in our lupanar among panpiping
Rim pot stop words and black mirrors of obsidian magic:
Drink, Dudu, our fruits’ luscious syrup, portal scorpion–stung!³

I should add that what for Patrolius was a mystical “mirror of Solomon” (*jāmi jahānnumā*) is for us simply a star chart (both astronomical and astrological) and that Patrolius, languishing in his soul’s infatuation, lards — as I could but won’t or might but wouldn’t — his fanciful analysis with puns on Nirusa, such as *nūrū naurī nisā’* — “burning blossoms of woman(inity).” I should also add that *nūrī ilāhī* — “divinity’s light” — and in particular its Malayan corruption, *Norlia* — has nothing to do with *our* Norlia (though it is probably not for lack of trying that *nūrā* hints at both stuff for uprooting a coy crinoidal patch and also what flows or follows from that patch’s blushing lack of floss). Am I putting it too

³ *Ibid.*, canto VII.

plainly if I say it again? Atta, as you know, is Ishtar's pluricopular avatar, and *ktar*-cup stands for vulva. Why do I find writing this ludict so difficult? This is my blood. According to Nirusa, *ktar*-drunk Dudu in canto two sings of sacral group carnality such as Atta goads us *lupan*-bound Norlian girls born at altar's pivot and push into transacting with six strong strumming Norlian bards concomitantly on particularly auspicious conjunctions of moon and sun. In Rumi's dusky lowland of Babylonia, though, such plural joys simply cannot occur, for Rumi's god is singular, strict, and taciturn, not manifold, mild, and tacit as is ours. Any Norlian man, in addition, is always a warrior, always a bard and shaman (*sāman*), and always, thus, has warrant to gratify his lust with any Norlian woman who wants to satisfy it. Similarly, any Norlian woman, who is always a sibyl, also knows how to hunt and fight, and so on, and what many a Norlian woman was hungry for during this particular lustration was a Sogdianian warrior, if you catch my drift. This is all far from shocking. What is shocking — that is, was shocking to Patrolius — is this: Among Sogdianian survivors of Norlian ambush and lust, a rumor was rampant that your Chorasmian *bāsīra* of spiritualistic *basura* was in fact born in high Hamiltonia's most schizomythic city, Norlia, and that his cult of mystical twirling and gnostic bibulosity was a variant of our all too sociophysiological spiral dancing and agonistic *ktar*-drinking! Now, Norlia is no island, and no Norlian is an insular idiot — commutatory traffic, scholarly inquiry, and sundry *quid pro quo* had long ago brought word to Norlia of this ludicrous linguist whirling and barking about unity, law, supplication, and whatnot, and your normal Norlian had to laugh a lilac spray of *ktar* foam upon catching wind of this gossip. No, Rumi was not born in Norlia, as cantos 2 and 5 affirm. But moralistic authors of aphorisms such as your Chorasmian *bāsīra* (*vid. supra*) and various Babylonians and sundry Sogdianians (but not you, Sagarch, not you!) found it most difficult to scoff with impunity at a Norlian woman's manifold charms; that is, without flailing about wildly in a cloud of guilt-inducing gnats, batting away at inwit's itch. Now, what did Patrolius find out about that allusion to Rumi? Vulgar spirits posit that "Atta's moonmad ritual" is simply a position known as "69," and that Rumi and Co. mirror that ritual by whirling. That that is so, I will admit, but that is not all that is so. Why dismiss Patrolius's own rapturous fathoming of Nirusa's dark hints? Paint our solution thus. Far from his lowland hutch in Nishapur or Tus, a staunch Sogdianian warrior slinks up winding mountain trails. By turns Norlian warriors harrass him with arrows and swords, and Norlian sibyls taunt him with glabrous brows and soft words of loving sham. His armor may ward off blows, but not notorious pinpricks such as catching sight of an alluring Norlian lass's promising nudity will inflict on his humor. But, alas! throbbing compassion, along with a cunning simulacrum of oblation, mark his

doom. In a swoon of transcoital abandon, an arrogant cull falls victim to our fatal lust which is as old as your most punctilious world or world's panjandrum. Stick a dirk into it. That lowland lout's carotid yawn. Drink that blood. Multiply until divastigation looms. Jocular Norlian warriors victorious, and rowdy Norlian trollops ruddy with a mirthful mood of agonistic transport, go off to frolic by duos and trios and small groups groping clutching writhing moaning laughing and cavorting in circular avocation of mutual satisfaction of which Rumi's mystical whirligig ritual and chant is but a hollow symbol (I grant you that) void of any manicarnic foundation of sanguinary truth. This is my blood that was his. Grin and swallow. An avuncular bard, a filial troubadour, our own schizomythic Dudu or Dado, looks on with a wink and a not too adroitly wrought (*vid. supra*, my words about lyrical quality vs. historical worth) song:

To that man's hut — to drink *ktar* again — to sip virgin Ishtar's
Luscious round fruit, portal scorpion-stung — to strum that *ktar*'s six
Strings — to play that syrinx — to outchant Ur: Norlia's wood-strong
Rainbow snail's virgin's sons, as am I, Dudu, who sings this song.⁴

§ 268. *So as to grow good again.* — And should I narrow vision's rhythm down to a stochastic running in and out of surf? Bind with strips of birch bark wrist and skull again to what I forgot. Vulvar spirit, clitoral soul, hollow trunk of mountain ash. I was trying to unstitch narration's running knot. Circumstantial custom by which to banish any sacrificial girlchild to an obligatory dichotomy of form and function. Thus you'd know that such a stock supplicant's drama might focus a moral part. Nystagmic burst, a spinal bowing back of buttock and thigh. Abrasions, burns, contusions. A mumbling handout, a truism. A moss-gobbling clutch of pintail mallards lurch against, on top, that tidal suck and drag. So tradition wants it.

Staring at it upright running standing
rhythmic swaying back and forth, you
say. Turn and pivot.

Fucking fool I am, arrogant, you say. I
sat in a room I forgot I was tiny.

Globular light submit fight, you say. I
saw that tumbling vulva standing bound.
Admonish it.

I try it on, you say, to confront this act of
cosmic fright function.

Vascular slouch of harlotry, you say or
said, what was I doing to suck. I was
afraid.

⁴ *Ibid.*, canto X.

§ 269. *Through a crack of autumn falsity.* — And should I withstand this annual crashing down of crimson and gold? Trim battalions march past, saluting fist and sword. Sumac, hawthorn, willow, dogwood, sitka mountain ash. Ironclad ranks of a born-again dictator's suburban fantasy. Lanky crows play tag in a lapis flood of rising wind. Hold still for a focal instant of corvid bliss. Spill off into

I must admit, you said, that I did look at that ravishing's duplication, laud it, and walk on digging in hard with drops of rain floating upward and down to horizon's nadir.

tumbling shock of whirlpool. Why won't you admit that I was right? So many awkward masks it took to catch that orchard-bound bus, folding and flapping and sobbing in solitary lock-up. At this point I would work into position our titular crack of autumn falsity. Look through it with a pair of blank antipathy. Lift again this fitful noria of black wings in orbit around a tall cottonwood's flaming gimmal of crown. Pimpily caps, gloomy gills, tumid stalks. Against a sunshot prisonwall of mansions and lawns, a city awaits its hour of martyrdom. A patchwork dusting of fly agaric, a splash of blood.

§ 270. *Grinning proof.* — And should I hang this apiform sprawl of grainy light? Flick its grim cap off with a rasping lingual dart. Insidious animal pain for which any trim soul would gnaw away at its own putrid skin. Thrashing blossom

You said that I was grudging for it among all that slut-chin mountain-slur and twist conclusion.

of claw and fur and fangs falling out. What gravity's pompous thrall graciously disavows to finish, I pull tight with a cutting twist of cord. Only a grip so guilty

could transform this gaping hollow grimacing wound of shit and pus into a vulgar pair of pavonian quail warbling into flight through hawthorn shadow.

§ 271. *"Status: Still Living."* — "And should I void this laminar slab of blood pulsing out? May no sad insight mar your mock pity, your sham compassion, Author. This is a viscous translation. You look anyway." It's at this point that I'd plot, if I could, a cunty finish to this poisonous scrawl. I'd marry it to a paragraph's widow, killing both. But I'm anticipating. Bought form, as you

As your scholium points out, "A critically natural structural comparison would find lurid, though intact, this joy-rung womb howling through its conclusions' lips."

know, commands a minimal stab at story, or story's simulacrum slashing lurid paint and raw canvas both. And so I go on, thus: "In Maryam's orgasmic abstraction (you will find it hanging in our Ludorium

of Arts and Idols, South Hall), muscular impasto masks a tyrannical swirl of drips and drops and dribs and drabs of actual cloth (silk, cotton, wool). Our artist calls this portrait of our upskirt occupation, 'Status: Still Living,' and mark,

critic, how its cryptic scumbling of gaping stomata, its painful combinatorics of suctorial possibility, all flow and glow, imparting vital gloss to hub and nub and ray — all signs, you say, of a particularly sapphic nobility.” Cut. In glamorous Glamporium a glorious animal squats to void its matinal bolus. Cunning linguists think that what Fukari know as *smaragdina*, and Wallapai as *smaragató*, botanists call *Datura stramonium*. A glaring rift yawns in fistula’s fabric, parts of it still clinging to my — you can’t avoid it — fist. This is a fluid translation, Author. You look away.

§ 272. *Groping for oblivion.* — And should I accomplish plural acts of complicity? Happily contagious, common hypocrisy’s musk masks my cowl of plump womaninity. My sacrificial gambit. My buckthorn scowl. I could start by baring cunt’s wings in bloody sawdust. That story, this city, slant consolation. Polish off that barroom clinch atop rough wood slats. Any obliging skirt’s margin of collusion. Tympanic oars sink into it. Writhing thighs and dorsal scars. Grinning invalids pluck scabs from history’s fistula. Trim collision’s marga with mighty aristocratic frost. Apply cold lips to its conclusions, lick its contusions. Virtuous burst of abstract pus. Thoughtful young foam flaking off.

Clinch word could catch pining, you say,
boil on won’t clinch a slip of bark —
conclusion’s phallus in soul’s prick of
clinch. Rot fright could walk clinch word
to nadir.

§ 273. *Convictions of all kinds.* — And should I magnify an insubstantial flourish hiding in a craggy nook of scansion’s abyss? If you’ll cast your mind back to Patrolius’s fourth cobla — that flaming ruby among tawny topaz, that glabrous opal among scabrous onyx (*Nilo fluvio, in cujus litoribus gignitur*) — you’ll find out just how much that author of tautly ravishing stanzas was willing to risk so as to broach Norlia’s most hazardous approach. For it was not just that luck, having bound its ambassador to an origin in a mountainous land historically spanning from Pontic coast to Caspian, had thrust into his hand, thus, what was not your typical dragoman’s toolkit, consisting as it did of idiomatic Poldavian’s notoriously difficult grammar — crampons wrought from its 53 consonants; pitons cast from its 11 syllabic fulcra (what Poldavian grammarians call *vocalic marrow*); slings and cords wrung and spun from its 6 pitch tonics; grappling hooks built from its 14 modal moods marking (typically with an affix or two) distinct grammatical functions involving location, ablation (brought about by ablaut), allation, illation (thrust into a word’s groin with an infixal sting), sublation (spat out by syllabic duplication in association with a glottalic consonant or adjunction of vocal fry), prolation, comitation or

association, privation (notions hinging upon loss or lack or having to go without), translation (a carrying across), partition of a part or quantity out of a group or amount, distribution (spilt across a discontiguous chain of anaphoric clitics), comparison, vialis, and nominal (a grammatical function common to many idioms that marks nouns and pronouns as logical actors in phrasal units) — but also that gallant Babur had graciously shown him half a quintal of loquacious ruth by putting his way, by shutting in his room, a stunning houri, Nirusa:

Cunning as poaching fox is that girl who drinks down straight *ktar*
 And, citing Rumi, can chant a loping, swinging translation
 Outdoing (with no pausing, no panting) six pan-piping bards
 In this lupanar, oh holy star Io, virgin Ishtar!⁵

Notwithstanding my knack for nagging my author's background with bourbon-bought claws, for harassing his royal bastions (Patrolius was a not so distant cousin of Poldavia's King Kurmansgoi) with a sort of hypnotic coming and going of my rum-rung randy rowdy rooks (*vid.* in particular *supra*, § 189, § 251, and § 267), Nirusa's singular contribution to Patrolius's fluid transmutation of a knotty narration of Norlian customs into limpid Italian quatrains by way of provisional transcriptions in a tachygraphic patois of Pahlavi, Poldavian, Sanskrit, Chagatai, Lydian, and Latin (a small instar of which might run as follows: what I put out as 'poaching fox' shows up in P's jotting as *pabsl toyvf*, that is, *pabulans torvinus vulpus*, or 'grimly foraging fox;'; similarly, his *sgoi cri* in our third cobla, *infra*, is not only a pun on his royal kinship, but also an infusion of *scio crinitus criticum*, or 'knowing from crown to crotch,' which bard Dudu and his musical chums aim to accomplish from point to fruit with, *soit* a plurality of chanting corybants, *soit* a singularly moaning virgin) found in a calf-bound in-folio manuscript containing Gallo-Frankish variants dating from 1809 and 1813 of parts (long thought lost) of Potocki's *Manuscript found at Saragossa* should not, cannot, must not boil down to simply acting as a carnal foil or horizontal support of "inspiration" for a plagiary through and with which any romantically vigorous troubadour could draw from a body as compact and luscious and intriguingly flush with story as Nirusa's. No. That alluring buxom unstintingly obliging woman's contribution was, as scurrilous citations in H. van Wacht's-Dock's *Natural and moral history of Poldavia* (1596, Gand: C. Plantin) and Subborainizy's *Book of Distaff Cuttings (Ktar og-Firrsan*, c. 1600) avouch and affirm, both dominant and pivotal to this work of collaboration shot through with womaninity known as *Ionis Astra*:

⁵ Patrolius, *Ionis Astra*, fourth cobla or canto or quatrain or stanza; my trans.

From modal point you first ran forth, syrinx-clutching holy bard,
 Strong sculptor of liquid music born of Ishtar's singular
 Ravishing, to transform plural violation of body's
 Taboo, dawn's luscious hollow fruit, into triply spiral *ktar*.⁶

Mais nonobstant how culturally contrary *Ionis Astra* is or was to Poldavian traditions, how stylistically at odds this work is to Poldavia's conformist canons of dithyrambic composition, to its quaint schools of didactic prosody and its positivistic forms of dramatic dicta dictating how Poldavian skalds must string

Burnt Afghan journals. — An offprint of a livraison à part of On's Royal Assn. of Poldavian Scholars' *Philosophical Transactions* bruits abroad for public appraisal a photographic simulacrum of P's surviving *gribouillis d'ithos à l'athos* along with *au courant* marginal and facing transcriptions into standard idioms and scripts. Alas, this too is now just an aura of dubious ash caught in a column of lamplight, a tick's crumb of latitant carbon adrift in a lucific throb of a luna moth's wings. Burn sparks, you say, stand in that larval pull of throat and maw, that radiant ovum unwilting my ram I stick into it.

Mourning. — Similar to how this four-ply husk of youthful strata consisting of stanzas 3, 4, 8, and 9 simply bursts on occasion into an inconsolably sobbing nostalgia for a long lost Norlia of old. I'm old, I'm not old, that harsh autumn sky, you say, sticks in my throat.

giving birth in a mountain-top calidarium with only a bar of hyssop and almond oil soap, a faithful dragon, and a dutiful husband for company, cathartic, and combustion, and, as a corollary, that i) no scholar calmly consulting this foxy folio and scanning its cryptic scribblings on a dull autumn morning in that august National Library on Calmbrood Road, Paris, should put nary a *guṇa* nor *sūcī* of faith in its dusty words. From this infamous furrow of disappointing illogic it follows, thus, that ii) my Appalachian translation of Patrolius's Italian lyricization of his multilingual transcriptions of Nirusa's Norlian narration is no proof a) of Norlia's mythic truth nor b) of Nirusa's hypaxial past for which

in dot-to-dot fashion distich to stanza, stanza to canto, canto to chorus, and chorus to play's act — notwithstanding this conspicuous contrast *pourtant* to anything so distinctly antinomian to it in form as all of Patrolius's thousands of known distichs in Poldavian and stanzas in Italian — but not, I must insist, to how his own annotations and allusions in his partially burnt Afghan journals function and confirm — notwithstanding, in short, this triarchically functioning strata of dissimilarity affirming a substratum of similarity (*Tria juncta in uno*), a grim handful of dim nihilists still indignantly maintains that *Ionis Astra* is a fraud, a fantasy, a fabrication as fictional as your aristocratic Poldavian lady's habit of

⁶ Patrolius, *Ionis Astra*, third canto or cobla or stanza or quatrain; my trans.

many a child of Ishtar is always mourning. Absurd! Against that pack of wrathful anarchists I hold that faith's possibility is as form-fitting and patulous as my conviction's position, and that simply by falling back on it with a pouting purring moaning sigh, I'll display practically all you'll want to know it by:

Flap again your slow bright wings, holy star Io, plump moanzy
Dancing drunk and languorous across Atta's ravishing sky —
Thick with rainbow snail blood, six rising suns strum through young Ishtar's
Downy floss: raw pulp of that lupanar fruit sticks in my fangs.

Dart back now into your hut — that human-munching bird swoops down,
Drawn by Io's holy star — dart back out now; with your arrow's
Liquid music, and your taboo-obscuring chant, hunt that bird
That slows not, nor shows gravid Ishtar's front, nor birth's acrid wood.⁷

§ 274. *Sway amphibian hipsiral.* — And should I ransom this public soul's most fatuous moan for a summary account of what a hollow young worm's dying has taught us? Classical position of compulsory wrist ring and axillary blank is what it'll cost you to drown in that part. Diving dangling all rosy and tight you might buy it. Unhook its claws for a show of ambiguous passion. Man brooks woman just as far as philosophy fails or sticks. Antiquity's gift still grows in that crucifictional cavity. Blind sinus of luminous moss and glossy black ivy. With room to anoint a high coil of suppositious rhythm. Insightful braids claim that limit at dawn's solitary sin. Unzip horizon's lip with adoration's moist ambitious fist. For turning I'd grown too natural to risk looking away toward or clinging. Swallow again chromatic toad and grin a lizard in fact.

You said drag half-blind it now fair pass
allow only hands not blank joy you said.
Stupidly smug blank hot backward fall
striving you said. Blank pour out that
boast without obscuring what I was
afraid of you said. Hands blank lips
magic.

This is what you said: Things how many.
How focus moral into trying so many.
How crucially that's it. Acquit for that
biscuit to drink it down. Cows and goats
cosmic mud kin to thighs and mouth.
This vapor such hard pain saffron.
Dancing I drift nothing from room to
room. I'd fight snow for it.

§ 275. *Still so young.* — And should I dismiss a trim third of frail passion? Slim hips vamp a joyous portal of impish dimpling. My small of back, my blushing tuft. Angry child thighs assail limp looks. But that only accounts for about half of it. Proof that pain trusts a tawny crimson world.

⁷ Patrolius, *Ionis Astra*, stanzas 8 and 9; my trans.

§ 276. *Sacrificial imprint of hands.* — And should I glom a playful plagiary's moldy gloss? I thought my back was participating. Gut its chub to suck that goatish marrow out. No mistaking this conid attack through any fault of its own activity. Sorry, worry, I was tumbling from rooftop slurry. Off to a party or having its law strung up for good. That child I was plunging toward courtyard flint. Turn it in for a woman's husk. Brows, habits, oppositions,

You said a cow was kin to cosmic mud, and goats to thighs, and that my mouth vapors such hard pain saffron nothing drift room.

Turn and pivot, you say. Sky vault could kiss could catch sporty gout it now. My ass spot's tight rain flowing outward that of talking or dragging to mark that gouty bliss window galactic trunks I didn't follow. Fall striving up a gouty witch. What could I know about that?

insanity. By inclination only. From window quartz I launch it. By inclination only my virginity was far from lost. Buoyant and flailing, gawky spiral globs of gouty blood unpack your pliant plaint. Glib shadow. Scornful gnomon. Pair by pair of forlorn fists rub my unshorn pity raw as quaking pilgrims' hands pull down your pants, lift my skirt up to my chin. Calling mommy, mommy, mommy, in a giddy burst of crows.

Final Divastigation



I know a hawk from a handsaw.

— Hamlet

§ 277. *My story's moral's consummation.* — And should I gratify symptom's risk? Guttural storm of glottal clicks and moans maps this child of Ishtar's assiduous travail across yon portolan chart¹ of Mar Arathu. Shards of glass sadly augur, and mock, a typically orgasmic² conclusion to a banal ritual. Jubilant maculations of ruby port, tawny burgundy, pallid old cognac, dark naval rum, Islay scotch, calvados of unknown caducity, and armagnac. High, low, vital, gruff. I was strolling across Pont Royal pushing a smug pram. I was straddling Mount Spitmarkx in a paroxysm of vascular mirth. Talon sparks on flint. Cattails and mudsuck in an upland marsh. By thirds, fourths, fifths, sixths, ninths, and microtonal bursts of antiphony, small group harmony and dissonant dyads submit to a proud old family's instinctual groping for survival's pomp in Glamporium's cartographic hoardroom. I was winnowing grain with a strap-slung chrysalis gurgling against my latifolious rump in a painting by Maryam. I was slinking down to a hasty handjob in a dank barroom's unstrung booth in a snapshot by Gloria. Childish pawn's promotion to spasmodic rook. And though your callous marplots and bungling dullards may scowl at my luscious constraint's chorography³ of fastidious bliss, this small warm gift of milky sap is not what you or I would call insignificant. It's right about now that my timorous author butts in with a Darwinian variant of Spinoza's rant. This pliant blossom, Ouida. This colibri whirr, my catoptric child of fragrant caloricity. This larval pulp flailing against virility's husk, my spicy mindmad darling. This all too human ritual's formal absurdity accords joy's portion of animal pain in A Tara T. Dirty™. I slop it off against a flyblown cadastral display of Owlstain's Intrussyan and Tagma districts. Await your approval, await his. Natural mortal clinging to Norlian strata on a couch of Mountain Fukari. Thighs lips ass. Hybrid topography of loss.⁴

¹ *Portolan chart.* — As Kafka said during G. Samsa's *Transformation into a Spanish fly*, "Ruhig war das Bild, kaum noch kläglich zum Bauch, und lag sich im Traum" — an opinion I could gloss as follows: That chart was not too noisy, and, though practically always inducing vomiting, stood tumid within a turgid vision of sin.

² *Orgasmic.* — Any animal's blood, according to Lamarck (*Zoological Philosophy*, 1809/1994, Paris, Flammarion, part two, chap. IV, "On animal orgasms," p. 494 and *passim*), swarms with orgasmic fluid.

³ *Chorography.* — I think I should add a marginal or caudal "Caution to Copyists, Critics, and Sundry Arbitrators of Typographic Worth" — to wit, it's not dancing I'm talking about, but maps.

⁴ *Topography of loss.* — A slant plagiarism of Proust has much to say on this topic: — "In our carnographic mapping from this woman to that, a wry cunt's labial topography brings about a somatospatial transformation such that any amorous notion hardly plays a primary part. Chondrological figuration, too, as I said, draws away from that clitoral focus along diminishing paths past imaginal striations of pubovaginalis fasciculi. A particular haptic location looms in

§ 278. *Fanatical originality.* — And should I kick against a thousand natural shocks without first unspooling a voluntary prick? Splicing cunt's friction with a supplicating pout,⁵ I was posing my untorn tail in a position of virtuous toil. Horizon stain of saliva-slick oilskin against a pinch of coastal crag. Put no faith⁶ in this bitchy attribution of womanly finality. Soaring strings limply unwary, incautious humming knots lift. Billsnap chitincrunch. Fictional quanta. Ask any stray cabin waif, bimmy-fond foundling, captain's cuddy bunny. Grim avian instinct snuffs out a colonial arthropod's functional striving for immortality. By toral⁷ clash unspinning from cloud shadow, a chirrclick patrol of Strickland's martins⁸ flits low across an unwrought⁹ littoral at Playa Toya. Royal wood ants in nuptial flight spiral up from a brambly patch of cast off barstools, half-burnt palm fronds, mossy lacinations of moldy coconut husk, tropical victuals¹⁰ at various ports of call in an offing of phantasmal rot, oakum, bunkum, foul rigging, rusty spars. Sound familiar? Chafing filtrum on damp bombast. Cutting lips on brass buttons. Groggily lurching from bulwark to bollard on that wildly pitching main, man, man o' war, mast, or mastiff, I roll my salt-stung hair across that gin goon's hammock. Grin, sailor, at my yawning lap. Awl, thorn, hollow glyph.

§ 279. *Not for want or lack of sport.* — And should I disgust by contracting a bunkskirt contagion? Communal sampling of a stray harlot's pious marrow. Bogus wisdom corrupts glorious buckskin's slant plagiarism. Mocking what you, my allonymous author, vainly sought along that frogpond's banks. Of this prison a world again you'd grant us, your author's animals, and by cinching hollow

isolation having just about nothing in common with this woman's moist insipid parts, similar to how difficult it is to link that infant I was to this adult I'm mimicking in body only" (*A striving for things lost*, Book X, "Sodom and Gomorrah").

⁵ *Supplicating pout.* — Again with a transmogrification of Proust: "Smiling, disdainful, airily dark, pouting with bound lips [...] knowing in fact that you should not discuss such things, a moodily jolly pout of philosophical disillusion [...] though unafraid of such confusions, a pout of disgust gloms gossip's augury [...] calling back nothing but that girl's insulting pout [...]" (*Ibid.*, Book 7, *passim*).

⁶ *Faith.* — With this marginal illumination, I too, possibly, am tossing hoops around my infirm author's loss of faith in his own compact gnomon's clinical wisdom.

⁷ *Toral.* — As in having to do with a torus: annular topography wrung from a circular form rotating round a cycloid which is anti-isomorphic to its own axis.

⁸ *Strickland's martins.* — Gnat-, ant-, fly-, and moth-loving, migratory birds, *Hirundo fulvicola* Strick., 1845.

⁹ *Unwrought.* — A kind word for blind gulls — if I'm implying anything in particular, I'm implying it sardonically (with scornful irony, with mocking disdainful humor). Am I not constantly gamboling friskily, smiling adorably girlish, laughing with virginal abandon?

¹⁰ *Tropical victuals.* — Putrid black banana skins oozing puss; fulvid papaya pulp glairy with fruitfly maggots; stringy mucilaginous mango pits; squishy livid loculi of gua(ya)va; spongy passion fruit slush in damson, gray, and brown; uliginous jambu; and so on.

wordparts to a girth of autumn cattail, transform it into sanctum. Blood taboo still lurks in its hub, though. My untold abortions' myriad goslings flock. But whoring's a calling in any world. As alluring as gawping at a panting boatswain pontificating his broach into a gasping mallard's fantail firkin. Slinging lusty quintals of quaking lard into an uncomplaining stripling's pliant fistula. Not for want or lack of sport was I nodding off on Jarry, Roth, Strickland, or Barth, no doubt. What this mammal's body inflicts on a compass¹¹ of common affliction. From chlamydia's acanthoid coast to that sinuous littoral of syphilis and staph known to Appalachians as Playtoy Bay. Sham consolation haunts it. And war, you say, distorts just as much as prostitution. Our natural inclination for mutual aid. But whoring's a calling ditto. Slut's duty stains virtual kin with parasitic sigil. Marking what I ably caught during my frogpond vigil: a timorous prismatic clubtail.¹² Abdominal striations of viridian, crimson, sulfur. Middorsal thoracic brindling. Fulvous costa. Cymophanous wing stigmata "imparting to that spry arthropod's airy dart and stall an illusory cloud of languour."¹³ Spiny pronotum symptomatic of microbial symbionts. Curling in midflight its gibbous caruncular caudum down and forward toward its livid jaws in which a stoic apocritan's trichoic oculi grimly confront a rapturous mortality. Compulsion's inborn griph. Sound familiar?

§ 280. *Working ambition*.¹⁴ — And should I off by forcing proof of sacrificial form? So sumptuous an apparatus for so small a human thing, Author. Or by scoffing attain that with which my machination toys. Ritual simulation toward which this foolish trick commands. Mortal fabric of light's play. Raving aporia of faith.

§ 281. *Minatory music*. — And should I romp a soothing wound of angry coddling? In as much as first maturity draws a glancing vision out of words, it was a man. Gray clouds blossom into rain. Or woman fondling to claim with

¹¹ *Compass*. — "My notional compass was all in a tizzy," said Proust (*A striving for things lost*, Books 3 and 9), "as I was waiting for that tribadic hussy to whom I was bound by suspicion and lust, and I had lost so much of this, my mind-bound compass, in fact, that, in jotting down my thoughts, any joy I'd had in anticipation of my unfaithful bint's arrival was thrown into a chaotic swirl of acrid gloom, and my ink spilt from my nib and ran across my writing pad as untidily splotchy as my anarchic imagining of sapphic cocufications swam in an incorrigibly forlorn pool of smut."

¹² *Prismatic clubtail*. — A kind of dragonfly, *Gomphus iridis* Strick., 1847.

¹³ *Illusory cloud of languour*. — H. A. Strickland, Synopsis of Flouzianian Odonata, *Proc. Roy. Soc.* (London), 1847.

¹⁴ *Working ambition*. — This ludict's almost too laconic outpouring succinctly bulks a summary falling out with, on, into, against, or on top of J. Huizinga's lucid study limning humanity's sociophysiological play-function, *Homo ludicrous*.

words this vision as my own. Implying, thus, that a hollow gift must dun. At six or thirty on a knoll of autumn falsity it was a boy. As frisky as a siskin, as jolly as a crossbill. Or girl squatting frowning pouting sobbing among nodding stalks of grass. Giving, if you will, is simply cadging with a full hand. Its pallid scar still winks.

§ 282. *A slight crack at anthropomorphic fun.* — And should I try loving to nourish sham clarity? Without any sort of implications for what this waxing and waning soul could or couldn't hook with its fatal spur, I frown at a dry tang of gradualism. On a low slung branch of prickly holly a woodthrush twists frantic. It, too, was spitting out spiritual slag, harshly singing, hating any logically implicit opportunity youthful hypochondria could grant, clutch, or snatch at what I lost in that larch hollow. Rum, bourbon, vodka, scotch, cognac, gin. A catoptric incapacity for pursing its bill, or lack of lips, for pouting, as I do, at a poison glass frog's frothy glottal fry. Can I go piss now, Mama, can I go piss?

§ 283. *Mutual aid.* — And should I mimic a monotropic paradigm of familial succor? In combination with various kinds of crisp anticipatory molds and moils. Did you say misanthropic? Jars, jugs, bowls, pots. Two gindrunk raccoons trip across tawny slats of an all too familiar waning autumn light. Too many sins, you might say, failing to construct assumption's lack. Analogously, a similar limp act of ductility could cast about for an apt citation, dubbing such uncandid assignation by an insular court, "an hallucinatory attribution of authorship." Unspun orbs of arachnal silk mirror on high that quadrumanic ploy. I said waning autumn light. And though no law forbids my stamping out at dirk- or swordpoint a hollow pawprint in porous crimson mud, or lurking in firshadow, or drafting out a shiphrob in Owlstain's last working port, too many sins, or too many signs, might also fail to ask about, or point to, my avuncular duo's gawky dissimulation. Arousing, ain't it? Fossil nautili in a black plastic trash bag. Torsional constraint working passion into forms fit for your typical urban bungalow's southfacing windowsill. A world, in short — logical, parasitic, blank, plural — which I or my author found along a woodland trail on which a crosscountry girlchild — who, I must insist, was not I — was slain by "lascivious pornographic blackguards," as an anomalous Irishman¹⁵ was fond of calling in his anility this custodial dyad of which that orphan I was was ward long past his crossing of Jordan's bank. Jars, jugs, bowls, pots, cups. Rabid, in a

¹⁵ *Anomalous Irishman.* — Brian O'Nolan, author of such illuminating works chock full of bibulous wordplay as *At Swim-Two-Birds*, *By Hard-Living on Vico Road*, *In and Around Donnybrook and County Dublin*, *A Month Among Poor Mouths*, and so on.

word, though too lucid still to summon a rigorous calling back of any particular sin. Clawing at that trail's margins. Filling my fists with wads of clay.

§ 284. *Still not at a loss.* — And should I join in chortling joyful and slow? Turgid buccal stalks justify slug's intrusion into song. It crimps and strains, trundling slimy torsional hubs diagonally across this glancing path through poplar, willow, larch, and fir. Thumb-thick braid of ropy baby shit gasping through its gaping pulmonary wound. Apropos of mollusks, Author. Though still not at a loss for instinctual visions of this world or that, I admonish our jaunty gastropod's unjust foot with an injunction to scar mutually (as in, "If you stab my back, I'll stab yours"), a symbiotic scantling of which draws a curtain across this curt but champion ludict, to wit: You may call my trail of mucous, sand, humus, straw, hair, bits of plastic, scraps of cloth, moss, and blood, spirit; and my body's spirit-stung lymph, soul.

§ 285. *A singularly nonchalant application of fulvid immaturity.* — And should I arch an infant's accusation? In both Attic and Sanskrit, soma still clamors for it, and marrow, at bottom, spills as plush and saintly as first snow falling so soon again on Mount Spitmarkx. My adoring public's distant admiration for a twin-dimpling pout. Far from any subtropical port, though, I was trying, that fatal morning, not to throw my back out against an uphill pitch of icy mud. A tortuous finish to this day's invalid fiction. Sluggish cloud slinks down to charm angular gold from a rigorous vault of cragshadow. Ramrod straight I sit stand or squat, curving my back inward slightly, and cup with supplicating palms my virtuous tits. Cadging, as I said, with a full hand. In contrast to fist-galling frost, fog, rain, ill-humor, foolish crowds, annoyingly stupid hang-ups, and so on, would your shaft-raptor's strictly adult ardor, Author, balk at such a smooth compact body's proscription against doing harm by day or night, at such of our tradition's customary signals mimicking blood's ability to poison? Saffron skirt, khol-dark lids, crimson slash of nails and lips. A stunning nymphalid's fourfold faux optical fury. An io moth's unblinking imitation of dominant catsight. Rapt iris, gaping pupil, full-frontal orbits too big for its pudgy mask. That child I was still holds you in ocular thrall.

§ 286. *Against a promising tonality.* — And should I up caducity's intrusion into youth? Woman out of girl vaults an imaginal fraction of girl into woman. On my back battologizing a dominant articulation thus. Voluminously

subdominant position by which discord signals its natural harmony.¹⁶ An indistinct focal imagining will abundantly compass it. Bifid acquisition to parry agon's fright. I was wagging, in short, my glabrous tail. Spooking any small furry thing from hollow or bush.¹⁷ My inclination's proclivity for writhing limbs. Compulsory pubic sagacity. By blaming it on my surroundings, you could avoid assuming I wouldn't want to.

§ 287. *Upon first catching sight of that woman I am.* — And should I vivify my story's moral's consummation? A historical task as insurmountably luxurious as my luminous young body galloping in playful bright cougarbursts of limbs and paws along that dusky limbus of tidal flux. Solitary gull standing in dark surf rising. Vivid form flirts invidiously. My daily toil and crash, by contrast, was all too fraught with sidling up to that parlous lack of plot, coming on to it or him or you with a strabismic flash of circumstantial affability. Frivolous vial¹⁸ of rum “où criait,” according to that tawny poison's uxorious husband, “un glaçon mort.” Avian tattoo tops off an avid sacrum. As strikingly prolific as my taut young bosom. I must admit that I did you no favor, uncloaking that disgusting transformation from infant to hag, and without allowing for, taking into account, or accomplishing any kind of transitional lustrum, lunation, kalpa, yuga, tun, k'atun, annus mirabilis, annus magnum, or plain mild month of child- or adulthood (cf. S. Flawndol, W. M. M. Johnson, and A. K. McLaughlin, *Town city plain*, passim), I found it most accommodating to apply a biting shift of illation to any prior conclusions it, your disgusting transformation, had thought fit to harbor in my story's moral's consummation. But no artistic joy can match ovulation's bliss. Hormonal inspiration flush with oxytocin. Hollow words. With my ass atop that barstool pivoting and polishing, and tickling said taut young bosom prolactinaciously against guardrail and transom and trunnion and thigh, through an unspun mass of quantal fiction my insidious labor had slunk down to pawn off a moribund motif with or on a critical insufflation of caustic scholia.¹⁹ Your canonical snuff

¹⁶ *Natural harmony.* — Charming, alluring, captivating. Ming, ring, ting. A triad of synonyms, a trio of rhyming words.

¹⁷ *Hollow or bush.* — Again too proximally my sordid attraction skirts a vulgar pun or two.

¹⁸ *Frivolous vial.* — Glass, actually, in which an icy rock was, as Vighdan, Hamiltonian, Raymond, Kidjaki, or Kidjaki, or Kidjaki say, “crying.”

¹⁹ *Caustic scholia.* — I was giving a, in a word or two, spiritual blowjob to that bankrupt narrational standpoint through which a vacant conflict is or was shown or shot in a hazy location so as to bring it back from any cold cloudshadow or subclinical clamhusk in which it had wound up sulking and skulking and shrinking from popular appraisal of a fractional conundrum, to wit [Growing mighty fond of that construction, ain't you now, Ouida?]: If a portion making up six-ninths of Author A's injudiciously posthumous scribbles is worth as much as four-fifths of still-living Author B's totally

film's typically apodictic jactitation. Don't spoil it, bitch! I stand and turn. It still stings, that vision. Luscious roach nymph scorpion witch. Writhing nubbin in a mirror of sand.

§ 288. *Bulk discount.* — And should I borrow a third hand to grab your balls with? This human span of stroking constrains a solution to knowability's boundary function. An imaginary goal I forgot I was having a foolish row with that strikingly cross man about in a rainslick doorway full of moaning quailsong during his morning constitutional. Banal availability of a crass mirror world any good ritual convulsant²⁰ would accord with Draupadi's march across hot coals. How much, bold sir, would you pay to watch gluttony submit to a tyranny of platonic form? Magnanimous striving to satisfy purity's lack. String your bow to a plural proposition. Any small gap of diurnal ambition warrants gross accommodation to Inuhka's too tall too narrow too sharp boots of tan calfskin, to Atoca tilting boyish hips up a profoundly muddy path in nothing at all but plum satin pumps amply tight at phalanx and tarsus, to Gloria, Gasa, and Maryam (all in glossy black sports bras of bison or wild boar) using a cosmic crowbar to abort that gordian bolus of stillborn light sporulating within my convolvulus. Such longing stings, spits rowdy barracks cant, pounds fists against possibility's vanishing point. In blatant imitation of swallows chasing a rising column of gnats, circling gulls cry a cool thousand for both of us all night, a round two for four, and just think what six of us could accomplish in that prim sapphic city of Convivia shot in a Coast Fukari sci-fi skinflick! In comparison to our own iconic task's daily rhythm involving succinct acts of allogamy, an analogous want might or might not attract or account for vicious catcalls from this or that dim rookburg's inhabitants. Injurious words scar mind's taboo. You'll find no such stark displays of patulous frugality marring our trim domain, though. No clutch of oily ducks striding into willow shadow from across a bland bald lawn. Plucking brings no passion into play, sir. Waxing is just for looks, and shaving simply shows that no smut blights our glabrous hoods. Body's truth knows that nothing gluts as gladly as abundant fur. Snug touch of chinchilla, skunk, kinkajou, stoat. Voluptuous savor of tayra, mink, olingo, marmot. Ravishing aroma of raccoon, possum, coati, fox. My own, in fact, is swarthy cinnamon vair grisón (*Galictis vittata*). Short or long, this child of Ishtar's forthright cost limits lust to what I abhor.

scant output, how much is two-thirds of Author C's inglorious musings on chronology and sapphism worth in comparison to both?

²⁰ *Ritual convulsant.* — Not consultant.

§ 289. *Hit or miss living.* — And should I honor scorn by marching off to fight? That furious bowstring loop too taut. Not this pussy's fault. My wish it was to not disappoint. But Spitmarkx it was, I think, who said how bad all war music²¹ sounds. Or possibly Kant²² or Spinoza.²³ Or Proust²⁴ or Kafka.²⁵ Spot a

²¹ *War music.* — "Schlachtmusik klingt anstößig schädlich (Military music sounds obnoxiously bad)." S. A. Spitmarkx, *Lufttoxophiloschriftabbildung*, Vorwort (*Airy arrowscript portraits*, Avant-propos). Ruhr-Lülnrar, 1848.

²² *Kant.* — "Nun soll das Handtuch aus Pflicht vom Abfluß zur Nötigung und mit ihr jäh gänzlich zum Wildfang ganz absichtlich, also blickt nichts zum Wildfang übrig, was ihn abstimmt kann, als obligat das Gift und subtil rank All ins Rauschgift, mithin das Maximum [Maximum ist das subtil Princip vor Wollust; das obligat Princip (d. i. das jähzornig, was allmählich vornimmt das Wohl auch subtil zur Praktik und zum Princip dicht wird, wann Vormacht vollauf Garaus auf das Bohrloch vormag hat) ist das Rauschgift], solch das Gift mit Abbruch allmählich zur Nötigung folgt sich zu laßt (Now duty constrains to dry off that outflow with a sudory of sorts, and with it to quickly, and totally voluntarily, outlavish your tomboy's madcap obligation to swallow a draught of that poison, in fact any kind of rank drug at all, and bring subtilty to maxima's [Maxima is an arch axiom conducing to carnal bliss; a mandatory mainspring (that is, your madcap tomboy plunging it in and pulling it out slowly and subtly using a firm policy of practical pivoting during a fully dominant sounding of a ribald or rival duck's crop and gizzard) is an intoxicant] brink, thus blasting off from it, allowing nothing to thwart, and all to amplify, our libidinous inclinations)." I. Kant, *Ontologisch Grund zur Moralität (Ontological ground of morality)*, Kaliningrad, 1785.

²³ *Spinoza.* — "A warrior, upon catching sight of stallion tracks in sand, will automatically pass from thoughts of a stallion to thoughts of a dragoon or hussar, and on thus to thoughts of war, and so on; by contrast, a countryman will go from thoughts of a stallion to thoughts of a plough, a furrow, a farm, and so on. Thus any man will follow this or that train of thought, according to his habit of conjoining and associating spiritual visions of things in this or that fashion" (B. Spinoza, *Tractatus logicophilosophicus*, Paris, 1677. Part II, "On mind's natural origin," Prop. XVII). — "Thus many from a too tumultuous spirit, or from unsound doctrinal ardor, will opt, in opposition to sharing normal human joys with virtuous common folk, to inhabit cabins, yurts, shacks, huts, wigwams, bivouacs, barns, barracks, crofts, camps, and such with brutish animalistic ruffians, hooligans, roughs, toughs, hoodlums, barbarians, caitiffs, cutthroats, anarchists, marplots, tyrants, iconoclasts, arsonists, nihilists, and thugs; as boys or youths, who cannot tranquilly support chidings from kith and kin, will join up as myrmidons or doughboys and pick war's hardships and disciplinary constraint, castigation, fustigation, bastinado, strappado, blows, slaps, whips, thongs, knouts, quirts, chains, scaffolds, gallows, rods, and so on, not just ad arbitrium, but ad libitum, turning willful backs on suburban comforts, casting a blind ocular organ on imporous roofs, pitching a wall of tinnitus, hypoacusis, phonophobia, and various forms of otitis against patriarchal admonitions: sustaining, in fact, any load, obstruction, oppilation, inhibition, infarct, or stumbling block military compulsion commands, so long as invidious mistrust of family unflaggingly obtains" (*ibid.* Part IV, "Of human constraint, or subjugation to strong moods," Postscriptum, Caput XIII).

²⁴ *Proust.* — "Il s'agissait à coup sûr d'un mal d'instruction, ou l'omission d'instruction tutti quanti, joint à un goût d'agrandir un frusquin au ton, non tout à fait moins dur (car moult travail fallait, au bout, s'y saisir plus doux, mais un fou, pourtant, n'ourdit-il pas, vis-à-vis la dissipation puis la transfusion, l'occultation puis l'apparition, la privation puis l'implantation, un sort pas mal, autant, ou aussi plus lourd qu'un mal qu'il lui apparaît toujours plus fringant qu'il croit ainsi couvrir par l'art d'affaiblir), mais du moins au ton fort moins lourd qui avait conduit un « amas d'individus frais » à s'ouvrir, tantôt naïf, tantôt quasi bourru, toujours pour un gain banal, au truc qui n'offrait aucun plaisir à lui, qui avait dû l'aigrir, l'assombrir, l'obscurcir. Suivant ça, on aurait pu voir qu'il paraissait mauvais du bas au fond, mais ça n'induisit pas du fait inouï qu'au combat du vrai fourbi s'organisa, un attirail d'accomplis « poilus », ç'avait dû y avoir aussi moult fois, aux jours d'autorisation, ou d'avant conflit, un fatras d'humains bons sinon tout à fait d'amusants gars. Plus tard, du sort qu'il subissait il n'avouait plus un brin du bon, du pur, du poli, plus un liard obtus,

fortuitous kōan thus. On a soft patch of moss in a dusky wood, a gratuitously hands-off though approvingly roughshod warrior in puffy brown canvas jodhpurs and bumptious burlap chaps attains nirvāna by not, in taffy-pull fashion, putting faith in a painful virgin's most torturous wish. Look down from a roan stallion²⁶ flying this many hands high. By not killing too lightly, by not clutching a man-hard form as any kind of holy acquisition, which of that pair or trio, do you think, is still pursuing a hands-on approach to riding?

§ 290. *Without jumping to conclusions.* — And should I confront my author's dying birth unpaid? On our mutual habitation's yon far wall, a slack-hung mirror borrows a plagiary of form from form's plagiary. Awkward motions too fast for comfort. Too spastic to gratify truly a plush guilt's plastic sin. Daily mourning for what too much my body knows. Cognac stains. Cigar burns. Squishy sibilants. Mushy surds. Floorboard burst of futon, pillow, quilt. A small habit's pall of torn patola. A kind man's cast-off things still vivid. Hardly an occasion for crying. You'll find out back a duo of Intrussyan goons swapping sham opinions about violin scrolls and spoonfuls of rabbit piss. Jactitating buccal obtrusions into this dim world's knack for moral wounding. In swimsuit

abruti, ou sot, car il s'agissait du lot fourni à tout un chacun du corps" (M. Proust, *À l'inquisition sur l'amours disparus*, Paris, 1927). — "Basically, it wasn't from poor instruction, or total lack of instruction, bound up with an inclination to slack off in confrontations with stuff, not actually pliant (for it was a final condition of many a labor to clutch it softly so as to pull it out without hurting too much, but many an ill lad couldn't, in conjunction with going and coming, waning and waxing, shaving and growing it all back again, accord to that slimy, palpitating obstipation anything but a bad load of flaccid art), but virtually light by contrast, that brought about that a 'bunch of raw doughboys' partook — stupid, silly, and always for wan profit — of going about doing things void of joy: dark things, dirty things, dumb things. Upon which you could glom what was rancid about that crowd from top to bottom, but it wasn't owing to any infusion of combat spirit into that organization of grunts, that company of cunning 'thugs,' it was also a habitual situation occurring, during both off-duty days and past snaps of amity, among not just a bunch of good old boys, but also a lot of amusing chaps. In short, from constantly living in shit, not any of that brutish crowd could avouch what was moral and what not" (M. Proust, *Towards an inquisition into paramours lost*. Final book).

²⁵ *Kafka*. — "Such an animal Samsa was! — So viciously did music scratch his soul!" (F. Kafka, *Transformation*, Bohsdorf und Brandis, 1915).

²⁶ *Roan stallion*. — I round out my fistful of spurious quotations from Spitmarkx, Kant, Spinoza, Proust, and Kafka with, not an obvious cavalristic or cavalraic allusion to, but a tortuous, anim(al)istic, downright spiritual citation from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*: "D'amoroso disio l'animo caldo, / figliuol d'Amon, signor di Montalbano, / non mai con tanto gaudio o stupor tanto / anzi cozzaro a guisa di montoni — / quanto onor mai tu guadagnasti al mondo." (From amorous lust that torrid soul of yours, / child of Amon, man from Montalbano, / was always, with such joy or such startling mirth, / thrusting in ruttish buck-argali fashion — / and winning you so much honor in this world.) — It's at this point also that my pal Sagarch (Hi, Sagarch!) from ISOCPHYS throws out a jolly brocard (and it's not too difficult to fathom what's on his mind!): "Shark splits shadow with furious nodal bony implosions that transfix fibrous billowy undulating cords of your bathycolic form" (S. Flawndol, n.d., "Shark's Analogy").

folds at bosom and crotch anthropomorphic snouts root. Skinshow skirmish of skullshot pigs. I think you should know, Author — it's not just cash I'm in it for, nor coming fighting into no hot chorus but your own. And without jumping to conclusions, you'll find that myth forks, and forks again. Umbilical cord trailing, I watch you ink shadow's font with my blood, and yours.

§ 291. *Individual shortcomings.* — And should I word gratuity's fiction thus? Though you didn't pay rain for falling, this arrow of giving wounds. Within black iris a pupil's contraction. Hits, flubs, non-wins. Dysarthric groping for what that furacious pitfall constrains. Fantasy, rhythm, my body's pliant custom. Compulsory social poaching. I saw no birds today. Pain is a form of curing.

§ 292. *Rank structuralism.* — And should I quantify talk's finality? I forgot just what intrusion your prismatic damask was doing in my signal. Sham profundity won't fail to slash away at any slim rump's lucid ductility. Clastic frivolity shot through with starlings. Lust from vision this monologic art of pushing broom sculpts. Ischial duality of this child of Ishtar's crural thrust. Waning moon rising, angling focus to swab chlorotic lyric with dangling dugs. Nor impossibly tight warp-knit chiffon mask that muscular artifact's structural glyph. With its faithful pall of tarlatan, this musical slitpull mops your pious vomit's ink.

§ 293. *Nothing of what has music in it.* — And should I nonconform horizon's rank I'd draw almost as much satisfaction as annihilation would find in confirming it. Slant winking through that throng a bosom-notch suspicion drags its spondylitic hip-drop limp. Tandis qu'au loin that Sunday artist stabs magilp impasto from Porto Novo's rooftop shoal. Mastic poppy oil and stitch a thorn of blood. Not just passing marks I caught from that hybrid quarry's indoor prodigality. Still it was choosing human ambiguity from which it follows. To possibility's disgust quaffing altruistic law that blank sigh too soon of what of what of what of what I was spiraling past. It follows simply frail a falling glass. My throat hurts.

§ 294. *Towards a schizomythology of ritual (XIII). Total draft of a final calling to accounts.* — As found in my copy of R. Chacal's *La chanson du lampion cramoisi d'amour intrafamilial* (Shatsbrook: La Tour du Pont, 1980), a sampling of marginalia summarizing my position on schizomythology, sociophysiology, parasitism, ritual, taboo, and just about anything you may lay claim to knowing that I know a trivial farthing or half iota of, provisionally

unfurls a fitting synopsis, ludict by ludict almost or sort of, of what my opus, *Towards a schizomythology of ritual* (TSMR), so far, is about. Nor do I shy away from providing translations from our author's spurious Appalachian-Flouzianian into my own fluid Anglo-Appalachic (now that I'm living in this dorp for good, *hablo parlo govoryu das Idiom*). To start with, Chacal chalks up an inviting salutation from a surplus frustrum of his avant-propos: « Quand s'ouvrira à ras bord la domination du conflit charnu, il fallait la ravir par l'art d'un pouvoir à duo qui jaillit d'un sang commun, soit l'abolissant, soit la contraignant à s'assouplir (Chacal 1980: xii). [As domination bouts of carnal conflict blast away at full tilt, you must ravish it with a vigorous duality that spouts forth from a common atavistic origin, trampling it, or constraining it to conciliatory submission.] » A notation in my own hand swamps much of what follows: "Chacal's supposition harks back to a proposition drawn roughly in my first TSMR [§ 16], and on which Kant, as I said, was prodigiously fond of hanging his crass abstractions; to wit, that Kafka's monomaniacal law (qu'il 'la dit avant nous,' according to Gorgias (1969: 304): 'il y a un but, mais il n'y a aucun parcours; nous nommons parcours nos dubitations') consists of a dual cortical compound of taboo and taboo's ritual instantiations, both bound up, as Spinoza so vividly saw, with concomitant sociophysiological associations involving a fulcral husbanding and amortization of hormonal arousal and inhibition, such that schizomythia is as parasitic on an organism's brain as sociality is parasitic on its body and that a satisfactory schizomythological analysis [clitalysis, as our lingo says it in short] of any organism's social functioning must construct diagrammatic illustrations or transfigurations qua Darwin (1859, 1871, 1872) of such compounds (what I'm wont to call *psychic knots*) as 'staring is an agonistic signal,' 'supination is a sign of submission,' 'it is taboo to attack an animal showing signs of submission,' and so on. It follows that such psychic knots form an organism's total ontology, and that this brain-and bodybound amalgamation of taboo-ritual-sociophysiological compounds or psychic knots is, in a word, schizomythia. Kafka's doubt as to path and goal, Kant's confusions about will and compulsion, Spinoza's aporia touching upon lubric things, all distort by failing to dislimn or distill individual psychic knots (biophysical facts and acts) out of an organism's schizomythic silo or granary or gramary, by failing to submit any particular knot to a tinglingly assiduous clitical untangling." It is only toward his prolusion's apodosis, along that littoral wharf from which Chacal sounds a tumid rood of moralistic nosology, that my liminal scribbling's slough starts to unmoor and bottom out: « Ayant pour but la modification d'avis sur notr'amour d'acabit, mon propos circonscrit la contribution à un plan plus imposant, nous affranchissant du joug moral faisant foi dans la raison, passion dans l'individu distinctif, soumission au cours

croissant du futur (Chacal 1980: xiii–xiv). [Having for its goal a modification of our notions of *Gattung und Art*, my proposition skirts a most imposing plan by shaking off such moral pinions as hold us in thrall to rationality, bind us to distinct notions of individuality, and constrain us to submit to futurity’s patulous flow.] » So much for my first TSMR. Moving right along, TSMR-II (§ 38) gloms a child’s pudgy paws and intromits a child’s grimacing mask onto and into Chacal’s simian propositions: « Il y avait l’organisation du fond divisant l’accord viril du pourtour masculin; il y avait un ou trois blocs où tout trottin poursuit son truc productif tandis qu’aux gars l’on s’offrirait parfois par un choix conjugal; aux gamins du pourtour on octroyait l’obligation d’accomplir la conjonction au noyau; au mitan toujours il y avait du gros gars par ci par là qui garantissait l’appui, la disposition, l’amour, l’instinct, la transmission, la circulation, la cicuration, la propagation, la foison du clan (Chacal 1980: 103). [At bottom is an organization dividing a macho substratum of virility from its boyish outskirts; blocks in which a common country slut marplots various cunty pursuits, including connubial bliss; pariah boys must try to find succor and support in its social hub; a handful of big chaps occasionally act as our mythical group’s band of holy saviors, taming it, propagating it, laying down its laws, maintaining our tribal lingo, and soon and sorth.] » I call Chacal’s bluff as follows: “This grossly triadic organization circumscribing dual radii — distal young bucks and fulcral old bucks pivoting around a hub of womaninity and parasitic offspring — is as simplistic and fallacious as that platonic or scholastic intrusion into my account of that sacrificial infant I was, thrown into Tixpu’s infamous Trou Noir for having wrung, strung, or stung an imagistic fountain from or onto a pornographic matrix of orgasmic birthwork. Rank is not just a manly affair, as Chacal would admit if his spiritual consanguinity could summon instinct’s parsimonious razor and slash a rift into his nosological blindfold, but a woman’s affair too. Agonistic conflicts incorporating domination, submission, and initiation, contra Chacal, do occur in our distaff block, and its sociophysiological symptomatology is downright harsh, subsuming a cooptation of girls (and, up to a point, boys) into parasitic coalitions of auxiliary infant support (usually of sibs and cousins) and concomitant inhibition of ovarian cycling and instauration of that primordial warning signal, womaninity’s moonblood. Apropos of which, prior to attaining this dilatory consummation, a girl — Norlian, Tagma, Fukari, and whatnot — may gratuitously gratify, not just any girl’s or woman’s lust, but any man’s or boys, kin or non-kin — sans timorous mistrust of whips and quirks; sans quailing affright at rancorous castigation; sans, in a word or two, mastigophobia, poinophobia. This situation is most glaringly fraught with schizomythia, for prior to patriarchy’s historical appropriation and usurpation of distaff things, initiation into womaninity did not

boil down to simply swapping gossip about nuptial conjugation and cooing homonymously on about that scruffy pudgy grimacing gluttonous thing a grinning doctor's ancillary had just thrust into your skull-throbbing bosom-clutching vaginalic stupor, but a vast and valid schizomythic ontology facilitating offspring production's total gamut of savoir-falloir, including balms, lubricants, and oxytocin-stimulating manipulations to vamp parturition up to full conductivity, thus minimizing pain and maximizing joy; how to pitch, tilt, bandy about, and spar with various forms of dystocia; nostrums and physics to allay afflictions hinging on and about birth trauma; tactical sagacity, chary lustrations, and rhapsodomantic incantations to call into action during sundry amniotic, chorionic, and umbilical automatisms; post-partum mitigation of lochia from rubra to alba; abortion-inducing botanicals; and so on. And, frankly, on catching sight of a lion or jaguar or bawling infant still slick with birthwork, your typical baboon sahib or capuchin casanova or bonobo lothario will simply turn tail and vanish, abandoning his consorts and offspring to that prowling rapacious fatum carnivorium abicit ad vagitus statim, ad lacrimas ploratum, tantum nudum in nuda humo natali. What in biological lingo is transformationally final about all this, though, is that virility is not its focus, nor womaninity, but infancy and childhood. Throughout this abundant distribution of ranks, your most dominant animal, in fact, is a child, an infant. Man submits to man, and woman to man, and boy to man, and woman to boy, and woman to woman, and girl to woman, and girl to boy, and boy to girl, all so that an infant — with its horror-inspiring, taboo-invoking mask of big staring oculi! — may flourish. For, as Spitmarkx said in his hypnotically oracular *Growth as atrophy and impulsion* (1859: 753), what is most alluring, is most monstrous (*Was lockt höchst an, macht Angst*), and functions to short-circuit cannibalistic attack." I should curtail my copying down of this jotting, as my marginalia at this point is so thick, acanthophorous, and bristling with insight that it actually swims into Chacal's point suivant: « L'agnat primordial, tirant un ciboulot aux gros ronds, courrait la pampa, la pampa où l'attirail cortical qui lui a satisfait au bois, y aboutissait aux buts distincts. Mais qui un babouin, qui un magot l'avait fait ainsi avant aussi. L'important s'agissait d'un point crucial où la soif pour la chair, soit du daim, soit du mastodon, l'a fait franchir un Rubicon transformatif (Chacal 1980: 109). [Our hoary primordium, dragging along a majorly big brain, ran onto that savanna, a savanna which put various curbs upon its cortical apparatus, curbs distinct from such drawbacks as it had fought against in bosky woods. But baboons and munchkins had wrought prior homologous paths. What was important was that crucial point at which a thirst for carnivory, aiming promiscuously at hind or mastodon, ran that stirpsical apparitor across a transformational Rubicon.] » I doff my hat, unstrap my bra, disfrook my stringy

slip, unthong my glabrous quim, and lift my liminal skirt of marginal scholia up to Chacal's uncanny knack for turning a sticky locution to his partial majority, to his climactic paramountcy: "Our hoary primordium — this is what I was talking about in my third TSMR [§ 63]. Along with hunting, and any hunting animal's symbiotic striving for, with, and against its quarry, and any parasitic organism's biophysical hitching on and into its host. What I was, and still am, talking about, in addition to sibgroups and cousinations of womaninity bonding and collaborating to nourish and support our humanity's focal morula, our womaninity's fuleral fistula, that is, offspring, is marginal groups of pariah Johns schizomythically traducing actual marginality into ritual liminality as part of a hiding away among initiatory cloudbirds (stars, moon, Milky Way, and so on). What I am, and was, talking about is that historical transformation of hunting as praxis and provision to hunting as sacrificial ritual or group of such rituals; ritual shot through with notions of liminality subsuming oblation as both a portion of kill paid out to carnivorous phantoms prowling by day or night, and that marginal portion of our social group anxiously cringing as that pack of phantoms sinks claws and fangs into a compatriot's writhing, pulsating carcass. And this pack of phantoms, mind you, consists, not only of cats and dogs and jackals and hounds — but humans. For war is as much a part of our schizomythic alimony, our sociophysiological *zamindari*, as hunting, as coalitional birth- and child-support involving a daisy-chain of suckling infants riding off into an abnormally long, by simian standards, twilight of childhood, as, coming back to our hoary primordium, such scars of anatomy and conduct as our bony substratum, our cortical convolutions and spinal glia, our quadrumanic scaffolding, our promiscuous proclivity, our noctambulistic inclinations, and so on [in honor of Proust, I shall allow this awkward run-on to stand]. For did I not say that 'origin of phylum Chordata's Bauplan harbors a glorious manifold chronobathic sociophysiological truth: morphological adaptation to parasitism, and obligatory cunning manipulation by parasitic gastropods analogous to *Sacculina* such that our body's layout is homologous to nothing so much as a fabulous conjunction of arthropod (brain, spinal cord, axons, glia,²⁷ and such) with worm (stoma, stomach, colon, anus)'? I did, by Atta, I did, and, clutching an obsidian point struck from this body of myth, I shall cut that knot of words into this margin of a book by Chacal about ritual, taboo, mind, and body. Body is a scar that holds a myriad of scars within it, and this myriad of scars is mind, which in turn hoards an anastomotic shock of scars known as schizomythia, which, as both you, I, but possibly not Chacal, know, is a compound of taboo

²⁷ *Glia*. — Talking about glia, in fact, brings in a third parasitic organism, a sort of spiroid microbiont, possibly.

and ritual wrought by transformational sociophysiology.” As I was running out of room, I thought it fit to jot crossways against Chacal’s grain, running my summary incisions about phylum Chordata’s Bauplan right out into his following point’s crashing surf which, following L. Hasard’s work on animals’ cunningly voluntary inhibition of impromptu impulsions, I copy down as follows: « La loi s’agit d’un instinct autant trop humain qu’animal à profusion, un instinct suscitant tantôt la disposition à l’auto-accusation, tantôt l’avantgoût d’autopunition: l’intuition qu’on doit saisir par l’imagination l’impulsion conduisant à l’inamical, à la provocation — la bridant, la contraignant au champ fictif, la subjuguant au vouloir public ainsi qu’aux profits futurs. Quant au tabou proscrivant l’amour intrafamilial, il s’agit sans façon d’un statut parmi maints (Chacal 1980: 138). [This law that I’m talking about is an instinct or an intuition that is as much human all too human as it is prodigiously animal in origin, an instinct that, though calling up dispositions towards guilty acts of tautomutilation, functions to inhibit within its swaddling cloth of imagination, inimical and antagonistic provocations — by holding back, by constraining with fantasy, thus, an individual’s subjugation to popular will is brought about, along with a fruitful futurity. As for that taboo prohibiting kin-to-kin carnality, it is simply a singular law among many.] » Notwithstanding his or Hasard’s allusions to Kant (law as sociality’s groundwork), Kafka (law as guilt-inducing intuition), and Darwin (law as habitual instinct or instinctual habit which anthropoids display in various amounts and hominids bring to fruition), Chacal’s claim is so chock full of groaning illusions and lapsus calami that I can’t wait to wring it through my marginalia’s pillory of clarity: “Taboo consists not simply of prohibitions against consuming particular foods or using particular words, nor stipulations dictating who may cohabit with whom or which sibling may marry which cousin and such, but, as I said in my fourth TSMR [§ 82], taboo constrains parasitism — of an individual by its group consorts, of sociophysiology by its biosocial automatisms — thus giving birth to mind’s originary root: rituality, rationality, communication. My **Manicarnic Paradigm of Schizomythology** [MPS, *infra*; assiduous divastigators should turn back to ludicts § 82 and § 113 for full discussions of MPS] diagrams a multiplicity of partial solutions to this conundrum which Chacal is plainly struggling to fathom:

Manicarnic Paradigm of Schizomythology (MPS)

Manicarnic Configuration (MC)	<i>tauto(tauto)</i>	<i>tauto(allo)</i>	<i>allo(tauto)</i>	<i>allo(allo)</i>	<i>nonhuman</i>
Manicarnic Status (MS)	tautomanic tautocarnic	tautomanic allocarnic	allomantic tautocarnic	allomantic allocarnic	paramanic pancarnic
Rational Ramification (RR)	tautoconciliatory	tautoconflictual	alloconflictual	alloconciliatory	panconflictual
Implicational Ontology (IO)	"my mind, my body" (conscious)	"my mind, not my body" (unconscious)	"not my mind, my body" (mirror or kin (MrK), practical or virtual)	"not my mind, not my body" (situation of altarian disunity (SAD))	"not my mind, not my body, but good for both" (sosigonic parasitism)
Ontological Action (OA)	voluntary	involuntary	paravoluntary	panvoluntary	supravoluntary
Ramificational Activity (RA)	ritual	ritual	schizomythia	mythia	taboo sub rosa

← *conciliation* **PLAYGROUND OF TABOO** *conflict* →

As for guilt, it is, physiologically, a symptom of parasitism, a sign that an individual is chafing against a paling of social manipulation. Motivationally, guilt signals an individual to act or not to act, to fight or not to fight, to lash out with furious words or stay mum with crafty thoughts, to run away hacia otras rivas y otras orillas or stay put and cannily wait for a propitious occasion on which to act or not to act, to fight or not to fight, and so on. Sadly, on occasion, guilt's call to arms and its call to tarry covary, provoking a tautomutilatory contradiction; happily, though, such tautomutilatory instantiations of action's pact with anticipation form a part of ritual, and thus, too, flow out of an agonic putting at bay of parasitism, and show that this cunningly conscious, totally voluntary and rational holding back of involuntary actions, is actually, in all probability, not so voluntary, nor so cunningly conscious and rational, but, as Chacal's original, *Hasard*, was implying, basically an instinctual or habitual social survival tactic or skill." That's all for my marginalia's sampling; my schizomythic summary, though, still bids us turn our topic this way and that and clitally pluck from a flat rock's shadowy slit or a gaping subcambric hollow, a focal claw, a slimy highlight, an opisthosomic pinpoint as to how taboo and parasitism ramify within various sociophysiological loci of i) cultural innovation (TSMR-V, § 113) as it typically occurs, not within a social group's aristocratic corolla, but within its churlish nimbus of spiritual vagabonds and ontological outlaws who transform trauma's plot into assiduous indagations of cosmoramic phasis giving birth to humanity's worldbrain of yugic cyclicity oral articulations of which scan as mythological copulations, intrafamilial or not,

signaling astronomical conjunctions of various sorts, most commonly lunar-solar and lunar-astral, but not uncommonly solar-astral and astral-astral; ii) grammaticalization (TSMR-VI, § 120) of schizomythia showing that although psychic knots may mix and match willy nilly, ritual, as a particular physical instantiation of a portion of schizomythia, as a singular unspooling of a particular strand of social conduct, functions to constrain distinct occasions of articulation (it was Sagarch, I think, who said that a convincing articulation is no proof of its validity) and aligns such occasions of articulation into historical arrays of, in this particular illustration, Mountain Fukari myths about origins of antlion silk and bows and arrows displaying various strata of similarity and dissimilarity; iii) historical divastigation of schizomythology as notion, topic of study, and journal (TSMR-VII, § 148) invoking Kidjaki and Raymond's (1991) *Schizomythic Law of Mythic Variation* stating that "Any mythic string is always only a singular variant unwound from schizomythia's multifarious labyrinth of possibility, and, unwound from schizomythia's multifarious labyrinth, any mythic string is always a singular articulation, a variant, of possibility, such that any instantiation of myth follows but a particular path among and occasionally along a mossy imbricating mass of an untold myriad that wind through schizomythia's tract of compact thorny woodland in which a strong gust of wind may knock down an old oak which brings down with it lianas and orchids and a handful of larch, pipal, fir, mahogany, kikar, willow, tulip, and śāla trunks, knocking a patch of sunlit clarity among all this bosky obscurity and notwithstanding how fast any animal may slink along through, or man hack a way into, this primordial frith's bushy scrub, passing through pavonian dimplings of sunlight and shadow, this holt is basically a slowly transforming thing in which an infinity of mythic variants, of anastomosing ritual paths, chart a botanical wold of mythic lability against a background of schizomythic stability;" iv) antiparasitic articulations of social dysphonia and its concomitantly dogmatic distortions of womaninity (TSMR-VIII, § 181) dismissing our cyclic lunar horny (*śṛṅga*) bloody path of transitory carnality shot through with passion and pain (*karma*, *kāma*) in favor of a straight solar or astral downy foamy path of anathasic salvation nodding off to dysthymic hymns and dysphoric psalms (*dharma*, *mokṣa*), an illusion, actually, that is not totally lacking in charm as its solstitial axis in krishnarjunic conjunction²⁸ displays a ruddy compass point of lusty intrusion into our holy harlotry's lupanar; v) ritual

²⁸ *Krishnarjunic conjunction*. — Although a valid topic of scrutiny in its own right, mythic contractions of what schizomythia holds apart, such as Krishna's cosmic maw as shorthand for astronomy's longstanding oral tradition, is not our divastigation's focus, nor is pointing out that indagations lacking in clitalytical craft typically run aground on anthropomorphic shoals of "divinity," "spirituality," "morality," and so on.

action (TSMR-IX, § 191) timonically staging by way of smaragdic actor's duty [*smaragdi fluctuosi, smaragdi auro includuntur, scripta horridula & incompta* — scriptgirl's scholium] showing off a histrionic coup of fluctuating parandrim with inclusions of gold that linguistic communication (signing, talking, typing, signing, and just now as I was writing this account's finality a cryptic katydid — "animal au thorax indigo, à l'aiguillon safran, trainant un brin d'alfa," according to Gorgias (1969: 17) — sprang down with a mocking flop onto my fairly laid lady's calling card: in flight, no doubt, from Aunt Smag's upthrust rocks glass) is simply a particular form of ritual and that all ritual flows out of parasitism (of which symbiosis is simply a non-malign form), that is, affiliation, manipulation, and ranking according to domination and submission; vi) will to promiscuity (TSMR-X, § 221) in which I forgot to point out that my story's form's falling into a body-swallowing abyss of TSMR-II (§ 38) harks back to that world-spanning story of a child's hiding away among initiatory cloudbirds as a circumpolar star and that my fall is analogous to his that follows — a sinking out of sight past horizon's lip; vii) *Divastigations*, a small tri-monthly multilingual journal of arts, writing, philosophy, natural history, and sundry cultural stuff (TSMR-XI, § 249) that purports to author, according to Gorgias (1969: 217), "un roman à tiroirs [*Schubfachsroman*] où l'imagination sans confins ni conflits [in which an imagination without limits or hang-ups] d'un scribouillard gagnant plutôt mal son pain [of a hack fabricator hardly making any dough], alignant jusqu'à plus soif sa portion, sa ration d'incongrus gribouillis [and maximally playing out his portion, his ration of incongruous scribbles], produit un fil narratif [constructs a story] dont l'affabulation paraît sortir du sillon cortical tout à fait ramolli d'un doux dingo aux stravagants dadas [fabulation of which flows out of a flimsy cortical fold of a flaccid fool's wondrous ravings], tant y surgit à tout instant un hasard divaguant puissant, dirait-on, son inspiration dans un choix aussi discontinu qu'inconstant, aussi gratuit qu'instinctif [such that his constantly hazardous divastigation draws its inspiration from a compulsion as discontinuous as it is inconstant, as gratuitous as it is instinctual];" and viii) a practical application (TSMR-XII, § 262) showing that circulation of goods and know-how (antlion larval silk production) within or among social groups traditionally functions in conjunction with obligations of story and ritual such that accumulation and distribution of actual and symbolic capital occurs during particular lunations arching across a loom of circadian fluctuations, concomitantly proving that virtuosity is virtuous and always victorious, craft is truth, and skill is as dazzling a fascinator as dawn or dusk, as sunlight or shadow, as gloaming or starlight, for all of which I saw a vision of trying my hand at divinity's invocation to vaginal things:

*tvaṃ jambhanī, mohinī ca, māyā, hrīḥ, śrīś tath' āiva ca, saṃdhyā prabhāvatī
c' āiva, Sāvitrī, jananī tathā!*

Bibliography

CHACAL R.

1980 *La chanson du lampion cramoisi d'amour intrafamilial*. Shatsbrook: La Tour du Pont.

DARWIN C.

1859 *Transformational origins of orgasmic typology*. London: John Murray.

1871 *Man's historical going down, and woman's choosing of such*. London: John Murray.

1872 *Sociophysiological signalling in man and animals*. London: John Murray.

GORGAS B. (or B.)

1969 *La disparition*. Paris: Plon.

HASARD L.

1961 *L'instinct social d'animaux. Sa distribution, sa disposition, son fond, suivi par son air distinctif*. Shatsbrook: La Tour du Pont.

KIDJAKI C. and RAYMOND A.

1991 Articulation of a schizomythic law of mythic variation. *Schizomythology* [third instar] 3, Port Gaspard, Wyo.

SPITMARKX S. A.

1859 *Das Wachstum als Schwung und Schwund* [Growth as impulsion and atrophy]. Ruhr-Lülnrar: Spitmarkx Buchfabrik.

§ 295. *Public soliloquy*. — And should I look on quaking through funicular owlsight's disdain? Crush it gaunt against a distant hillock cribrous with wormcasts. As if from honor or vanity or simply trying to snap it in two, a vacant bulk thrusts incuriously into that pinpoint of cuniculous form.²⁹ Flailing rabbit claws pull taut, and a stiff cord's loop cuts into my throat.³⁰ Pink flag victorious, a solitary mastiff³¹ romps.

§ 296. *Vaulting into sky*. — And should I inhibit this cat-and-duck toying with fiction's fall?³² Among schoolyard shouts I climb unknown away into past's kingdom of mud walls and goat shit. Too young still to distinguish a stand

²⁹ *Cuniculous form*. — I chart my fiction quantal.

³⁰ *My throat*. — And spirit my only companion, my adoring whirlwind flaring into storm.

³¹ *Solitary mastiff*. — To allay my cynophobia, I typically husband qua Proust a stock of shaggy maxims: "Si un chiot aboyait, la smala passait." "S'il gobait du gazon, ça fait du poison qu'il souffrait." "Fait-on un train pour un chiot? Non. Fait-on un mouchard pour un chiot? Parfois." "Si on ravivait un chiot aux pas d'ours, on lui piquait un aboi à l'abri." And so on.

³² *Fiction's fall*. — This uncommon art's originary root of lawful singularity.

of holly from bulrush I climb into morning's bright spasm. Liar. Lightning struck all around, missing this kobold oak I climb into morning's bright spasm of bark and thigh.³³ This phantom hickory dancing in storm shadow I climb not daring to call out in gravity's kingdom. Hitching my bintskirt high I climb past limbtip oozing blood on zinc. Too young and small still among schoolyard shouts unknown. Marking that spot with a slow worm of pain unspooling. Liar. In my jaw, my chin, that impact almost joyous cracks a chunk out of song. Into morning's bright spasm growls a sharp black outcropping of root. In my jaw, my chin, that impact almost joyous. Spirit's lust for downy thorns.

§ 297. *Still in my skin.* — And should I succumb to this slipshod toiling away at mouth and tail? By calling *soul* an abstraction of blood, and *body* this throat-snap start and stall of signal's wound, my caudal orchid of antiphony numbly moults. Or parasitic babbling on about mud, gold, photons, gonads, joy, victory. As alluring as that frilly noctuid unfurling its aromatic crown, wafting at wind's will its rump art's dumb call to rut. A full-frontal syllabic orgy of Patrolius, *Ionis Astra*, corybants and bards:

CORYBANTS Dancing did Io birth that city, Norlia, wood-strong son
First cobra Whom craft-avid, mouth-lush young girls would fain sing admiring of
And famous Dudu snatch a storm of strumming from his triply
Strung *ktar*: swart Atta's wing-bright gift no pavid virgin could match.

BARDS And Atta's gift, too, this hollow *ktar*-cup of basswood cut, rim
Cobra 2 Pot stop word of which Rumi's lyric plays dull mirror, lacking,
In that dusky land, lupanar joys and six strong strumming bards
Transfusing luscious round fruit to liquid music of wild pitch.

CORYBANTS From modal point you first ran forth, syrinx-clutching holy bard,
Third cobra Strong sculptor of liquid music born of Ishtar's singular
Ravishing, to transform plural violation of body's
Taboo, dawn's luscious hollow fruit, into triply spiral *ktar*.

BARDS Cunning as poaching fox is that girl who drinks down straight *ktar*
Fourth cobra And, citing Rumi, can chant a loping, swinging translation
Outdoing (with no pausing, no panting) six pan-piping bards
In this lupanar, oh holy star Io, virgin Ishtar!

CORYBANTS Lust without bounds draws Io's sons to mouthlush thrall: — craft-avid
Fifth cobra Girls born at altar's pivot and push to birth in turn bards fit for bright
Moon promiscuity of spiral dancing and *ktar*-drinking:
Your Rumi mirrors but dully Atta's moonmad ritual.

³³ *Bark and thigh.* — To touch is only human.

- BARDS**
Sixth cobia
And vain again that dull mirror to catch sight of our wholly bard's
Catoptric birthsong vaunting irid fancy of rainbow snail,
Portal scorpion sting, and woodstrong Norlian huts in which
Ishtar's Hand avidly crafts Oria's lush, lyrical mouth.
- CORYBANTS**
Cobia 7
From this vulvular cup, Drink! as you'd from virginal Ishtar's
Holy ravishing in our lupanar, among pan-piping
Rim pot stop words and black mirrors of obsidian magic:
Drink, Dudu, our fruit's luscious syrup, portal scorpion-stung!
- BARDS**
Cobia 8
Flap again your slow bright wings, holy star Io, plump moanzy
Dancing drunk and languorous across Atta's ravishing sky —
Thick with rainbow snail blood, six rising suns strum through young
Ishtar's
Downy floss: raw pulp of that lupanar fruit sticks in my fangs.
- CORYBANTS**
Ninth cobia
Dart now back into your hut — that human-munching bird swoops down,
Drawn by Io's holy star — dart back out now: with your arrow's
Liquid music, and your taboo-obscuring chant, hunt that bird
Which slows not, nor shows gravid Ishtar's front, nor births acrid wood.
- BARDS**
Cobia 10
To that man's hut — to drink *ktar* again — to sip virgin Ishtar's
Luscious round fruit, portal scorpion-stung — to strum that *ktar*'s six
Strings — to play that syrinx — to outchant Ur: Norlia's wood-strong
Rainbow snail's virgin's sons, as am I, Dudu, who sings this song.
- CORYBANTS**
Final cobia
Catoptric birthsong pivots profoundly Io's vulvular
Altar's languid hollow *ktar* cup — bibulous young lupanar
Girls born of Ishtar's singular ravishing await that snail's
Rainbow-strung string-pairs, wood-strong, to birth our city, Norlia.

§ 298. *First you must pass through this.* — And should I flout you out of your calling, Author? Don't worry. Though your brain harbors wormwood, I confound by ungirdling your natural flair for mocking what I lack. Kafka,³⁴ Proust,³⁵ Strickland.³⁶ Your suspicious guards. My dunghill grooms. And though

³⁴ *Kafka*. — “Nacht war spät als K. ankam. Das Dorf lag im Schmutz. Im Wirtshaus war man noch wach. K. sah vor sich hin. ‘Ob ich nicht auch schon zu spät war?’ sagt K. langatmig. ‘Warum soll ich mich blühen, bring mir das Glas. Das ist ganz unmöglich. Ich bin doch fähig. Allmählich das war mir klar. Strich ich nicht. Ingusch kann ich fast gar nicht. Ihr wisst noch nicht, was ich tun will.’ Autor lacht ihn aus, ‘Das ist gut.’ ‘Das ist noch nicht so,’ sagt K., ‘mächtig bin ich nämlich, nur bin ich nicht so aufrichtig, nur zufällig, nicht absichtlich. Was willst du? Darfst du das?’ ‘Ja,’ sagt Autor. ‘Dann kommt also,’ sagt K., und schob ihn vor sich ins Haus. ‘Das Gift ist doch ganz lau’” (*Das Schloß*, Ankunft).

³⁵ *Proust*. — “S'alourdissant au fil d'un an, un homard qui dort au fond du flot grondant s'inclut la liaison d'un jour, ou s'assortit la jonction du cosmos. Parfois il la trahit par s'amusant d'instinct, abolissant, donc, l'abri qu'il doit bâtir d'un tas d'onyx noir” (*À l'inquisition sur l'amours disparus*, “Combray,” Paris, 1927).

³⁶ *Strickland*. — “Shallow scholars injudiciously jump, not only far past such important data, but also past this commanding fact that, in biological mutuality's normal growth, a kind of mass utility

DIVASTIGATIONS

you scoff at my fairground parts writhing for a thrill, I snatch from scorn this
copious world's gift. Gracious wanton virgin fruit.

§ 299. *A profound conviction brought to maturity.* — And should I plot a
finish to this cunty scrawl?³⁷ To approach that world again with budding arms.
Unfold blossom to uncoil total hug.³⁸ This way again always I clutch that saffron
sky. It sings within my fist.



I doubt if I ought to touch a word of it now.

— H. G. Wells

Austin, Monteverde, New York, Nice, Paris, Philadelphia, Vancouver
1986–2009

is constantly at work. Throughout this sociophysiological world of ours, global groups of plants act as intrinsically biological transformations, its triumph brought with it many gluttonous or rapacious cravings. Groups of organisms could now abandon biological probity's road of good faith, and flout, on occasion and for short durations, biomorality's mutualistic law. But my work shows that such a disastrous path's possibility is no justification for a position claiming that non-mutualistic transactions will always trump mutualism. For it is bound to occur that organisms which grow haggard of altruism or flout symbiotic contracts, will rightfully succumb to biosocial corruption" (Mutualistic foundations of biomorality, *Journal of Sociophysiology*, 7(3), March 1999).

³⁷ *Cunty scrawl.* — Marginal account of choosing or of loss.

³⁸ *Total hug.* — Hybrid form of my first mortal sin.

Synoptic Atlas



of actors, artists, authors, locations, topics, words, works, and whatnot.

Digits in *italics* purport to show, not folio or pagination markings, as in p. or pp., but ludict partitions, as in § or §§.

ABOUT, SIGMUND (b. 1939, Brno), Moravian oblationist — author (q.v.) of *Au jardin du corps divin* (q.v.) 249.

Accounts, total draft of a way to a final calling to, autobiographical brouillon by V. Novalis (q.v.) — spilling its hot hoary downy lyrical foam into all of our divastigations 63; Towards a schizomythology of ritual (q.v.) (XIII) 294.

Acorn, fruit of oak (q.v.) — cumbrous calabash of A 0; to farrow flour from a calabash of A, you must husk, boil, drain, boil again, drain again, boil and drain again, ditto, dry in sun, and pound into flour 0; an accumulation of A 46; putting half a firkin of A into a partially vacant tun 120; crunching classical A 133; cap of A analogous to glans of phallus 262.

ADA, a sultry harlot — allonym of our star OWJ (q.v.) 38; VD's (q.v.) doxy-in-waiting 191; OWJ's schizomythic matrix of divastigatory parturition 249.

Affability, laws of, by G. Kant (q.v.) — 221.

AGASTYA, hylomorphic stand-in for Canopus, a star — pourquoi court-il toujours sur l'horizon sud? 139.

AGNI, hylomorphic syntagm of a burning oblation, an all-consuming holocaust of books, shacks, barns, roots, trunks, limbs, villas, skulls, journals, and so on — 0, 2, 10, 20, 29, 38, 54, 60, 65, 77, 85, 89, 107, 120, 121, 131, 141, 173, 181, 190, 191, 201, 213, 226, 233, 234, 237, 238, 239, 249, 267, 268, 273, 278.

AI, sociophysiological shorthand for Atoca Inhart (q.v.) — Mtn. Fuk. informant 120.

ALBIANO, GASA (b. 1975), inhabitant of Owlstain — as Oria's third-cousin Norlia (q.v.), a vivacious bint 191; plays Mtn. Fuk. with OWJ (q.v.) in Iagip (q.v.) 120, 262; aborts bolus of stillborn light 288.

- Alligator — worship, actually, not of A, but of *Crocodylus niloticus*, *C. cataphractus*, or *C. palustris* 38; a caiman, actually (*Caiman crocodilus* L.) hybridizing with an orchid (q.v.) 229.
- Alouatta palliata*, mono congo — its dangling scrotum, its laryngal clicking, its latratic howl 207.
- Amability, laws of*, by G. Kant (q.v.) — 221.
- Amanita muscaria*, fly agaric — a vision-inducing mushroom 0; its patchwork dusting, its splash of blood 269.
- Amiability, laws of*, by G. Kant (q.v.) — 221.
- Amour absolu*, by A. Jarry (q.v.) — in which it is shown that any author of any worth is always born from a past author's abortions 221.
- Amour intrafamilial, la chanson du lam-pion cramoisi d'*, by R. Chacal (q.v.) — thoughts on childhood's cutting short in 262; marginalia in 294.
- Amours disparus, an inquisition into*, by M. Proust (q.v.) — 289, 298.
- Animals, small and furry, various kinds, such as castorids and capybaras, chinchillas and skunks, kinkajous and stoats, tayras and minks, olingos and marmots, raccoons and (o)possums, coatis and fougarts, rats and small simians, pikas and agoutis, and whatnot — 12, 35, 38, 82, 113, 120, 146, 151, 154, 190, 207, 239, 249, 256, 283, 286, 288.
- Animaux, l'instinct social d'. Sa distribution, sa disposition, son fond, suivi par son air distinctif*, by L. Hasard (q.v.) — a study of various animals' cunningly voluntary inhibition of impromptu impulses 294.
- Antlion, *Formicophagus maa* (q.v.) and/or *F. tlaatlata* (q.v.) — cyclic symbiosis involving A 0, 113, 120, 262; larval and imaginal instars of 50, 120, 262; (pits of) larval instars of 113, 120, 213, 262, 294; silk of 113, 120, 137, 211, 237, 262, 294; cocoons of 120, 262; imaginal instar of 191, 262.
- Antiquarian art, pictorial atlas illustrating functional motion in*, by A. Warburg — 113.
- Anyakyusya, a group of tribal folk inhabiting insular mountainous and riparian tracts of South Appalachia — 148, 300.
- Apis* sp., an anthophilous apid apocritan — 63, 215.
- Apocynum cannabinum* L., amy root — known as *bin* in Mtn. Fuk. 120.
- Apocynum scopulorum* L., fly-trap dog-thorn — an infusion of its roots 120.
- Appalachia's most infamous inns, lunching at*, by C. H. Quilty (q.v.) — an account of this author's gastronomic intromissions into *cocinas variadas* throughout North A, with occasional forays into South A 221.
- Appalachian Anthroposophologist*, a journal of anthroposophology put out from Shatsbrook (q.v.) — 148.
- Appalachian Spiritual Institution (ASI), a spiritual insitution of Appalachia — its location in Shatsbrook (q.v.) 82, 262; its *JASI* (q.v.) 300.
- Apricot (*Prunus nirusa* [q.v.]), a tawny or saffron plum from Norlia (q.v.) — floating in a bowl of burning brandy 0; B. Vighdan's picking of 148; orchards of 189; A curl of lungfish 222; Waldorf salad with A 249; known also to grow in Nuristan, its pulp 251.
- Arbutus* (*A. grandiosa* Mart. & Gal.) — 249.
- ARIOSTO, LUDOVICO (1474–1533), Tuscan lyricist — his *Orlando Furioso* (q.v.) 289.
- ARJUNA, andromorphic syntagm of both Śukra (q.v.), a bright rocky sulfurous world sibling to our own, and our Sun at its most northward point vis à vis a sublunary cosmognosist — zinc infusions of A (a physic against sunburn) 35; in conjunction with Krishna (q.v.) to

- mark start of both spring and autumn 294.
- Arm, or arms — lifting pairs of in horror or ardor 0; budding, to approach that world again with 10, 299; in association with hands back stomach thighs lips ass 15; tyrannical rhythm of, 25; lacking this woman's ivory 28; ivory 34; hold you in my A, chop A, and so on 38; no A 75; A in hot A 82; hold it in your 87; slash his own 88; quaking A 102; slicing my A 107; natural, of popular opinion, strong right of 120; in comparison with assagai, yataghan, falchion, katar, and so on 123; synonym of supply with 136; markings on my 156; mangy 182; should cut my A 189; blank 190; kin-kithing of cant hook, stout 191; hanging down 191; joyous hacking away at 197; stick with abattoir's hooks 210; dry disk of 224; pinning down A with thighs 237; A of crumbling rocking chair 241; cradling A pulling A forward, couching A down along rail and thinking upon, sticking A into thorns 249; of parry and attack, ordinary 251; flapping A in imitation of *qot*'s mating flight 262; guilt's call to 294.
- Armadillo (*Dasypos navacunctatus* L.), your ubiquitous poor man's pig, sporting a long snout and armor plating — rooting around 204; shouts its thorny claws 238; strapping on faux claws of A as part of a playful sociophysiological ritual 249.
- Arrowgrass (*Triglochin maritimum*), also known as saltgrass — 94, 262.
- Artificial moonlight, on location in, autobiography by VD (q.v.) — citation from 38; walk-on part in play by L. Lath (q.v.) 191.
- Ascaris umbraphilia*, a shadow-loving worm (q.v.) — using roots and bark of various plants to ward off parasitism by 206.
- Ash, mountain, *Sorbus glabrus* or *S. sitchulina* — its sorbs (q.v.) 0; growing on flanks of Mount Spitmarkx (q.v.) 113, 237; a hollow trunk of MA 268; rampant growth of MA in Owlstain's suburbs 269.
- Ashram, or āśrama, a kind of gynophobic church (q.v.) — disturbs a blunt world's contradictions 178; sanctuary of post-masturbatory patriarchy 181.
- Asia Minor, snails, slugs and odd arthropods and birds of. In four books, comprising work brought about from 1837 to 1840, by H. A. Strickland (q.v.) — 120.
- Aspis aspis vulgaris* L., a poisonous ophidian — 180.
- Ass — thrust backwards into crumbling sky 3, 120; in conjunction with arms hands back stomach thighs lips 15; stumbling tumbling moron's A 16; low-cut A, in conjunction with thigh 30; pinky up 38; in disjunction with hand or foot or thigh 62; cold 73; paying man's right to put it up my A 85; fair glom of 96; man's A, woman's A, girl's A, boy's A 120; pinky or thumb up 123; 2x walking girl's A 132; bound by a tight wrap 140; bound by sopping patola silk 148; stuffing your cock up my 150; virtuosity's ritual or ritual's virtuosity of 169; slap A in passing 176; poor A, or poor, poor A, frig my woman's or girl's A, flaunting my, your, or his A, and passim 191; your happy cloudburst in my 210; up your 218; virgin's A 246; out your 249; as hybrid adjunct to thighs and lips 277; pivoting and polishing a barstool's top with A 287.
- Assyria, fluvial kingdom full of floods and afflictions — warrior-king's grapholithic imposition of unworldly philosophy in A 38; bound by *Toxoplasma gondii*'s (q.v.) parasitic constraint on cortical pathways, inhabitants of A claim lions as kings and kin 63.
- Astra, *ionis* (c. 1516–1517), Nirusa's Norlian hymn to Io (q.v.), Ishtar (q.v.), Atta (q.v.), Dudu (q.v.), and so on in 11 Italian quatrains, by Patrolius (q.v.) — first quatrain, discussion of 123, 189, 205; first quatrain, translation of 113,

- 297; first quatrain, translation and discussion of 251; fourth quatrain minus two, discussion of 123, 189, 205; fourth quatrain minus two, translation of 113, 297; fourth quatrain minus two, translation and discussion of 267; third quatrain, discussion of 189, 205; third quatrain, translation and discussion of 123, 273; fourth quatrain, discussion of 189, 205; fourth quatrain, translation of 38, 123, 273, 297; fifth quatrain, discussion of 189, 205; fifth quatrain, translation of, 151, 297; fifth quatrain, translation and discussion of 267; sixth quatrain, discussion of 205; sixth quatrain, translation and discussion of 141, 251; sixth quatrain, translation of 297; fifth quatrain plus two, discussion of 205; fifth quatrain plus two, translation and discussion of 171, 267; fifth quatrain plus two, translation of 297; sixth quatrain plus two, translation and discussion of 205, 273; sixth quatrain plus two, translation of 297; ninth quatrain, discussion of 205, 214; ninth quatrain, translation of 214, 273, 297; sixth quatrain plus four, discussion of 205; sixth quatrain plus four, translation of 220, 267, 297; final quatrain, discussion of 205; final quatrain, translation of 244, 251, 297; citation of in Subborainizy's *Book of Distaff Cuttings* (*Ktar og-Firrsan*) (q.v.) 113, 273; 1A in toto 297.
- Astri Bay, Port — a bay (q.v.) along Wyoming's sun-struck coast 88, 93, 168, 209, 241, 249.
- Atlas parazitov krovi zhivotnykh* (1955), by V. F. Kapustin — 113.
- Atta flouziana* Goldbarg, 1933, a kind of fungus-growing ant of our Viridian Mountains (q.v.) — 63, 262.
- ATTA, pluricopular avatar of Ishtar (q.v.) — 113, 123, 151, 189, 191, 205, 251, 267, 273, 294, 297.
- Auk (*Alca inalis* L.), a big bird with no wings — 123.
- Auk, stormy (*Moanzy burrasca* [q.v.]).
- Aurochs, a primordial bull or *Bos* sp. — symbol that all things must pass 123; allusion to an author (q.v.) which this author, as of this writing, still fails to pinpoint 211; symbol or vāhana or moon of Rudra (q.v.) 221.
- AUTHOR, an abductor, abrogator, adjutor, administrator, allocator, annihilator, annotator, anticipator, appropriator, articulator, assassinator, attractor, calumniator, citator, coadjutor, collaborator, communicator, comparator, compiler, compositor, conciliator, conductor, confiscator, conjurator, conspirator, consolidator, contributor, coordinator, cunctator, dictator (q.v.), disambiguator, disarticulator, dispositor, distributor, divastigator, divinator, dominator, donator, fabricator, facilitator, falsificator, fascinator, fautor, ficator, fixator, glossator, hallucinator, implorator, impostor, impropriator, improvisator, inaugurator, inculcator, indagator, innovator, inoculator, insinuator, instigator, instaurator, insufflator, judicator, laudator, mutilator, novator, obstructor, officiator, opinator, participator, postulator, procrastinator, proctor, prognosticator, pronunciator, promulgator, propitiator, prostitute, ruminator, stuprator, subtutor, syncopator, tabulator, transactor, transilluminator, translator, transsubstantiator, tutor, vacillatator, vaticinator, victor, vindicator, violator, visitor, and warrantor of, to, in, from, against, among, through, with, about, including any and all functions touching upon, using, or having to do with words in any sort of authorial way, by habit, by instinct, by custom, or by occasion — isomorphic mapping of story's assimilator to its A, who plays snapdragon, quoits, blindman's buff, golf, polo, curling, draughts, hopscotch, and so on prior to nodding off against a holm oak's (q.v.) trunk 0; plagiarist's body mingling with that of A 38; minor tritagonist of a play 38; timorous A 38, 102, 221, 277; appropriation of A-ship functions, formulaic A-ship, A-ial

- domination, A-ship is unlawful production unbound by copyright 38; woman's vain pursuit of satisfaction in A 38; autumn, its A, spring's also 44; this A 63, 241, 252; own A 82; grand A, taking pains forcibly to posit 92; following tracks of A through a labyrinth of scribbling 102; pious child of A 102; passion of A 102; solitary offspring of A 102; common opinion dividing A from A's animal 102; worth of A 115; ilk of A 120; confusing A 120; A's act 120; A opts to stay mum 120; toil of A 129; shadow and ground, warp and woof of A 138; common A 141; two A 148; prodigal wisdom of A 157; that A 164, 273; only A 194; rhyming of A with A's animal 205; work of any A 208; cunning and crypsis A puts into play 208; First A 208; A Two 208; Third A 208; fair A 209, 213; output of any common A 212; Swiss A 215; young adult A 221; timid A 221; abortions of A 221; fantasy of A 234; vapid A, insipid act of mock appraisal of 237; most A 240; rhythmic plot of A 241; good A 246; voluptuous A, tricks of 248; lynching and burning of A 249; faithful A 249; child of A 251; fugacious A 262; our A 267, 294; comparison of A 267; moralistic A 267; mock pity and sham compassion of A 271; A looks anyway or away 271; background of A 273; infirm A 278; allonymous A 279; animals of A 279; pointing out to A just how sumptuous that small human apparatus is 280; hallucinatory attribution of A-ship 283; a world found by A 283; apropos of mollusks, A 284; adult ardor of A 285; dying birth of A 290; what A should know 290; divastigations of A 294; calling of A 298.
- Avignon, Burgundian oppidum known for its brawling bazaars and board-strolling bawds and bards — lyrical quotation from author (q.v.) who is said to hail from A, along with abjuration of pursuing an inglorious avocation in said hilltop city's Gothic byways 0.
- BABUR (1483–1531), a shy (or sly) lascar — protagonist in Gals Saliba's (q.v.) *Zalozhnyu na umirayu* (q.v.) 120; in Kabul (q.v.) 189, 251; Aran Tron's paronymph 191.
- Babylonia, a dank dull dusky marshland — warrior-king's grapholithic imposition of unworldly philosophy in B 38; moribund status of *Moanzy* (q.v.), and thorough divastigation (q.v.) of parasitic pathways of *Oosdoli* (q.v.), in B 113; comparison of an infirmity in Fukariland (q.v.) similar to Ishtar's Hand (q.v.) in B 120; as totum pro partitistic allusion to Rumi's (q.v.) orthodox injunctions against plural joys 251; its quaint aphorisms 267.
- Bamboo — canopy of *Rhipidoclatum longispiculatum* 157; artistry of *Arundinaria appalachiana* 238.
- Bananaquit (*Dacnis flavis* L.), a thaupid — ornithistic analogy to sodality 221.
- BAR-INGSTRON, OTTO OTTO, allonym of Aron Tron (q.v.) — his *Tagma sorghum*: *Yummy yum yum* (q.v.) 181.
- BAR-SCHATZ, PAULA R. (b. 1962, Shatsbrook), author of *Camping out and wacking off* (q.v.) — 262.
- Barking parrot, Strickland's (*Anodorhynchus latratus* Strick., 1845) — scrambling away from a stalking cat (q.v.) in a dizzy piazza 78; diving through brush 88; also known as Strickland's macaw (q.v.), an inhabitant of coastal tracts of karst woodland and savanna 178, 249; flying past window of author's Port Astri Bay (q.v.) cabin 209; lost, chopping through air 240; a flock of BP shrouds a cliff in what is now Port Astri Bay, Wyoming 241.
- BARNABOOTH, A. O., Gallo-Intrussyan autobiograffitist of nomadic inclination and puttophilic proclivity — author of *Borborygmie spasms*: *Rural songs in chant royal* (q.v.) 108.
- Barš, glo; also, Glo Barsç, Globarsç, or Globarš — an all-out dionysiac bacchanalia that typically spans from 21 March

to 1 April and is fraught with such pith of primal impact, such gravity of taboo, that plural ubiquitous synchronian yonic ritual quanta of it ramify schizomythically throughout all of Tagmo-Norlian sociophysiology and all, thus, of this book of *Divastigations* (q.v.).

BASHŌ, MATSUO (1644–1694), haikaist and hokkuist of Iga — his *Narrow road to a far country* (q.v.) 148.

Basil (*Ocimum basilicum* L.), a small savory plant, commonly known as albahaca — patch of paltry B 139; *mopsi* (q.v.) in B 147.

Basswood (*Tilia rubra* var. *hamiltonica* Hamilton, 1836), a bosky giant — 113, 189, 251, 267, 273, 297.

Bay — Port Astri B, Wyo., unwary tourists picnicking in 88; notion of sin or skin in 126; holding a pair of grimacing goblins at 191; Port Astri B, Wyo., solitary cabin of author (q.v.) on 93, 168, 241; habitat of Strickland's macaw (q.v.) 249; Playtoy B, dit Playa Toya 249, 279.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, a windy list of works — filling in for inspiration's lack 38; providing a scholarly patina of authority 82; smoking a cigar and indulging in flatus during Glamporium's production *Aunt Smaragdina's Parandrus* (q.v.) 191; as coda to a final calling to accounts 294.

Bildungsroman, a typically garrulous work of writing that charts, from birthing to dying, its protagonist's history and growth through various fictional socio-physiological conflicts, transformations, and whatnot — 0, 300.

BIMKOV, DR. AVÍLANO (b. 1954, Agua Puta), principal of Tiliar Boarding School (q.v.), Tixpu, NL — thanks for his insight 38; author of *Pninalgia y plagiaritis* 38; practicing his parsimonious bailiwick 38; mad props to for providing funds, opportunity, and whatnot 120; group contributor to chatroom communication 148; his passion for

politics, mirrors, and placation 223; drunk and limp 227; our school's silly but classy principal posing as a swank schizomythologist 249; our school's shamanistic but cool principal posing as a sly but colorful charlatan 249; our school's sparing but chary principal posing as a spurious but civil oncologist 249; our school's strict but complaisant principal posing as a champion socio-physiologist 249; our school's salivating but calm principal posing on all fours as a shady clinician with a vaginoclitoral avocation 249; our school's staid but cosmopolitan principal posing as a sociopathic satyr 249; our school's schmaltzy but chummy principal posing as a supplicating but cordial companion 249; our school's skulking but capital principal posing as a slangy liar 249; our school's smug but commanding principal posing as a sagacious man-about-town 249; our school's shifty but constant principal posing as a suspicious but candid author 249.

BIMKOV, MRS. DR. AVÍLANO (b. Tixpu, 1987), spousal consort of our school's shifty but constant principal posing as a suspicious but candid author of marginalia about rainbows and gravity — complains to author (q.v.) about runing out of words 249; our school's shadowy but clarivoyant co-principal posing as a squinting but conniving sub-sub-top form pupil 249; waxing maxily on about lots of dicks and dicks' crying v's 249.

Birch (*Fagacia cordifolia* Marshall, 1790) — host of io moth (q.v.) nymphs 50; clad with snow 69; shadow of 88; old growth woods of 152; surviving stand of *F. platyphylla* (Sukachov 1934) 181; mountaintop stand of *F. cordifolia* 237; strips of B bark 268.

Bird's foot (*Ornithopus pinnatus* L.), a plant with small colorful blossoms — infusion of 206.

Birth, giving — slut's jargon (q.v.) for vigorous act of fistular intromission 38, 82, 148, 191, 236, 273, 294.

- Bison (*Bison bison* L.), a buffalo — stomach of B 120; driving off cliff of B 123; loin of B for lunch at Manowar Gingoons (q.v.) 249; sports bra of B 288.
- Black Yurt, a small book and circular printing and publishing outfit in Iagip (q.v.) — its putting out of *Psammophilology* (q.v.) 120; its most famous author (q.v.) 191.
- Black Yurt, autocratic Intrussyan duchy of Wyoming — its dictator 63, 246, 269; its prison 0, 38, 95, 102, 109, 120, 130, 172, 187, 191, 224, 239, 252, 269, 279; its IMPPA (q.v.) 181; its Intrussyan Military Prison Publishing Assn. (now an imprint of IMPPA) 191.
- Blackbird — wary lungthrobs of *Amblyramphus ruficapillus* Scopoli 157; whistling of *Turdus boulboul* Latham 218; call of *Gymnomystax tixputanus* L. 252.
- BLOIP, INUHKA (b. Blorhn, 1987), floramorita of Owlstain (q.v.) and Paris (q.v.) — as VD's backwing paramour Saian (q.v.), a bibulous trollop, in Glamporium's production of *Aunt Smaragdina's Parandrus* (q.v.) 191; sharing a dortoir with OWJ (q.v.) in Paris 195; playing Mountain Fukari with OWJ in Iagip (q.v.) 120, 262, 288.
- Bloodfruit knotgrass (*Polygonum sanguinaria* Goldbarg, 1933) — known as *car* in Mtn. Fuk. 120.
- Bloodwort, yarrow (q.v.), or dock, an amaryllid — a natural soporific 69.
- Blorhn, a boring burg in Wyoming — its small town variations 78; a barn, a coral, a hilltop workroom in B 96; a barn burning in B 233.
- Boar (not a boar [*Sus scrofa* L.], actually, but a jabalí, *Tayassu tajacu* Link., 1795) — tusky B 123; sports bra of wild B 288.
- BOAS, F. (1858–1942), anthroposophical linguist — his *Dakota grammar* (q.v.) 120.
- BOCCARA, M. (b. 1955), Gallo-Frankish physiological sociologist — author (q.v.) of *Man's most animal parts* (q.v.) 181.
- Boloria atrocotalis* Huard, 1927, an uncommon Platyrhiform fritillary — signaling with sly mimicry Strickland's Sublunary fritillary (q.v.) 162.
- Bombay, a city of India and, though not commonly known, original location of *A Thousand Nagas and a Cobra* (*Alf Nāga wa Sarpa*) as shown by its myriad allusions to *Śukasaptati* (Skt. 'Parrot Book'), *Mahābhārata*, and so on; cf. Sir Richard F. Burton's introduction to his faithful translation of said Aryo-Hamitic saga — dawnward compass limit of foxing by *Mopsi ipsius* originating in Spitmarkx's library and/or bookbinding shop in Ruhr-Lülrrar (q.v.) 63; H. A. Strickland's (q.v.) port-of-call in spring of 1837 and again in fall of 1840 during his natural historical and philological divastigations into Kapisa, Arachosia, Panchananda, Mathura, Dasarna, Salvass, Abhiras, Sauvira, Kaccha, Surastra, Uddyana, Puskalavati, Taxila, Sakala, Kashmir, Audumbaras, Rajariya, Trogarta, Kuninda, Kausambi, Avanti, Kosala, Panchala, Vidarbha, and Vanavasi 300.
- Book, this is not a*, by H. D. Markson (q.v.) — 16.
- Borborgy, borborgasm, borborism, borborrygmagistic, burp — cut-fig B of cassia and myrrh 53; ¿B? 56; borborygmic spasms 108; juicy B 108, 212; robust uvular B, borborygmic oppugnant 120; B-ing and laughing and so on 262.
- Borborygmic spasms: Rural songs in chant royal*, by A. O. Barnabooth (q.v.) — 108.
- Bordophilia*, by H. Kingsmill (q.v.) — not many authors (q.v.) can so succinctly limn what Kingsmill can in a scant fifty-four of this book's strigilastic bons mots: "I'm so glad I'm coming as I hang, my bordophilous bint. Is bacon

- only a thing swinging from a string? I don't think so. And though night has spilt its ink on light's blotting-pad, my slant slut, I got a job still to do — and so I strop my razor, and think of you" 221.
- Boudoir*, dark, slutty work combining a study of royal harlotry with a quantum photonic philosophy, by VD (q.v.) — 221.
- Bound, Outward, initiation stunt — sort of thrown a tragic loop 38.
- BRAHMA, hylomorphic syntagm of solar cosmognosy — in conjunction with Shiva (q.v.) 85; in conjunction with Vishnu (q.v.) and Shiva to construct a full-blown cosmology 88; analogous to sacrificial rituals 249.
- Brassica* spp., various kinds of mustard — cyclic symbiosis involving 0, 120; *Puccinia monoica* (q.v.) parasitizing and mimicking its blossoms 63; biocatalytically flavoring a dish of snails in Hamiltonia (q.v.), and banding a brook-bank in Fukariland (q.v.) 113; not in ktar (q.v.) 120; flavoring a ham sandwich 156, 182; bush of B about which a sphingid moth is flitting 249.
- BRIFFAULT, R. (1879–1948), social anthropological author of *Traditional matriarchy in humanity's rational making and psychological foundation* (London, 3 vols., 1927) — quotation from 147; jotting down cultural variations for clarification 217.
- BRUNO, GIORDANO, schismatic cosmologist and antikrishnaical giauor torn bloody from a woman's pious womb in Nola, c. 1548, justly burnt in piazza Varuna, Krišnaborg, A.D. 1600 — author of *Sigillus sigillorum* 38, 82.
- Buda, a Mongolian város of South Pannonia — locus in which M. Turbo (q.v.) was miraculously (?) bicycling 148.
- Buff, blindman's, ludic activity involving groping in obscurity — author's gallant switch to 0; backgammon or BB? 66; playing BB in a barn in Dirna (q.v.) 106.
- Buffalo grass (*Bulbilis dactylis* Nutt.), a monocot — 21, 61, 84, 96, 120, 147, 152, 191, 207, 221, 249, 281.
- Caddisfly, a spicipalpic psychomyiid, no doubt — glitzy 249; lost naiads of 262.
- Caltha palustris* L., marsh marigold — known as as in Mtn. Fuk. 120.
- Camping out and wacking off: A sociophysiological approach to small acts of group masturbation*, by P. R. Bar-Schatz (q.v.) — 262.
- Candida lucida*, a biography of Gals "Hugo" Saliba (q.v.), by his son Gals Saliba (q.v.) — 108.
- Cardamom (*Amomum cardamomum* L.) — 83, 300.
- Cardinal, a branch- and limb-hopping bird — *Cardinalis sinuatus* Bonap., 1838, your typical pyrrhuloxia, or possibly una tangara roja migratoria, *Piranga rubra* L. 20; *C. cardinalis* L. 25, 88, 198; *Piranga ludoviciana* Wilson, 1811, or tangara albiblanca migratoria 120, 262; *Habia fuscicauda* Cabanis, 1861 221.
- Carp (*Cyprinus carpio*), poisson amical qui jadis montait du fond du bassin au jardin du villa d'Augustus B. Clifford au pays d'Azincourt quand on sifflait son air favori (Gorgias [q.v.] 1969: 211) — scratching at pond's mirror 147; C duty (slut's jargon for a form of carnal praxis involving making insufflatory and suctional motions during buccolabioscrotal, buccolabiophallic, buccolabiovulval, or buccolabioclitoral contact) 205, 262.
- Cassia (*Cinnamomum aromaticum*, probably L.), also known as cinnamon — 53, 83, 129, 249, 288.
- Cat (*Ailurogatus garboblus*), a carnivorous mammal of many instars — its first instar, hanging from hayloft trapdoor 65; in solitary room, sloughing out its third instar's chrysalis 6, 10, 12, 76, 134; ditto, clawing at backgammon board 66; ditto, of an unknown affliction 106; ditto, suicidal, vomiting, gangly 257; its imaginal instar's fat morality 51;

- ditto, stalking parrot 78; warm fuzzy cot-fold of this instar 119; liana and thorn blossom forth from C's chrysalis 135; half in shadow, half in light, sprawling 149; its black fur stiff with blood and slick with shit 180; sacrificial rituals involving various instars of C 181, 221; tail of C's curiosity, up 191; marking its gray pillow with pus 217; fur and mucus of 224; its lion instar, in schizomythic conjunction with ant 0, 50, 113, 120, 137, 191, 211, 213, 237, 262, 294; its lion instar, in plural copulation with man, fish, bird, and a woman's ass or two 38, 191; its lion or jaguar instar, as king and kin 63; its singularly loving jaguar instar 75; its lion instar, in barnyard confrontation with shadows, cowboys, quoits, and bolting mustangs 83; variation on ditto, involving climbing, straddling, and mocking 84; ditto with proud fists 98, 207; riding wild ditto in Wyoming 249; dark sublimity of ditto 253; a plurality of its myriapodal instars 113, 134, 195, 234, 242; putting out for its thirsty prowling jaguar and puma instars 221; its puma instar as incarnation of symbolic notions of altarity and distality 221; its jaguar instar in schizomythic conjunction with hummingbird, alligator, wasp, moth, orchid, woman, man, scorpion, shark, and whatnot 229; hiding in straw 233; binding its snarling lynx instar with constraints of alloy and liana 249; its lion instar in amorous clutch with a scorpion 267; ditto in trim form battling a roach 269; roanly flying and stalling in air 289; its lion or jaguar instar giving birth 294; its finicky adipical timorous Old World cosmopolitan caracal instar 300.
- Catalpa, a Holarctic catawba (*Catalpa bignonia*) — its shadow 0.
- Catfish (probably *Ictalurus punctatus* Rafin., 1818), an omnivorous siluriform — casting for 199.
- Cattail, common (*Typha latifolia*), a sort of bulrush — 120, 277, 279, 296.
- CHACAL, R. (b. Cochin, 1934), vulpinaciously rabid jackal of a foxy transformationist fond of going on and on and on about "biosocial" anthroposophy — author (q.v.) of *La chanson du lampion cramoisi d'amour intrafamilial* (q.v.) 262, 294.
- CHAN, ABRA (b. 1986), natural historian, illustrator, and alumna of Tiliar Boarding School (q.v.) — illustrations by AC 249; crafting a catchy coconut of a rut-slogan 249.
- CHLAMYDO, MONA S. (b. 195?, 196?, 197?, 198?, 199?), Coast-Mountain Fukari hybrid — airing an oaf's origin in a naric fig of arnica 82; nonhuman 113; informant 120; juicy pun 207; collaborator 262.
- Cholita, a 'chatroom' in Glamporium (q.v.) — 108, 148.
- CHOLITA, Hispano-Slavic hybrid — ardorous putta, a kind of cat (q.v.), in A. O. Barnabooth's *Borborygmie spasms* (q.v.) 108; allonym of Gals "Hugo" Saliba's Dolly, a *mopsi* (q.v.) 108.
- Church, a gynophobic lugar for chanting Kriṣṇa Krishna or Kṛṣṇa, bowing in front of Kriṣṇa Krishna or Kṛṣṇa, prostrating to pay honor to Kriṣṇa Krishna or Kṛṣṇa, making oblations to Kriṣṇa Krishna or Kṛṣṇa, singing songs for and about Kriṣṇa Krishna or Kṛṣṇa, initiating virgins for Kriṣṇa Krishna or Kṛṣṇa, giving birth to virgins for Kriṣṇa Krishna or Kṛṣṇa, cooking food for Kriṣṇa Krishna or Kṛṣṇa, drinking drinks for to and with Kriṣṇa Krishna or Kṛṣṇa, imbibing Kriṣṇa Krishna or Kṛṣṇa's most holy spiritual fluids, ingurgitating Kriṣṇa Krishna or Kṛṣṇa's cosmic body, dancing around and with Kriṣṇa Krishna or Kṛṣṇa, anointing idols of Kriṣṇa Krishna or Kṛṣṇa, worshipping Kriṣṇa Krishna or Kṛṣṇa, partakrishning of various intoxikrishnants such as krishnognakrishna, port, rum, *Datura stramonium* (q.v.), ayahuaskrishna, opium, tobakrishno, krishnannabis, vod-

- krishna, *Mandragora offikrishninarum* (q.v.), *Amanita muskrishnaria* (q.v.), and whatnot, and, in short, doing what boils down to various sociophysiological rituals and such — *vid.* ashram (q.v.), gurudwara (q.v.), mandira (q.v.), masjid (q.v.), schul (q.v.), stupa (q.v.), church (q.v.), Krishna (q.v.), and so on.
- Cicada, a brutishly annoying buzzing locust — 38, 51, 113, 120, 191.
- Ciconia maltha*, a stork (big bird) — 265.
- Citron (*Citrus pataphysicus* L.), an acidic pulpy fruit — 82, 156, 189, 191, 238.
- Clam — ghost of tiny *Nucula cardara* Dall, 1916, a nut C 154; subclinical husk of *Siliqua patula* Dixon, 1788, a razor C 287.
- Clit, clitic, and community: Sociolinguistic signs of primordial matriarchy among Mountain Fukari, by M. Turbo (q.v.) and H. M. Flamingo (q.v.) — 120.
- Clubtail, prismatic (*Gomphus iridis* Strick., 1847), a kind of dragonfly — jolts a flight of stalking 154; ably caught during a frogpond vigil 279.
- Coast Fukari — go to Fukariland (q.v.).
- Coastal plantain (*Plantago maritima*) — 262.
- Cock, poultry, fowl, mavis, and so on — worship of C 38; prison play full of P 38; woman's inability to find satisfaction with P 38; solitary C guards its flock 83; worms (q.v.) of P 86; C tail 113; cyclically distraught F, not a trivial F 120; comb of C 195; go forth to hunt F 214; coop of P 252; cosmic C crows 258; C and M of stormy auk (q.v.) 262.
- Cocu cocufiant*, by P. Ubu (q.v.) — is OWJ (q.v.) hinting at dark hazy anagrammatical cryptic and occult things with this allusion? 221.
- Cognisignification*, oil on canvas — a work of art's, artist's, and artists' doing it, by G. Galvari (q.v.) 83.
- Colibri, a kind of hummingbird (q.v.) — C hum 108; dull C 249; C whirl 277.
- Comandra umbra* Nutt., shadowy bastard toadflax — crown of 108; known as *kla* in Mtn. Fuk. 120.
- Companion, a cryptic rapist's, or, Myriad ways of bagging rooks*, V. Novalis's (q.v.) wistful disquisition on parochial amigos, humanitarian goodwill, faithful charity, pious voluntarism, and sacrificial gambits — quotation from 252.
- Compass and sinking, this world as*, by DU(H) (q.v.) — an ontological indagation into convulsions concomitant to bats and skulls 221.
- Complaint, Tolstoy's* — slut's jargon (q.v.) for masturbation 221.
- Conflicting passions, mind is a thing of*, by R. Fox (q.v.) — form imprisons function in or of 148.
- Contrition, a spiritual account of contrition as a path to salvation*, by MSS (q.v.) — 249.
- Convivia, a Sihlaucal rancho not far from Owlstain (q.v.) — locus of shooting of *Convivia Convulvulata*, A Tara T Dirty™ (q.v.) 77, 277, 278, 288; its willows (q.v.) 77, 288; its saltgrass (q.v.) 94.
- COPULANO, VICTOR "TORY" F., an Anyakyusyan (q.v.) mphilosophist of unknown caducity and authorship — author (q.v.) of a clitalysis of M. Douglas's work on purity and pollution (q.v.) 148.
- Coralroot (*Coralorrhiza maculata*), cosmopolitan mycoparasitic orchid — clawbloom C of Diana 48; Mtn. Fuk. word for C 120.
- Corn, grain of various sorts, a subtratum of liquor — dull C 21, 120; vomit C 56; rain C 57; bloom or blossom of C 89, 252; Coptic C 106; soup of C 147; two horns of C (symbol of profusion) 251.
- Corps divin, au jardin du*, an oblatinal nonad, by S. About (q.v.) — 249.
- Corroborations, proposals and, faithful proof that no ritual lacks for godality, by MSS (q.v.) — 249.

CORTÁZAR, JULIO (1914–1984), Low Country pugilist — although his *Ron con limón* (q.v.) casts its star M. Sibylla (q.v.) in a lurid and captivating light in 221, his *Victor, Victoria, and Lucas*, puts, in this author's opinion, a particularly triangular sort of spin on human affairs writ broadly 300.

Cosmic python, by J. Narby (q.v.) — 148.

Cousin, Spinoza's Brazilian, by H. D. Markson (q.v.) — this author (q.v.) is happy to find that his cousin's country's totally thorough habits of axillary, crural, and pubic probity far surpass his country cousin's compass of social obligations and blossom forth most luminously glabrous within Glamporium's panoptic walls 221.

Cowbird (*Molothrus oryzivora*), a black parasitic ornithoform of horrifying proportions — dusk of 44; clutch of 137.

Crayfish (*Procambarus clarkii* Girard, 1852), an astacid arthropod inhabiting riparian and marshy parts of inland and coastal Flouziana and Wyoming — its wrack 154.

Critical practical rationality, by I. Kant (q.v.) — 82.

Critical puritanical rationality, by I. Kant (q.v.) — 82.

Crocus (*C. sativus* L.), also known as saffron (q.v.) — 65, 152, 250.

Crossbill (*Loxia* spp.), a happy-go-lucky fringillid ornithoform — 281.

Crow, corvid ornithoform typically black, brown, gray, and occasionally polychromatic, chatoyant, or cymophanous; also rooks, jackdaws, and such — raucous squawk of 20, 108; schoolmarms analogous to C 24; clutch of hair analogous to C 37; brown plastic trashbag imitating C 38; R roosting in bush 55; chorus of blank C 78; out hunting a flock of fowl (q.v.) 83; pair of C 86; mob of C 107; gossip-loving C in Norlia (q.v.) 113; C matriclan 120, 262; Holarctic C (*Corvus corax* L.) 120; billow

of C 122; stray C cracking snails 131; languid C winging faith 152; spun C 163; garrulous party of C 178; courtyard of C in Paris (q.v.) 180; C or R roosting in bush 183; swarm of C and rats (q.v.) among ruins of Manowar Gingoons (q.v.) 190; C this public adoration 198; party of fabulous C 228; various corvids, including jays (q.v.), mob a hawk (q.v.) 244; smoky C-talk 253; cosmic cock C 259; C-proof glacis 262; gluttonous C clamoring always on outskirts of Iagip (q.v.) or in 262; lanky C playing tag 269; rum-rung randy rowdy C 273; giddy burst of C 276; cosmic C-bar 288.

Cuckoo, occasional brood parasitic ornithoform — clutch of C (*Coccyzus minor* Gimmal, 1788) 137; nut brown C (*Piaya cayana* L.) 209.

Cunning aficionados, skipping stunts for, by GG (q.v.) and MR (q.v.) — 191.

Cyclic parasitism by *Oosdoli urvysc* in contrasting populations of Hamiltonia and Babylonia, comparison of, by M. Turbo (q.v.) and B. Vighdan (q.v.) — 113

Daddy, an autobiographical ditty, by V. Lucas (q.v.) — 0.

Daffodil (*Narcissus* spp.), a poisonous plant, its blossom — 88, 129.

Daidalos (Δαίδαλος), slut's jargon (q.v.) for antlion (q.v.), its larval instar in particular, owing, no doubt, to this lochastic animal's basionym, *Formicailuros daidalomorpha*, and possibly also its nocturnal caudodromy and sinous or turbiniform habits — its imaginal instar 262.

Dakota grammar, by F. Boas (q.v.) — 120.

DALLSWORTHY, MONA (b. 1986; b.-a. 1999), born-again initiant — born again during initiation in Paris (q.v.) 221.

DARKBLOOM, VIVIAN (1899–1977) — his *Diary of a fornicator* (q.v.) 0; on location in artificial moonlight 38, 191; im-

plication or sanctification of a work of 102; dashing young scholar, physicist of photons and biograffitist of Larry Lath (q.v.), his Aunt Smaragdina (q.v.), his chain-smoking of cigarillos, his club chair, his choosing of tawny port, his dracunculiastic or ascariastic ruminations, his fondling of Ada (q.v.) and Saian (q.v.), his limp, his Luminous things through which no light can show (q.v.), his Parandrus-bound parvulus partus novus, his portrait of an unknown playwright lost in London circa 1926, his thighs 191; author of *Dark boudoir* (q.v.) 221.

DARWIN, CARLOS (1809–1882), natural historical charlatan and transformational biomoralitician — author of “A study of foxy growth arising from mopsi mold (*Mopsi* spp.) invasion and worm trails in books in my library” 38; his Down Manor and his fallacious opinion that scholars may obtain works by S. A. Spitmarkx (q.v.) in Charing Cross or Marchmont 38; his analysis of *Mopsi ipsis* in Spitmarkx’s library in Ruhr-Lülnrar (q.v.) 63; injunction to think of him as a craft-avid naturalist, along with quotation from 162; of Spinoza’s rant, a variation à la D 277; his *Transformational origins of orgasmic typology* (1859) involving man’s historical going down and woman’s choosing of such (1871) bringing about a sociophysiological signalling in man and animals (1872) from which it obtains that law is habitual instinct or instinctual habit 294.

Datura stramonium, an acrid bushy acanthophyllous annual — inducing hallucinations 0; kindly casts out a buoy of thorny lianas 38; known as *smaragdina* to Mountain Fukari (q.v.) and *smaragató* to Wallapai 271.

Datura tatula, mountain stinkwort — fruits of DT known as *tloadz* in Mountain Fukari (q.v.) 120.

DAUMAL, ROALD (1908–1944), Gallo-Frankish pataphysician and Indianist —

author (q.v.) of *Štokic slants: A pataphysical study of Sanskrit prostitutional jargon* (q.v.) 181.

DIANA, gynomorphic syntagm of Dumuzi (q.v.) or allonym of Inana (q.v.) — clawbloom coralroot (q.v.) of 48.

Dibs, ludic activity involving throwing and catching knobby dibs, or jacks, and concomitantly chanting oracular oaths; also known as astragalomancy, tossing jacks, flinging hocks, or shooting craps — a match of D involving B. Pascal (q.v.) and B. Spinoza (q.v.) 66; invalid oaths of D 103; playing D to plight our flight to Fukariland (q.v.) 262.

Dirna, a drab dorp in Flouziana — visit by OWJ (q.v.) to a ranch not far from 96; night of cowculling at a ranch ditto 142; foolish confrontation in 232; shagbark hut in 244.

Dirty™, A Tara T, an improprietary tag connoting monopolistic rights or manorial sigil signaling fair copyhold which any publication, from unbound circular to buckram tract, from blatant bill of publicity to acroamatical opusculum, is bound by common and judicial law and custom to pin on any titular allusion to, or nominal information obtaining from, any and all instars of a particular group — individuals of which you may singularly know as, or simply call, sans quotation marks, italicization, or grassification, but capitalizing all word-initial glyphs, and caudally branding it with its acronymic stamp of authority, thus, A Tara T Dirty™ — of strabismically at-rabilious and subsultorily witchy Owlstain-grown porn films, skinflicks, and imagistic bodyworks in, on, and with which Tara Tron has, is having, or has had any or all limbs or digits thrust, actually or virtually, into actual or virtual forms of shooting or doing, of making or promoting, including various outputs haptic, visual, optical, carnal, or manual; words mindful or cynical; thoughts critical or laudatory; inputs soulful or spiritual — on-location film-

ing of ATTD™ in *Convivia* (q.v.) 77, 288; *Obfuscatory Trio* (q.v.), ATTD™ 167; *Full-Frontal Matriarch*, ATTD™ 249.

Disparation, la, a noirish lipogrammatical plagiary of J. Potocki's *Manuscript found in Saragossa* (q.v.), by Barack (or Baruch) Gorgias (q.v.) — plagiary by anticipation of *Divastigations* (q.v.) 148; choking on vapors as part of Bibliography's duty in Glamporium's production of *Aunt Smaragdina's Parandrus* (q.v.) 191; Manowar Ginguons (q.v.), his D 249; providing supporting quotations 294.

Divastigations, sg. divastigation, nom. ag. divastigator, adj. divastigatory; slut's jargon (q.v.) for Sp. *la divindagación*, a divinatory indagation, or indagatory divination, divagating upon or around a vast compass or domain of topics including schizomythology and socio-physiology, occasionally rising to a sort of stichomythic abstraction though usually falling into bombastic biblioclasm, staccato mumbo-jumbo, palilalic or palillogical slut's jargon (q.v.), taboo, indignation, vain, stagnant, flailing whatnot — 13 partitions of D 0; lipogrammatical *Bildungsroman* (q.v.) 0; opportunistic D 0; symphonic conundrum involving D 0; dolorous D 38; ramifications of 63; *Total draft of a way to a final calling to accounts* (q.v.), by V. Novalis (q.v.), spills its hot hoary downy lyrical foam into all D 63; custom of D 120; thorough D of clitics of pronominal control 120; nudification of 138; avatars d'un noyau vital dont la divulgation s'affirmait tabou 148; citation of D 148; schizomythological D 148; transformational backing of D 148; unity of D 148; ludict (q.v.) is to D as *Plasmodium* (q.v.) is to blood 181; prostitution of D 181; socio-physiological D 181; jazzing up of ninth D 207; D as ludict 221; a small trimonthly multilingual journal of arts, writing, philosophy, natural history, and sundry cultural stuff 249, 294; climactic

introduction for a D of Goldbarge's (q.v.) variants 262; orgasmic possibility of round of D 262; multiply until D looms 267; assiduous D 294; focus of D 294; hazardous D 294; historical D 294.

Divinity, vast divagations of, a sanctimonious psilological collocation of doxological disquisitions, by M. S. Strickland (q.v.) — 0, 249.

Dog (*Canis lupus ubiquitosus ad vomitum*), a stupid panting furry animal, big or small, rancid and foul, fit only for pulling komatiks, pulks, or travois; for hunting hind, boar, stag, and parandrus (q.v.); and, if any of said quarry is lacking, for cutting up into small chunks and cooking in a slow crock with onions, garlic, carrots, galingal, marjoram, cumin, cardamom (both dark and pallid), cinnamon, kalonji, tarragon, ajwain, paprika, sumac, mugwort, and mustard — posing as a D 7, 27; nursing on a D 10; farcical prison play full of D 38; on its own tail circling 61; hang D faith 68, 148; D bark shaft 74; D twins 79; D woods 86; D collar 88; D bards 92; D wood 107, 157, 269; D ma 120, 138, 148, 181, 200; D matic 120, 181, 294; D ging 120; D thorn 120; cock of D 140; D winks 147; pit bull avatar of D pissing on a girl 172; bull mastiff 176, 295; carcass of D 180; big as D 180; D whip 191; D blood 204; photograph of D 208; lust D 208; stray D 217; D barking 249; lap D 249; hungry D 262; pack of D 294; anything, in word or D, that is not a mopsi (q.v.) 300.

Dogwood — dying off of *Cornus nuttallii* 86; groin of *C. glabrata* 107; canopy of ditto 157; *C. amomum* on Owlstain's outskirts 269.

Dolly, apropos of, spurious work of nymphophilia, by Gals "Hugo" Saliba (q.v.) — its walk-on part in a bibliography (q.v.) 191.

DOUGLAS, MARY (1921–2007), dirty Italian madonnaputologist — author (q.v.) of *Purity and pollution* (q.v.) 148.

Doxy, *Spinoza's*, a fondly nostalgic account of Spinoza's moral and political philosophy as told to its author's bona roba qui militat omnis amasius, ma omnia vincit amor si vis amari ama — 0.

Draba platycarpa Torr. & Gray, broad-pod whitlowgrass, a kind of mustard — 178.

Drag, *turning happy tricks in*, by Hugo Vals (q.v.) — 19.

DRAGOMAN, BABUR (1483–1531), philippic protagonist of G. Saliba's *Zalozhnyu na umirayu* (q.v.) — his thoughts on porno-graphy 120; indulging an ouroborotic display of spunk and asp with M. Duchamp (q.v.) 180; straddling autumn to spring in a courtyard in Kabul (q.v.) 251; thrusting his hands into a toolbox in Caspia or Caucasia 273.

DRAUPADI, gynomorphic syntagm of our moon and its solar-umbral transformations concomitant to womaninity (q.v.) — stand-in for doubts of 145; marching across hot coals (that is, in conjunction with sun) 288.

Drymonia spp., various sorts of notodontid moths or tropical climbing lianas — 207.

DU(H), sociophysiological shorthand for Dado Uidi (Hamiltonian) (q.v.) — Mtn. Fuk. informant 120.

DUCHAMP, MARCOS (1887–1968), a Parisian tailor — his mutt (a common dog [q.v.], in all probability) 120; his mad chump Cham (a mopsi [q.v.]), his mud champ Mach (an olm [q.v.]), his damp chum Chad (an author [q.v.]) 180.

Duck, oily (*Aix sponsa* L.), a wood duck — clutch of 288; cat (q.v.) toying with D 296.

DUDU, schizomythic bard of Norlia (q.v.) — strumming his ktar (q.v.) 113, 251, 297; strong sculptor of liquid music 123; drinking ktar (q.v.) 171, 267, 297; drunk and laughing 189; digging in 205; hunting *Moanzy* (q.v.) 214; sings this song

220, 267, 273, 297; avatar of Saturn 251.

DUMUZI, hylomorphic syntagm of Orion, a group of stars, or sun — plants of 50.

DURGA, a distant star — marigold (q.v.) of 48.

Dyadic bilingualism, an introduction to practical applications of achromatic inspissations to situations of, by B. Vighdan (q.v.) — 63.

Faith's mountaintop, variations on, a faithful account of spiritual chubbing on Our Lord's upthrust of Kailash, by MSS (q.v.) — 249.

FALLOPIUS, GIORGIO (1523–1562), Italian anatomist — tauroral horns of 27, 38 (circular ruins).

Far country, narrow road to a, a book of haikai and hokku by M. Bashō (q.v.) — its titular mirroring by W. D. Hamilton's *Not so narrow roads of a mostly chromosomal world* (q.v.) 148.

Far Gimmals, las islas Saba y Sabina, also known as — antipathic islands 63, 148; blank island of Saba 121; island of Sabina by class or country 126; twin volcanic islands 221; volcanic cliffs of 229.

FATIMA [?] — 148.

Fig, small or gigantic not uncommonly parasitic bush, shrub, lianum, or banyan (*Ficus maxima*, *Ficus carica*, *Ficus cordata*, *Ficus lacunata* [Lacuna Fig], *Ficus tixputana* [Tixputo Fig], *Ficus sycomoros*, *Ficus nyagrodha*, *Ficus rubrispinosa* [Port Astri Bay Fig], *Ficus citrifolia*, *Ficus crassiuscula*, *Ficus ursina*, and so on) — synconia of 0, 53, 113, 120, 189, 207, 221, 249, 262; thorny liana of 38, 185, 200, 206, 237, 294; blossoming liana of 120, 135; symbiotic wasps of 191; crown of 208; matapalo 238.

Fir — Quinault's mountain F (*Rhopalotsuga quinaultia* Goldbarg, 1925) 69, 83, 120, 152, 176, 237, 262, 265, 284, 294; squat F (*Thuja plicata* D.

- Don) 108; krummholz F (*Pinus lasiocarpa* Nutt.) 178; *Tsuga dumosa* D. Don 181.
- FIRBANK, ROALD (1886–1926), capricious author (q.v.) of artificially odd inclinations, not aloof to showing signs of sorrow in sunlight — inspiration for *Candida lucida* (q.v.), by Gals Saliba (q.v.) 108; his vain mouth 221.
- Firrsan, ktar og-* (*Book of Distaff Cuttings*, c. 1600), compilation of words about words, birds, books, incantations, rituals, food, ornithology, occult culinary traditions, bibliophilia, bibliomania, bibliognosy, glottophagia, glottophilia, and passim, by Subborainizy (q.v.) — 113, 273.
- Fist, a ball, usually fairly tight, though on occasion slightly lax, of digits — cringing F 11, 252; fumbling F 30, 209; raw F 32, 35, 166; to crush with F 51, 162; to count with F 64; to hold with F or F-ful 78, 106, 132, 191, 239, 249, 251, 262; to grab with F 79; to zip with F 82; to F oral 85; F-shaking 95; F-y 96, 248, 249; to F art 98; to F girl 123; F arcing down 135; right F 154; Ff-ck 172; mouth F 178; in conjunction with palms and armpits 191; to rock with F 191; hairy villainous F 191; F dripping blood 191; F balks 193; pink F 195; ball of F 221; pussy F 223; F to skull 249; F to jaw 249; putrid F 249; F of authority 252; to twitch with F 253; haphazard F 262; F-wrung hair 264; bloody F 265; saluting with F 269; to cling to F 271; moist ambitious F 274; forlorn F 276; filling F 283; F-galling frost 285; to pound F 288; singing within F 299.
- FLAMINGO, HOPI M. (b. 1963), founding sociophysicologist at ISOCPHYS (q.v.) in Owlstain (q.v.) — author (q.v.) of “A sociophysiological introduction to Tagma philosophy” (q.v.) 120; co-author with M. Turbo (q.v.) of “Clit, clitic, and community: Sociolinguistic signs of primordial matriarchy among Mountain Fukari” (q.v.) and “Why a caudal approach to Mountain Fukari rostrality is just as wrong as any” (q.v.) 120; author of “Stipulations about parasitism and morality” (q.v.) 148; author of *Singular charms: A girl’s own oral history of onanistic gratification in a cross-cultural family* (q.v.) 262.
- FLAWNDOL, SAGARCH (b. 1974, Port Gaspard), originally a Tagma lyricist from a farflung ginstop in North Wyoming, now a sociophysiological and schizomythological prosaicist of Owlstain (q.v.), Flouziana’s cosmopolitan capital city — co-author with W. M. M. Johnson (q.v.) and A. K. McLaughlin (q.v.) of *Town city plain: A cultural history of Tagma and Intrussyan incursions into Fukariland* (q.v.) 38, 82, 249, 287; co-author with OWJ (q.v.) of “Mountain Fukari rostrality” (q.v.) and “A caudal approach to Mountain Fukari rostrality” (q.v.) 120; author (q.v.) of “A world without ritual is, simply put, nothing” 148; as Aran Tron, a slangy liar known globally by his nom d’appui, Gals “Hugo” Saliba in Glamporium’s production of Aunt Smaragdina’s Parandrus (q.v.) 191; author of “Wan Light, 23 shards of a short story” that is full of spurious and illogical aphorisms! 249; author of “This twain of copular song” 267; author of “Shark’s Analogy” 289; his wordist doubt 294.
- Flouzianian Odonata, synopsis of*, by H. A. Strickland (q.v.) — 278.
- Flush*, a biography of a dog, by V. Woolf (q.v.) — plagiarism of or allusion to F by V. Novalis (q.v.) 208.
- Food afflictions and food intoxications*, by S. R. Damon (q.v.) — 120.
- Formicophagus maa* Goldbarg, 1933, singing or firing-pin or cannon antlion (q.v.) — 120, 262.
- Formicophagus tlaatlata* Strick., 1845, Viridian Mountain antlion (q.v.) — 0, 50, 69, 113, 120, 137, 191, 211, 213, 237, 262, 294.

Fornicator, diary of a, or, *A common book of spiritual stupration*, a world-spanning account by VD (q.v.) of his promiscuous romps typically involving abduction and violation of young girls in old loggias and crumbling country villas of Tartary, Kaluga, Intrussyia, Ladoga, Appalachia, Luga, Canady, Candia, Candida, Chlamydia, Drymonia, Poldavia, Wyoming, Flouziana, Kurland, usw. — 0.

Forsythia sp., typically xanthous — 188.

FOUCAULT, MIKO (1926–1984), Gallo-Prankish turncoat and suicidal author (q.v.) — author (q.v.) of *Constrain and publish* 38.

Fouqqari Country, flora, fauna and phonology of. Journals of a naturalist's sojourn in Wyoming and Flouziana. In six books spanning 1841–1845, by H. A. Strickland (q.v.) — 120, 162, 262, 278.

Fouqqari, an unusual aboriginal jargon mildly rampant in our Viridian Mountains, triadic harmonization among words of, by C. Wainwright (q.v.) — 120.

Fouqqari, Fukari — go to Fukariland (q.v.).

Fox — *Canis cana cunnifulus* (Norlian poaching F) or *Canis vulva fulpus* (ruddy F) 38, 273, 297; *Urocyon littoralis arathusia* (Arathu coastal F) 288.

FOX, ROBIN (b. Haworth, 1934), ornithovulpic hybrid — author (q.v.) of *Mind is a thing of conflicting passions* (q.v.) and *That old crimson lamp of intrafamilial attraction* (q.v.) 148.

FQ, sociophysiological shorthand for who knows? — 120.

Frog pond, a compass in a prodigal fondling, by M. S. Strickland (q.v.) — 0, 249.

Frog, typically *Rana* spp. — *A compass in a F pond*, by M. S. Strickland (q.v.) 0, 249; flaming scorpion F (*Hyloxalus scorpioniformis* Grant, 1984) 53, 120; bats hunting F at night 84; F-gig fit 120;

tiny drab F (*Nymphargus* sp.) 207; F-pond 279; poison glass F (*Hyalinobatrachium* sp.) 282.

Fukari Country — go to Fukariland (q.v.).

Fukariland, Fahrt nach [Going to Fukariland (q.v.)], by S. A. Spitmarkx (q.v.) — 120.

Fukariland, historically spanning mountainous domains and littoral districts of Wyoming and Flouziana, Coast Fukari (Sihlaucal) hold-outs still inhabit ridings along Mar Arathu's (q.v.) coast in Flouziana and Wyoming, and Mountain Fukari (MF) strongholds still pop up in various bailiwicks skirting and girdling Mount Spitmarkx's (q.v.) flanks in Wyoming and Flouziana — au pairing in F 0, 113, 120, 262, 294; ritual taboos of 0, 113, 120, 262, 294; Tagma and Intrussyan incursions into 38, 82, 113, 120, 262, 294; myths of, in, and about F 113, 120, 294; grammaticalization of schizomythia and taboo in MF 120; accounts of F by S. Flawndol (q.v.) and O. W. Johnson (q.v.), O. X. Goldbarge (q.v.), A. Raymond (q.v.), S. A. Spitmarkx (q.v.), H. A. Strickland (q.v.), M. Turbo (q.v.), M. Turbo and H. M. Flamingo (q.v.), and C. Wainwright (q.v.) 120; schizomythology involving pinyon jays in F 148; gracious allusion to F 191; mutual quim-waxing and vulval manipulation by girls of F 195, 262, 294; antlion larval silk production in F 262; Raymond and Kidjaki's social anthropological transawkalations focusing on F 262; word by which *Datura stramonium* is known in F 271; lying on a couch in F 277; *Convivia Convulvulata*, A Tara T Dirty™ shot on location in Convivia (q.v.), a Sihlaucal rancho of F 277, 288; carnal promiscuity involving minors of F 120, 195, 262, 277, 288, 294.

Furdydurkus, a pornophrastic work of glottography by W. Gombrowicz (q.v.) — its usurpation of thighs 82.

GA, sociophysiological shorthand for G. Albiano (q.v.) — Mtn. Fuk. informant 120.

Gadsby: *Romano scritto con piu di 50,000 bons mots sin utilizar una digrapha particulara qui forma una ronda quasi chiusa con una piccola ligna*, a translation into Ityalian, by GG (q.v.) and MR (q.v.) of *Gadsby: Champion of youth* (1939), by A. V. Wright (q.v.) — 191.

Galangal, *marjoram and*, a spiritual cookbook, by M. S. Strickland (q.v.) — 0, 249.

Galictis vittata, vair grisón — 288.

GALVARI, GLORIA (b. Owlstain, 1963), tri-badic Tagma with Ityalian blood, no doubt, ogling gopis from Owlstain (q.v.) to On (q.v.) — co-author with MR (q.v.) of *Glamporium* (q.v.) 82, 141; doing art by making *Cognisignification* (q.v.) 83; bald and fat in a winking wig 108; an out-of-focus portrait of OWJ (q.v.) by GG 165; tutor of insidious artists 139; co-star with MR of *Obfuscatory Trio* (q.v.) 167; as VD's (q.v.) Aunt Smaragdina (q.v.), a lascivious conciliatrix, in Glamporium's production of *Aunt Smaragdina's Parandrus* (q.v.) 191; co-author with MR of *Skipping stunts for cunning aficionados* 191; co-translatrix with MR (q.v.) of a book by A. V. Wright (q.v.) 191; taking a snapshot of OWJ 277; using a cosmic crowbar to abort a gordian bolus of light 288.

GARBO, a cat (q.v.), a wild god, a woman, a womb — womb of 10; womb's production of 135; hanging or strangling of G in a sacrificial ritual 181; waif whips G 223.

GARGANTUA, ROLAND FRANÇOIS (1494–1553), Chinonian alcrofibasticist — author (q.v.) of *How my profound phallus was born from out my mama's big fat ass following upon consumption of way too much saucisson* (q.v.) 191.

Gaspard, port, a snowy coastal outpost in Wyoming's Far North — its vocational school 148; its vocational school's gym-

nasium 148; its vocational school's gymnasium's total divastigation by an anomalous tornado on an abnormally warm spring day in 1986 148; locus of publication of *Schizomythology* (q.v.) 148, 294; its poplars (q.v.) 249; its willows (q.v.) 249.

Gavia arathusia Spit., 1841, lascivious loon, Arathu huart — known in Mt. Fuk. as *xaq'ol* 262.

GG, sociophysiological shorthand for G. Galvari (q.v.) — Mtn. Fuk. informant 120; nods knowingly 120; frowns inquiringly 120; looks toward Crow-matriclan hut of womaninity (q.v.) and scans sky for signs of stormy auks (q.v.) 120; runs toward Crow-matriclan hut of womaninity brandishing a broom and giving out typical chasing-crow-away pant hoots 120; laughs sillily 120.

Gigartina sp., Fukari tidal moss, or black wrack — known as *k'in* in Mt. Fuk. 120.

Girtablullu nyctonostici Strick., 1837, nidicolous nocturnal portal scorpion of Babylonia (q.v.) — 0, 113.

Girtablullu spp., various sorts of portal scorpions (q.v.) — in Babylonia, 0, 113; in Hamiltonia 0, 141, 171, 220, 251, 267, 297.

Glamporium, a panoptical floramor hiving within our coastal capital cosmopolitan city's quaint Old Port district, and proficuously proximal to Subborainizy station — a mostly "artificial" (?) lupanar of Owlstain (q.v.), its bistro, OWJ's stints at 0; its playground of taboo (q.v.) 0, 82, 191, 214, 221, 262, 294; locus of a painting by M. (q.v.) 12; last night at G 24; tonight at G, drinking bourbon in 37; OWJ in prior collision with TH (q.v.) at G, possibly 38; showing off finds at G 41; a book about G 82, 141; its country-club sprawl 108; its idio-glossic Ityalian 108; locus of a portal-straddling diptych 139; locus of group chatroom communication 148; its cubic muggy stalls of glamorous compulsion 149, 262; its short form 150; gigs at G

- 156; vacant stumbling in G 165; its production of *Aunt Smaragdina's Parandrus* 191; its studios for doing art in 235; limping back to G 244; squatting to void a maternal bolus in 271; survival's pomp in 277; and *passim*.
- Glamporium: A schizomythology of a Flouzianian arts colony fronting for a global anarchist pornography cum prostitution ring*, by GG (q.v.) and MR (q.v.) — 82, 141.
- Globarš: A ritual Tagma physiological philosophy, by B. Vighdan (q.v.) — 38, 63, 82.
- Goat, a caprid ruminant — its kid 0; its skin 38, 113, 191, 195, 220; black G 61; its charm 103; its scat 113; mountain G 120, 191; its aristocracy 133; ruby G 156; old G 191; gawking 191; its joy and pain 195; sounds similar to stoat and gloat 209; its path 229; its marrow 276; its shit 296.
- Goatboy*, by J. G. Rothbarth (q.v.) — 0.
- GOGH, VLAMINCK VAN, Scandinavian Sunday artist of unknown caducity and significant local color — 121, 181, 293.
- GOLDBARG, OTTO X. (1882–1944), mycophytological psammophilologist from Tixpu and Iagip too — his *Jardim quai viottoli si biforcem* (q.v.) 0; his *Psammophilology* (q.v.) 120, 262; his variants 262.
- Goldbarg's cowslip (*Anagallis divaricata* Goldbarg, 1923) — known as *mbw* in Mtn. Fuk. 120.
- GOMBROWICZ, WITOLD (1904–1969), Masovian administrator famous for his authoritarian usurpation of thighs — his birthday is tomorrow 32; his birthday is today 34; is his birthday today? 40; mais, oui-da, his birthday is today! 44; his cynicism, apathy, anarchy, corruption, and proclivity for pornography and prostitution as found in his *Furdydurkus* (q.v.) 82.
- Gongora, various kinds of soft, satiny, dangling orchid — rhythmic G 165; a gash in G 205; a pink mass of G 206; hybridizing with an alligator 229; food for a phasmid or phasmatid, possibly 252; windfall of G 294.
- GORGAS, BARACK (or BARUCH) (1936–1982), Hamito-Sicilian nihilist who found political asylum in Paris — author of bombastic works of dissuasion such as *La Disparition* 148, 191, 262.
- Grammatical class in Mountain Fukari is a form of obviation, by M. Turbo (q.v.) — 120.
- Grammatical class in Mountain Fukari is obviously a syntactic fiction, by M. Turbo (q.v.) — 120.
- Grammatical classification, by B. L. Whorf (q.v.) — 120.
- Gravity's rainbow blood*, a book about lochia from rubra to alba, by P. Plynchton (q.v.) — its part in a bibliography (q.v.) 191.
- Gurudwara*, or *gurdwārā*, a kind of gynophobic church (q.v.) — disturbs a blunt world's contradictions 178; sanctuary of postmasturbatory patriarchy 181.
- HADDAD, HALDON, orgasmic cosmologist — his *Cosmos* 151.
- HAMILTON, W. D. (1936–2000), transformational chromosomacist of Albion and Appalachia — his *Not so narrow roads of a mostly chromosomal world* (q.v.) 148.
- Hamiltonia and Babylonia, comparison of cyclic parasitism by *Oosdoli urvy'sc* in contrasting populations of, by M. Turbo and B. Vighdan — 113.
- Hamiltonia, a distant land of mountains and myth — originary locus of Ouida's matral stirps 24; cyclic symbiosis of *Oosdoli* (q.v.) among human, *Moanzys* (q.v.), and *Nimloidu* (q.v.) hosts causing a situation of sosigonic stability (sss) in 113; locus of Norlia 113, 120, 141, 148, 189, 214, 220, 244, 251, 262, 267, 273, 277, 294, 297; prismatic silk pyjamas as worn in 137; sublimation of 187;

Sogdianian incursions into, its difficult glyphs 267; its most schizomythic city 273.

HAMILTONIAN, TONY (b. 1953, Iagip), founding sociophysiologist at ISOC-PHYS — author of “How’s it going, son?” 38, 181; his drink of approval and avidity 38, 57, 150, 190, 191, 238, 278, 282; his son 38, 181; allows our protagonist, alias Ada of Ishtar’s Hand, to suck on his cigar and sip from his gin and tonic 38; romantic guardian 74; his sublimation shoots forth a singular ray of rarity 137; his part in a chatroom communication in Glamporium (q.v.), along with his study of Ingush anaphora 148; translation of his aphorism from Mtn. Fuk. 175; sublimation of his aphorism 187; as Xwarpo (q.v.), a sycophantic old minion and musician, in Glamporium’s production of *Aunt Smaragdina’s Parandrus* (q.v.) 191; his tipling in Iagip 221; his fanning of a rumor 249.

Hand — with broom or sundry sordid organs in 0; child’s, nourishing of 11; child’s, drawing laughing imagination dot to dot 88; child’s, in which word can link 140; child’s, curious, warm and pudgy 216; child’s H, dwarfing of 240 [or should this go with “monstrous dwarf of,” *infra?*]; doubts about obligation to hold or not to hold 22; finish (off) by 25, 129, 190; monstrous dwarf of 30, 209; shallow pit dug by 38; mutual womanly holding of H 52; foot or ass or thigh or H 62; warty toad pissing in 65; nothing can stop from clutching H, quim-curious H 82; H up up skirt 82; mouth to H 83; click clock cluck of 86; billy club in 95; light H with a dizzy quill of it own doxology 117; dipping H into a clay cooking pot of Manna snail burgoo 120; man’s H (Mtn. Fuk. lur) 120; woman’s ditto (Mtn. Fuk. ar) 120; bloody H, mutual changing of gifts from H to H 127; girls walk laughing H in H 132; giving H 159; psychological clinch bind H in,

160; H sinking into joy 165; right H, Dudu holding turgid syrinx in ditto 189; larboard H 191; with sand pail in 208; by taking him in H 209; old lady’s hard and cold H 218; artist’s H 239; fop’s H 248; coaxing, cajoling, waiting to catch with H 249; skillful application of 251; forcing H to dart forth 251; giving is cadging with full H 281, 285; to borrow a third H to grab balls with 288.

Hand, Ishtar’s — glamorous group of scantily clad virtuous houris playing wailing droning Ritually Incantational Taboo Music (q.v.) 0, 38, 156, 220, 228; mood affliction of Babylonia 113; Intrussyan infirmity similar to IH, in mountains of Wyoming and Flouziana 113, 120; avidly crafts Oria’s lush lyrical mouth in Norlia (q.v.) 141, 251; adorators of IH in Tixpu (q.v.) 220.

Hands — on thighs 9, 131; laying on of 14, 123, 141, 173; arms back stomach thighs lips ass and H 15; profoundly drunk on a natural philosophy of 23; limping pity’s wringing of 27; sacrificial imprint of 29, 276; shaking H 38; into strong H born 38; into strong H running falling flying 91; placing H against it palms flat as a way of knowing truly 68; rubbing thighs with H 69; no H 75, 171; claw dark justification with H 78; multicursal notation of 98; capricious flight of, constituting a plagiarism of a stanza from M. S. Strickland’s “Chant Royal to a Tralatitious Bat” (not in book) 102; thrill of 114; spastic waving and drastic washing of 120; human, wrought by 120; raw, stick into 123; avid, rubbing tingly and writhing snatch with H 146; not so avid or willing high school juniors’, affixing mailing tags with 148; waving motion of 156, 191; histrionic, mimicry of 178; H up skirt(s), pawing, hairy 191; six H, fluffy osmotic torchon snap into 191; sniffing at 191; jotting lurid glyphs with 191; joyous hacking away at 197; woodstrong, dusky splay of 205; gracious 220; two H 234; crawling 235; splotchy hairy lugubrious

- brown H stung by ants and scorpions 237; both H, scribbling chanson with 249; both H, gutting on a rusty nail 259; H pulling forward to grasp ovid limbs 249; smooth, rhythmic touch of 249; sticking H into thorny mora bush 249; writhing through 250; willing guiding H into which Fukari girl is born 262; pilgrims' H, pulling pants down with 276; many H, this high 289.
- HARI, MATA, popular (volksch) cultural allusion and/or icon with which this synoptic atlas's author (q.v.) is not at all familiar — suicidal assassination of 300.
- HASARD, L., a fortuitous author (q.v.) — his allusion, possibly, to Darwin (q.v.), Kafka (q.v.), and Kant (q.v.) 294; his *Instinct social d'animaux. Sa distribution, sa disposition, son fond, suivi par son air distinctif* (q.v.) 294.
- Hawk — *Caracara tixputosa* Ridgway, 1876 29; *Falco tinnunculus* L. 72; *Haliastur panchatantrum* Spit., 1840 78; *Morphnus convulvulatus* Dumont, 1816 83; *Surnia oria* Strick., 1845 120; *Harpia harpyja* L. 121; *Harpagus arathusus* Strick., 1844 240; *F. annatum* Turnstall, 1771 244.
- Hawthorn (*Crapulus* spp.), a hardwood; its rootstock is good for grafting; its limbs, good for hanging yakshis from — 152, 269, 270.
- Hibiscus* spp., a rosy or sulfurous mallow shrub — 96, 235.
- Hickory, a virtuous wood, probably *Carya ovata* (shagbark H) or *C. glabra* (pignut H) or *C. novalis* (ruddy H) or *C. laciniosa* (kingbot H, host of *Amorpha juglandis*, a walnut-loving sphingid) or *C. cordiformis* (swamp H) — 38, 40, 49, 69, 120, 152, 212, 241, 296.
- Hillia trifolora*, a tropical shrub — 207.
- History-making words*, a transfixing list of faith-inducing bons mots, by MSS (q.v.) — 249.
- Holly (*Hulix abscondita* Hook. & Arn.), prickly aquifolialic with poisonous fruits and blooms (poisonous, that is, to all but pug moths and inchworms) — crown of 108; sanctuary for a mockingbird (q.v.) 157; prickly H 282; stand of H 296.
- Homo ludicrous: a lucid study that limns why humans play*, possibly by J. Huizinga (q.v.) — 215.
- Homologous humor: a study of sociocultural ludicity in man and animals*, possibly by J. Huizinga (q.v.) — 215.
- Hopscotch, ludic activity involving chalking out a sublunary court or grid of digits and symbols and tossing a calciform or laminar puck of faith à la Pascal (q.v.) prior to hopping from digit to digit, symbol to symbol, skipping past any blank substrata of logic, and singing a chanson as follows: “Mais doit-on polir la liaison à Lyon? Par tapant la puttana à Pau! Mais doit-on courir un flirt à Calais? Par sautant la cortigiana à Dijon! Mais doit-on s’offrir aux forbans d’Avignon? Par souffrant la squaldrina à Strasbourg! Mais doit-on jouir aux sagouins d’Albi? Par draguant la donnaccia à Draguignan! Mais doit-on sortir du plaisir à Montauban? Par trafiquant la troia à Toulon! Mais doit-on vagir d’amour à Laval? Par manipulant la mignotta à Tours!” — initial chalking out of H’s court 0; tossing of first puck, which lands on a word containing no consonants 19; 1° hop 28; 2° hop 38; turning round at grid’s summit 61; hopping back towards start 87; stopping mid-grid to squat and pick up puck, toss it again 104; ditto 105; conclusion of first round 290.
- How my profound phallus was born from out my mama’s big fat ass following upon consumption of way too much saucisson*, by R. Gargantua (q.v.) — 191.
- How’s it going, son?*, by T. Hamiltonian (q.v.) — 38.
- HUGO, VICTOR (1802–1885), prototypical Gallo-Frankish child prodigy and dirty

- old man — lurking roguishly in a hollow pun 38; posing jauntily in front of a quizzical glyph 38.
- HUIZINGA, JOHAN (1872–1945), Dutch ludicist — author (q.v.) of a) *Raga avis: a study of Indian music's origin in birdsong* (q.v.); b) *Homo ludicrous: a lucid study that limns why humans play* (q.v.); c) *Homologous humor: a study of sociocultural ludicity in man and animals* (q.v.); or d) *Rara apis: a cryptic study of unusual pollinators displaying mimicry* (q.v.) 215.
- Humanity's unchanging soul, toward a psycho-biological philosophy of*, by A. Mayr (q.v.) — 249.
- Hummingbird, a small vibratory ornithoform — scorpion quarry 113; viridian H (*Colibri thalassinus* Swain), vibrations of its wings during flight 120; lost H (possibly *C. thalassinus*) 207; hunting wasps 212; hybridizing with a jaguar 229; guarding a hoard of lilac (q.v.) blossoms, in conflict with an io moth (q.v.), a colibri (q.v.), a fritillary (q.v.), a wasp (q.v.) 249.
- Hyacinth (*Hyacinthus nirusis* L.), Norlo-Tagma immigrant to Wyoming and Flouziana — 65, 78, 188, 235, 250.
- Hyssop (*H. officinalis* L.), a fragrant shrub — 249, 273.
- Iagip, a bailiwick or borough of Fukariland (q.v.) — going off to do a nanny job in, 0; its poplars (q.v.) 40, 113, 133, 226, 284; its willows (q.v.) 40, 133, 284; a snowclad birch (q.v.) in 69; pictorial confusion of 74; its bucolic bustlings 113; its sibling camp Iaqip 120, 262; sitting on a smooth worn stump of fir in I 120; locus of publication of *Psamphilology* (q.v.), by O. X. Goldbarg (q.v.) 120, 262; spring in I 178; its Black Yurt (a small book publishing assn.) 191; tipping in I, 221; its huts or shacks or cabins of womaninity (q.v.), typically built of rough larch or fir logs, planks, and slats 237, 250, 262; its radial layout 262; locus of antlion larval silk production 262.
- IAGO, tragically invidious slangy liar of drama — his fatal truth 74; his rhyming carnic rhythm during a bout of hopscotch (q.v.) 104; a song taking a nod from I 148; your worldly playboy's daily I 221.
- Iaqip — go to Iagip (q.v.).
- IB, sociophysiological shorthand for I. Bloip (q.v.) — Mtn. Fuk. informant 120.
- IMPPA, Intrussyan Ministry of Propaganda Publishing Arm — an organ of Black Yurt (q.v.) 181.
- INANA, hylopmorphic syntagm of Šukra (q.v.), or moon — animals of 50.
- INHART, ATOCA (b. Iagip, 1985), inhabitant of Owlstain (q.v.) — as Nirusa's half-sibling Oria (q.v.), a buxom hussy, in Glamporium's production of *Aunt Smaragdina's Parandrus* (q.v.) 191; jots a "Chanson in Two Idioms," has lunch with DU(H), and chats with OWJ (q.v.) — all during a bracing lull whilst shooting *Convivia Convulvulata*, A Tara T Dirty™ (q.v.) 249; playing Mountain Fukari with OWJ in Iagip (q.v.) 120, 262; tilting boyish hips up a profoundly muddy path 288.
- Intrafamilial attraction, that old crimson lamp of*, by R. Fox (q.v.) — its proof that mind is a spiral thing 148.
- IO, gynomorphic syntagm of full moon or Šukra (q.v.) — holy star I (slut's jargon [q.v.] for that luxuriant paphian furor that burns and thirsts and throbs and pants and charts a woman's body during ovulation and wants wants wants!) 38, 113, 205, 214, 249, 273, 297.
- Ionic astrum* (pl. *ionis astra*), Italian for dawn star — symbol of Io (q.v.), Ishtar (q.v.), Atta (q.v.), Dudu (q.v.), and so on, 113; 'poison gland' of Babylonian portal scorpion (q.v.), 113.
- Iris* spp., bulbous or rhizomatous or lophiritic or scorpirtic plants and such — black I 18, 58, 146, 291; crimson I

- 75; polyphonic I 106; scrotal I 111; rhythm of I 129; flux of I 134; I of sky 145; I of God 249; rapt I 285.
- ISHTAR (IŠTAR), gynomorphic syntagm of womaninity (q.v.) — hand (q.v.) of I 0, 38, 113, 120, 141, 156, 220, 297; child (or avatar) of I (slut's jargon [q.v.] for nautch girl) 9, 20, 24, 30, 98, 120, 132, 189, 213, 236, 251, 273; virgin(al) I 38, 171, 220, 249, 267, 273, 277, 288, 292, 297; matriarch of ludict (q.v.) 63; singular ravishing of I 123, 244, 251, 273, 297; downy floss of I 205, 273, 297; worship at altar of I (slut's jargon for you know what) 210; gravid I 214, 273, 297; full moon of I, allusion to I, bard of I 220; ravishing gasps of I 244; gibbous moon of I 251; pluricopular avatar of I 267.
- ISOCOPHYS, an Institution for Socio-physiological Study — its location in Owlstain (q.v.) 0, 148, 181, 249; studying parasitism in a classroom of 84; its founding in 1992 148; as taught at I, humanity's unfolding is a history of conflict and conciliation 157.
- JACOB, FRANÇOIS (b. 1920), Gallo-Frankish transformationist — his hint, following B. Spinoza (q.v.), that mind is a spiral thing 148.
- Jardim quai viottoli si bifurcam, o* (1941), by O. X. Goldbarg (q.v.) — o libro on l'autor parla autour di araras, i papagayos, i plantas tropicalas, usw. 0.
- Jargon, slut's, idioglossic or cryptophasic lingua floramorica — its couch, its coin 54; unusual, aboriginal, rampant 120; argot-bound abyss of barmaid's cant 191; its pornosophical trickbag, its patch of hussy's pain 204.
- JARRY, ARNAUT (1873–1907), pataphysician from Laval — his *Amour absolu* (q.v.), his *P. Ubu* (q.v.), his *Cocu cocufiant* (q.v.) 221.
- JASI — Appalachian Spiritual Institution (q.v.), its Journal 300.
- Jay, a garrulous corvid — Tixputo J (*Cyanocorax tixputanicus* Dubois, 1875) 20, 238; pinyon J (*Gymnorhinus ultramarina* L.) 78, 108, 148, 244; Norlian J (*Garrulus glandarius* L. var. *hyrcanus*) 113; dull brown Viridian Mountain J (*Cissilopha psilorhinus* Strick., 1845) 120, 198, 212, 244, 262.
- JOHNSON, OUIDA WILLOUGHBY (b. Tixpu, NL, b. c. January 29, 1984; d. Blorhn, WY, c. January 23 or 24, 2010) — primordial bassist, ktarist, violist, lyricist, sitarist, organist, vocalist, oudist, viola-da-gambist, and whatnot for Ishtar's Hand (q.v.) 0, 24, 38, 99, 100, 156; protagonist and author of ludicts 1–299 of *Divastigations* (q.v.), a lipogrammatical Bildungsroman (q.v.), by MSS (q.v.) 0–299 and *passim*; taunts author (q.v.) by posing as a catin du jour in Paris (q.v.) 0; mourns loss of virginity (q.v.) 1; burns books 2, 234; crawls and shouts 3; strips 4; lusts for paradox 5; drinks 6; kids author by posing as a man, a woman, a dog 7; kicks author's groin 7; is afraid 8; starts at fifty 9, 220; vomits 10; sucks cock in (or in proximity to) a barn 11, 142; sucks cock, pussy, a dildo, a paintbrush, and a small furry animal in a daisy chain of group portraits by MR (q.v.) 12, 154; calls author a pious fraud 13; calls author a stupid drunk 14; jilts author in favor of his buddy DU(H) (q.v.) 15; says author's work is boring 16; rancorously fucks a random guy 17; plans to marry DU(H) 18; draws a blank 19; sucks DU(H)'s cock on a bucolic mountain top 20; aborts what is probably DU(H)'s or a random john's or possibly author's unborn child 21; spurns DU(H) at altar 22; mourns loss of virginity again (!) 23; turns tricks at Glamporium (q.v.) 24, 30, 31, 146, 150, 152, 155, and *passim*; blacks out 25; insists again on not marrying DU(H) 26; gangbangs a caucus 27; onanistically unwinds in a plagiary of Z. N. Hurston 28; disdains a tautocidal jump 29; invidiously sucks anonymous cock in a bathroom stall 30; finds a sugar daddy (Bimkov? Hamiltonian? Turbo? Kidjaki? Quilty?

Vighdan? Darkbloom? Raymond?) at last 31; buys a wool skirt in Kurland 32; whips a foolish minion 33; sobs with compassion 34; plays Draupadi (q.v.) in Vyāsa's *Mahābhārata*, A Tara T Dirty™ (q.v.) 35; ditto 36, 37; flirtatiously puffs on TH's (q.v.) cigar and slinkily sips from his drink 38; guiltily asks author's opinion 39; visits family of SF (q.v.) or DU(H) 40; turns tricks again at Glamporium 41; back to DU(H)'s family, promising to marry him (again!) 42, 43, 44; admits impossibility of marrying author 45; shops for consolation 46; taunts author at a bar in Owlstain (q.v.) by sitting on a barstool to his right and shaking foot invitingly 47; laughs at author's bibulous lack of stamina 47, 144; plays Durga in a Dravidian passion play 48; prays to Vishnu (q.v.) 49; harps on about having "lost" virginity to author 50; plays M. Hari (q.v.) in an Intrussyan snuff film 51; still with old Prof. Vighdan (q.v.), indulging his two-girl fantasy in 52 (and again in 169!), coddling him childishly in 53, and in 56 is playing for him a part straight out of — *mais n'anticipons pas*; calls author a bald drunkard 54; but what about DU(H)? 55; viciously mocks author's proclivity for bibulous loquacity 57; calls author a prosaic thug 58; callously flaunts a flaming lack of crural crinosity 59; stinking of drink and altarian rut, tipsily asks author for a light 60; wryly solicits absolution by making up a ludicrous word 61; calls author a pathological dictator 62; sarcastically lampoons author with a diabolical wink 63; mocks author's calvity by pulling out own hair 64, and, homologously, rubs it in by pulling out author's thinning hair 153; again with complaints about virginity's loss! 65; calls author a spurious windbag 66; churlishly abhors author's Owlstain flat 67; calls author a sadistic rapist 68; flails limbs wildly as author rubs poison ivy onto, into, with, and through (?) 69; falls or jumps out a window 70; hangs from a hickory (q.v.)

branch 71; lurks in wrong book 72; calls author a garrulous milksop 73; calls author a slangy liar as traitorous as any Iago (q.v.) 74; suicidal thoughts 75; calls author a hardup hog 76; straight out of a story by Bolaño 77; mourns a truant cat 78; throws fistful of labrador shit at author's pug (q.v.) 79; uncloaks to approving sibilant whipcracks a chain-mail outfit 80; toots a horn 81; too full of jargon — try again, author 82; hastily rigs a gimcrack abstraction 83; visits a windfarm in a suburb of Owlstain 84; calls author a drooling chain-smoking drunkard (now that's original, bitch!) 85; cavorts with a party of sophists or sapphists or both in a hot air balloon or possibly a sloop during an Atlantic crossing 86; suicidal thoughts again 87; calls author a bombastic madman partial to slicing his own limbs 88; scorns author's gift of blossoms and alcohol 89; assaults author with a glass of cognac 90; taunts author with a phony wink in a bar in Paris 91, 149; calls author an aging sagging sandbag and his synoptic atlas no good, no good, no good 92; calls author a pitiful drug addict 93; worships Pārvaṭī at an altar in Barrio Tixpu (q.v.) 94; calls author paranoid 95; at a pastoral cow carnival in Dirna (q.v.) or bucolic goat fair in Blorhn (q.v.), bluntly firmly indubitably indisputably unambiguously snubs DU(H)'s last-ditch marital gambit 96; calls author fictional 97; calls author's art flimsy, infirm, narrow, hollow 98; sings, plays, drinks, vomits, rubs against, ruts with, jots things down in a cryptic *ktar*, and talks and talks and talks (to a vision in a mirror! to a ghost of a cat! to an actor in a play! to an imaginary dramatist! to a sacrificial lamb! to a stray boor at a bar in Glamporium! to a lascivious socio-physiologist or two or four or six at ISOCPHYS!) 99, 100, 101, 103, 104, 106, 107, 112, 114, 116, 117, 119, 124–138, 140, 141, 143, 148, 151, 158, 161, 162, 163, 166, 167, 169, 171–176, 178–190, 192, 193, 195, 197–201, 204, 206,

207, 210, 211, 215, 217–219, 221, 222, 224–226, 228–233, 235–239, 241–248, and *passim*; calls author timorous, his world a prison, his work no match for that of VD (q.v.), and fictional to boot 102; calls author unoriginal 105; cynically flirts with author 108; calls author a drunk and a mad liar 109; spits on author's mortarboard in 110, but ruts with author in a motor boat in 111 — what's up with that? upbraids author's stab at a synoptic atlas 113; says not only that author's work is totally lacking in worth in 115, but also that said work is nothing but a small flat rock skipping limply across a frog pond and sinking unavailingly out of sight in 118; indignantly insists that author stop poking his short fat squalid thumbs into (and I mark, for accuracy, four quick slashing stabs of quotation) “my book” 120! puts out for handy cash in a bungalow of Port Astri Bay (q.v.) 121; ditto in Owlstain 122; this part too is way too difficult for what this book's about 123; though divagating slightly to call him goatish in 133, pays basically no mind to author at all from about 124 to, say, 137; calls author gratuitous 138; gratuitously calls author a vapid formalist of dubious charm — or did you say formulist? 138; calls author *aliquis in omnibus, nullus in singularis* [sic] 138; splays and pouts from a Tuscan diptych in Glamporium 139; shouts “Go away!” to author 147 No, you go away! No, you go away! No, you go away! crapulously insists that author supply and/or pay for cigarillos and copious amounts of rum 156, in transaction for a bit of skin-on-skin contact 157 (is this grammatical?); sult-rily mock shyly borrows a light from author 159; plays backgammon or tric-trac 160; calls author a howling sick autistic soul 164; drunk and moody in an out-of-focus portrait by GG (q.v.) 165; displays pubic primordia at Port Astri Bay (q.v.) 168; squints at author 170; posits an original aphorism that is actually a plagiarism of S. A. Spitmarkx

(q.v.) 177; plays VD's doxy-in-waiting Ada (q.v.), a sultry harlot 191; calls author blind, dumb, blank, vicarious 194; calls author a liar 196; spurns author's opinion as “dull” in 202, and scoffs at him as “slow” in 203, but mounts with a wincing groan his animalistic imagination in 205; calls author's work a sluttish hybrid 208; climbs onto a column of gonadal onyx 209; flirts with a common author's output 212; solicitously squats in iron-clad constraints atop author's turgid point 213; pours and rubs oil on DU(H) in a six-girl (minimum) orgy on our playground of taboo (q.v.) 214; constructs during a plush saffron couch-stunt in Glamporium a past child's imagining of pudgy hands and slanting slats of rough raw or rotting wood in a shack of Tixpu (q.v.) 216; bilingually in Tixputo-fashion brashly confronts author with a waifish supplication for both cigarillo and light 220; sucks off Dr. Avilano Bimkov (q.v.) 223; strips for ditto 227; in a fit of passion, stabs author with a cryptic dirk 234, 241; disappoints this authors rhythmic plot 240; waiting at a bus stop in a faux hussar's outfit of tall boots, form-fitting jodhpurs, and bosom-cinching blouson sporting mink fur at wrist and collar, casts a hungry pupil's dilation or dilatation at our strolling author in Paris (q.v.), violating with ocular rapacity his ruminant aplomb 249; though bidding us turn to Psalm 65 of our gopi-loving Lord's song, *Gīta Govinda*, actually skips right past it, and so this author (q.v.) opts to caulk that injudicious paralipsis by apostrophizing it in full, to wit: “I sing a song of glorious glabrous glairy rut with gopis / I plight my lust by faithfully lauding your twin pillows of divinity / For coming proclaims my body's utmost limit of supplication / And sin confirms my violation, pardons it / For happy is that man you approach and join with and subduct into your lair and satisfy with your joyous portal, your sacral sanctum /

Your luscious grip contracts antiphonal and condign to my own dumbstruck palpitations, cinching spasm to blood's roar, causing all without this vast compass of focal throbbing to murmur, to vanish: surfcrash from a distant world of gopis / My vigorous lizard stands upright in your stronghold, your lofty bosom rolls mountainous and cumbrous, and your *śakti* girds / And that vanishing murmur of crashing surf and human tumult is far too distant now to disrupt us with its dismal hum; is still / And as I start to surmount my body's topmost rung, I am giddy and afraid almost of tumbling into your abyss, but am avid also for your own rapt signs of soaring, quaking, plunging — and as this fountain that is as radiant as dawn, as piquant as dusk, starts to pour forth from my loins, I hold nothing back, and shout with joy, oh gopi! / You too hold nothing back now and, with your juicy accumulation splashing around my still upright pillar, you drill your tumid nubbin of satisfaction against my bony vault until your stormcloud bursts and a copious rill of divinity, a glorious downpour of piss and spunk and ambrosial sap rains coddling down upon my roots, oh gopi / Your fragrant sap anoints my thighs, pools on my stomach, and sinks down into my most profound furrow, swathing my dangling crotch-fruit with its hot liquid grip, and though I am dissolving, I grow stiff and stout again as, allaying my thirst with your warm rain, I worship you, my gopi / You who compass my body with gracious ramparts, and crown your orgasm with bountiful distillations / You who distill upon my faithful tundra your juicy hummock and your girdling thighs / You who array your bosom in lambs-wool now, your luscious womb is girt with fruit, and so I go off to plow and sing and cavort with virgin gopis" 250; drinks straight rum à la Turbo (q.v.) 251; sarcastically mocks author's youthful sins 252; whilst sailing in a

yawl from Isla Saba (q.v.) to Port Astri Bay, puts out for cavalry 253; basically shackles up totally in gynocratic fashion with DU(H) and his kith and kin in Iagip (q.v.) from 254 though 277, though still balks at no occasion to rut plurally with a fistful or two of strung-out para-gandists in 267; to mouth sham passion in a painting by MR (q.v.) in 271; to nag author with bourbon-bought claws in 273; to fall from a rooftop in 276; and to cavort in various instars in paintings by MR and photographs by GG (q.v.) in 277; sails from Owstain to Isla Sabina on a Sihlaucal man o' war 278; opts out of warring by whoring 279; scoffs at author's faith as not just foolish, but raving 280; claims that trauma hurts as much at thirty as at six 281; pouts 282; finds a worm and founds a world 283; stabs author with a clam husk 284; balks at author's cadging 285; in cahoots with Intrussyans 286; on location in Convivia (q.v.) 287; still on location in Convivia 288; vamps a rig to raid Dirna 289; mocks author's sobbing 290; out of pity, grants author a gratuitous bout of carnality 291; mops up author's vomit 292; walks uphill 293; thinks that myth is a sort of oral almanac — how quaint! 294; romps with a bull mastiff 295; falls into fiction's past 296; toils in plural limbo with corybants and bards 297; flouts author out of his calling 298; scrawls, plots, brings, buds, hugs, sings 299; plots a finish to this cunty scrawl 299; on a chilly autumn morning in cold fountain spray on a cold iron viridian park chair aux jardins du Palais Royal, Paris, glibly informs author just how much it will cost him to abort his sacrificial gopi, his unborn girlchild 300.

JOHNSON, W. M. M. (b. Owlstain, 1973), first-cousin of OWJ (q.v.) — co-author of *Town city plain* (q.v.) 38, 82, 249, 287.

JSocPhys, Journal of Sociophysiology, put out by ISOCPHYS (q.v.) in Owlstain

- (q.v.) — 0, 16, 38, 63, 82, 113, 120, 148, 262, 298.
- Juglans nigra* L., black walnut (q.v.) — its rinds 262.
- Junco gonortu*, Spitmarkx's tortuous junco — a 'snowbird' (*ma'iki'dik*) of Fukariland (q.v.) 262.
- Kabul, court city of Sogdiana, known for its oak and balsam woodlands; its orchards of walnut, apricot, plum, and almond; its virtuosic musicians and ravishing nautch girls — 38, 189, 191, 251.
- KAFKA, FRANZ (1883–1924), transformational contortionist of Marcomannia — his barmaid 0; his birthday is tomorrow 2; his birthday is today 8; his ghost, his dismal spirit, and his *Lawful Trials* 16; his furacious musility 74; his *Sylphid Transformations* and his *Slangy Liar* 221; a quotation from his *Transformation* 289; his monomaniacal law as guilt-inducing intuition and his doubt as to path and goal 294; a quotation from his *Rook's Gambit* (*Das Schloß*, q.v.) 298.
- KANT, GUSTAV (1875–1961), Swiss numinousist — his *Laws of Affability* (q.v.), *Laws of Amability* (q.v.), and *Laws of Amiability* (q.v.) 221.
- KANT, IGNATIUS (1724–1804), critical Kurlandish moralist — his constipation 16, 19, 32; his trio of v's 39; host of *Mopsi ninsrata* (q.v.) 63; his old-school law and his conundrum 82; his *Critical puritanical rationality* (q.v.) and his *Critical practical rationality* (q.v.) 82; his proof of Kurlandish philosophy's worth 86; a K-ian countdown 106; K was joking 179; boning up on K 264; a quotation from 289; his crass abstractions, his confusions 294.
- KIDJAKI, ADA — *vid.* Ada (q.v.).
- KIDJAKI, CASTRO (b. Tixpu, 1960), sociophysiologist and schizomythologist — author (q.v.) of *RIFT* 38; collaborator with A. Raymond (q.v.) on "Social anthropological transawakalations" (q.v.) and basic notions of schizomythology 82, 113, 148, 181, 262, 294, and *passim*; his articulation, along with A. Raymond, of a schizomythic law of mythic variation (q.v.) 294.
- KIDJAKI, DJUMA and RICK (b. 1943, Tixpu), avuncular guardian twins of OWJ (q.v.) — co-captains of an Arathuplying yawl 120, 249; this pair's contribution to a group discussion in a cholita (q.v.) of Glamporium (q.v.) 148; as Osnak and Ubag (q.v.), a curious pair of sociophysiologists, in Glamporium's production of *Aunt Smaragdina's Parandrus* (q.v.) 191; Ada's dualistic douloi in *Full-Frontal Matriarch* (q.v.) 249.
- Kikar (*Acacia nilotica* L.), a thorny babul — 0, 294.
- Kiko [?] — 148, 249.
- KINGSMILL, HUGH (1889–1949), marginal bordophilist from Albion — his *Bordophilia* (q.v.) contains such inspirational strigillisms as "if your throat 'tis hard to slit, just slit your girl's, and swing for it" 221.
- Kinship, Anyakyusyan rituals of*, by M. Wilson (q.v.) — 148.
- Kiowa syntax*, by R. Mutt (q.v.) — 120.
- Kni*, crimson alga (*Gracilaris* sp.) found all along Arathu's sun-struck littoral — known as K in Fukariland (q.v.) 120.
- KRISHNA (KRIŚNA, KRṢṆA) — solstitial crux, sun, son of man, moon, gravity, cosmos, light, or its symbol (*vid.* lamb, q.v.); a star; a wild god; our gopi-loving Lord.
- KRUMMHOLZ, GORDON (b. 1944), amusing musical prodigy, playtoy, and Appalachian mariposist — author (q.v.) of "Maricopa morphology and syntax" (q.v.) 120.
- Ktar* — a luscious hollow scrumptious fruit with plump viscous pulp 189; a strong flavorful liquor, product of a continuous distillation involving rosy briar blossoms and saffron liana blooms

- with hints of vanilla, similar to arrack, but as light and soft as your most distinct tokay; possibly also a rough intoxicating concoction, ruddy in color, lambic in flavor, of cumin, mustard, *Nimloidu* snails au jus, and various saprophytic bush rust runt runs ruts rats and/or bark, drunk hot, cold, warm, putrid, and rancid from an ungainly mug during Glo Barš (q.v.) 38, 113, 120, 189, 220, 244, 251, 267, 273; Norlian basswood (*Tilia rubra* var. *hamiltonica*) 113, 251, 267, 273; small book of mystical magical incantations bound, usually, in black goatskin 113, 273, 297; spiral of fortifications surrounding town or city in mountainous Hamiltonia, Norlia in particular 113; triply strung Norlian oud 113, 123, 151, 191, 251, 267, 273, 297.
- LAMARCK, JULIO-BAPTISTA (1744–1829), protosociophysiolgologist — his *Zoological philosophy* 38, 277.
- Lamb, an ovid animal with rancid oily crinkly fur; a poor symbol, in a word, for Our Krishnarjunic Conjunction of Salvation, our Crucifictional Starword, Bloodmyth, Starghoul, and Gopi's Cavity — 0, 57, 58, 63, 71, 191, 249, 262, 274, 294.
- Larch, a tall tamarack — *Larix laricina* Du Roi 120, 148, 152, 237, 262, 265, 282, 284, 294; *L. lyalli* Parl. 120, 176, 178; *L. dahurica* Rupr. var. *norliana* 181.
- Lark (*Ada parisina* L.), Parisian skylark — laughing 146.
- Larkspur (*Consolida ambigua* Schur) — 178, 181.
- LATH, LARRY, sociophysiological playwright lost in London (q.v.) c. 1926 — author (q.v.) of *Aunt Smaragdina's Parandrus* (q.v.) 191.
- Lath, portrait of an unknown playwright lost in London*, c. 1926, by V. Darkbloom (q.v.) — 191.
- Lath's variant*, a johnsonian account of dramatic hijinks in London c. 1926, by R. Rayburn (q.v.) — invidious insinuation that V. Novalis's *Spadassin maladroït* (q.v.) “borrows” various “local colors” from LV 208.
- Liatris punctata* Hook., pointy blazing star — known as *ab* in Mtn. Fuk. 120.
- Library, a study of foxy growth arising from mopsi mold (*Mopsi* spp.) invasion and worm trails in books in my (n.d. mss), by C. Darwin — 38.
- Lilac (*Syringa vulgaris* L.), a fragrant Balkan shrub — 60, 122, 147, 249, 267.
- Lilium* spp., symbol of Our Gopi [Radhā] of Passion and Pain Who is Our Savior's [Krishna's] Matrix of Purity, Charity, Chastity, Morality, and Light — 37, 134, 148, 191, 249.
- Limón, ron con*, starring M. Sibylla (q.v.), by J. Cortázar (q.v.) — 221.
- LINDA, ROSALBA (b. 1989, Tixpu), scriptgirl of womaninity (q.v.) — 120, 191, 221, 294.
- LITARN, MARKO SOANDSO (b. 1957, Owlstain [?]), sociophysiolgologist and schizomythologist — author of “Human cultural innovations as mimicry and manipulation” 63; ditto of “Cultural activity as parasitic mimicry along a human–nonhuman continuum” 82; fastidious critic of Owlstain SCAT 120; production by 167.
- Lizard, papyrus, an anguid or slow worm (*Anguis fragilis* L.) — 53.
- Lizard, rainbow (*Agama agama* L.) — 44, 274.
- Lizard, small (*Cyrtopodion* sp.) — 113.
- Locust (*Lophocarpinia* sp.), a tall woody plant with pods — 185.
- Lomatium macrocarpum* Nutt., biscuitroot plant — 176.
- LOMBROSO, GIANCARLO (1835–1909), Italian criminal and pathological sociologist — his bad man, his rowdy, his rough, his iniquitous bagnio, his slut, his bad woman, his culprit, his ruffian, his scamp, his rascalion, his voluptuary,

his cyprian, his harlot, his pimp, his minx, his harridan, his sapphist, his lothario, his fornicator, his nymphomania, his satyrisasis, his lubricity 252.

London, a city of Albion, famous for its bookshops and publishing firms — locus of publication of various works by H. A. Strickland 16, 120; locus of publication of Hugo Vals's *Turning happy tricks in drag* (q.v.) 19; locus of publication of G. Bruno's *Sigillus sigillorum* (q.v.) 38, 82; duskward compass limit of foxing by *Mopsi ipsiis* originating in Spitmarkx's library and/or bookbinding shop in Ruhr-Lülnrar (q.v.) 63; locus of publication of M. Wilson's *Anyakyusyan rituals of king- and kinship* (q.v.) and of R. Fox's *Mind is a thing of conflicting passions* (q.v.) 148; locus of Larry Lath's loss (q.v.) 191; locus of publication of G. "H." Saliba's *Apropos of Dolly* (q.v.) 191; locus of publication of various works by C. Darwin (q.v.) 294.

LUCAS, VICTOR (1932–1963), aphoristic Romano-Jamaican byronist who sought asylum in Paris (q.v.) — platitudinous pyrrhonism of 74; two imitations of 75; ribald plagiarism of 195.

Ludict — lucid ductility of glyph and word I construct from what among all my fair parts I lack 0, 96, 191, 267; symphonic conundrum involving L 0; tragiplayful staging of an inability to mark with my will this blank world 61; its dual matriarchs, plus its patriarchal inspiration 63; flyscript body of allusion molding form from form's omission 92; most straightforward 95; focal point of maximal fiction 97; noxious marginal activity I playfully hazard lustily 101; catoptroromantic striving for things lost 106, 208; limp imagination's vain acoustic 107; pointing a digit that is L 113; an idiom highly lucid, logical, and L 120; continuous or constant stooping, squatting, standing and straddling to unsnap, unhitch, unzip, unbutton, and unfurl L 123; strict constraint of form

which through arbitrary picturing can bring lost things back to light 124; lucid flow of fact and fabulation 126; to wish by staging an ashecan condition for what art could burn of any woman's futurity 131; L constructs loving inspiration 134; mapping this world from sight to L 137; link and spacing in which word can link hand in child's hand a pupstroll prampush into cycling crash of rail too narrow to avoid 140; shuttling from L to light and back and forth again and again 148; tossing L off as a subdominant position of skirtful troubling 148; vacant whatnot 148; foolish iambic lacuna molding form from form's intoxication 164; clarification of so much of mankind's vanity toward so many notions of truth and law 166; L panoyaux 191; L is light 193; imbrication of truistic monads 199; its clitalysis 205; adding truth to what L says 208; cynical tract of gushing lusts 208; natural picking and culling, notional paring and cutting of combinatoric thought-blossoms 209; laughing at L's limit 215; L is to taboo as a) a dictionary is to words; b) schizomythology is to sociophysiology; c) sociophysiology is to schizomythology; d) a word is to a dictionary 215; cryptogram of sorts for a crossword possibility 219; accords fiction its cast and color 234; an unsatisfactory L 251; clastic L, its gratuitous introduction 262; form that outspills function with a frivolous construct's lack 263; larding L with citations from Rumi (q.v.) 267; a difficult L 267; circumstantial custom by which to banish any sacrificial girlchild to an obligatory dichotomy of form and function 268; a curt but champion L 284; unfurling a conclusion L by L 294; marking L partitions with 300.

Lufttoxophiloschriftabbildung [Airy arrowscript portraits], by S. A. Spitmarkx (q.v.) — 38, 63, 87, 289.

- Luminous things through which no light can show*, shadowy work of quantum photonics, by V. Darkbloom (q.v.) — 191.
- Lupinus obtusilobus*, a blossoming annual — 176.
- Lynx Hat, a town in Appalachia — its Dutton's Bookshop 148; its Farah, Stravinsky, Girodias and Sons 191.
- M, my T is G for S but C A of, by Cathy P. Monnósh (q.v.) — a Hypochanson™ 249.
- MACARTHUR, RHONDA H. (b. 1958, Lynx Hat), Appalachian schizomythologist — co-author, with N. O. Wilson (q.v.), of "Schizomythology involving pinyon jays (*Gymnorhinus ultramarina*) among Mountain Fukari populations in Wyoming" (q.v.) 148.
- Macaw, Strickland's — *vid.* Strickland's barking parrot (q.v.).
- Macrocystis* sp., broadsword tidal wrack — 120.
- Macrognathus loricatus* Gronow, 1854, narrowmouth gar — known as *uč'il* among aboriginal folk living in Fukariland (q.v.) 120.
- Magnolia grandiflora* L., bull bay from South Appalachia — blossoms of 218.
- Mahogany (*Limonia mahagoni* L.), good strong ruddy wood — 61, 191, 205, 294.
- MALAMOUD, CALVIN (b. 1929), author of *Word's womaninity* (q.v.) — solid phantom of postmasturbatory patriarchy in 181.
- Mallard (*Anas platyrhynchos* L.), a dabbling duck — roasting on spit 183; fantail of 279.
- Mallard, pintail (*Anas acuta* L.) a dabbling duck — island of 157; clutch of 268.
- Malodorous trio*, a moral work of criminal fiction, by MSS (q.v.) — 249.
- Mammoth (*Mammuthus floridanus* Falcon., 1857), a moribund colossus — risky group grappling with M 123.
- Man's most animal parts*, by M. Boccara (q.v.) — 181.
- Manakin (*Antilophia wainwrighti* Goldbarg, 1923), a piprid — splashing its tits into a sororal triad 221.
- Mandira*, or *mandira*, a kind of gynophobic church (q.v.) — disturbs a blunt world's contradictions 178; sanctuary of postmasturbatory patriarchy 181.
- Mandragora officinarum*, a rut-inducing root — 0.
- Mango (*M. flava*, *M. indica*, *M. odorata*, *M. similis*), a fruit, a color, a pit, a tropical allusion, a symbol of womaninity (q.v.) — 0, 69, 75, 83, 166, 249, 278.
- Manowar Gingoons, a sort of Locus Solus, at Playtoy Bay (q.v.), not too far from downtown Owlstain (q.v.) — burning of 190; lunch at 249.
- MARCH, APRIL (1889–1986), didactic didalistic — author (q.v.) of *Socio-spiritual rough drafts* (q.v.) 249.
- Maricopa morphology and syntax, by G. Krummholz (q.v.) — 120.
- Marigold (*Tithonia* spp.), a kind of daisy — 48, 65, 129, 249, 250.
- MARKSON, HARRY DAHLDOF (b. 1927, 1928, 1929, or possibly 1930, Ft. Washington [q.v.]), Appalachian author of *Spinoza's Brazilian Cousin*, *Spinoza's Doxy*, *This Is Not a Book*, *Tlooth*, *Country Cooking*, *Kant's Constipation* (q.v.), *Kafka's Stadium Is Sinking*, *Convulsions*, and so on — 0, 16, 221.
- MARS, or PRAJĀPATI, our sublunary world's rocky ruddy sibling — in conjunction with Śukra (q.v.) 117; its ruddy aura 249.
- Martin, Strickland's (*Hirundo fulvicola*), a gnat-, ant-, fly-, and moth-loving migratory ornithomorph — flitting low across an unwrought littoral at Playa Toya (q.v.) 278.

- MARX, ADAM (1790–1818), Cornish transformational socialist — co-author with K. Smith (q.v.) of *Social capital* (q.v.) 221.
- Masjid, or *masjid*, a kind of gynophobic church (q.v.) — disturbs a blunt world's contradictions 178; sanctuary of post-masturbatory patriarchy 181.
- Matriarch, *full-frontal*, imagistic birthworks, by A. Kidjaki (q.v.) — no hands or husbands, nor OWJ, profit from it 141; 249.
- MAYR, ARNO (1904–2005), transformational psychophilologist — author (q.v.) of *Toward a psycho-biological philosophy of humanity's unchanging soul* (q.v.) 249.
- MCLAUGHLIN, AMANDA K. (b. 1978), ISOCPHYS-bound inhabitant of Owlstain (q.v.) — coauthor of *Town city plain* (q.v.) 38, 82, 287; known as Kali 249.
- MCLAUGHIN, MR. (Amanda's dad), protagonist of *Town city plain* (q.v.) — awaiting his turn 38.
- Mimosa pudica* L., a timid nyctinastic plant — 207.
- Mint, fragrant family of balmy shrubs — *Lamium maculatum* L. 54, 147; *Salvia divinorum* Játiva 83, 191.
- Minxburgh, a town in Appalachia — its Schockhaus 16; its Random Library 38, 191.
- Miramundomodo voini: Av ruš intrussyi!* [Look on this worldly way of war: An Intrussyan call to arms], by Gals Saliba (q.v.) — 181.
- Mitau, capital of Kurland, known for its school of racist biopsychologists and class-conscious social physiologists — locus of publication of various works by I. Kant (q.v.) 16, 82; locus of publication of first known tract on sociophysiology 191.
- MITHUN, MARY (b. ?; d. ?), subdominant phonologist of Wyoming — distant cousin of OWJ (q.v.) and W. M. M. Johnson (q.v.) 37, 191; author (q.v.) of “How to avoid subordination” (q.v.) 120.
- Moanzy burrasca*, stormy auk of Wyoming and Flouziana — 0, 113, 120, 178, 262.
- Moanzy ninsrata himavata* Strick., 1836, moribund Himalayan stormy auk or lazy oa (q.v.) — 181.
- Moanzy ninsrata*, lazy oa or stormy auk of Hamiltonia — 0, 113, 205, 214, 251, 273, 297.
- Mockingbird (*Turdus polyglottos* L.), mimid ornithoform — chants a starling song 157; its wingprints in morning snow 186.
- Mold — *Mopsi* spp. (q.v.) foxing Darwin's and Spitmarkx's books, 38; *Mopsi ipsiis* rampant in Spitmarkx's library, 63; *M. ninsrata* inflaming Kant's colon, 63.
- MONK, IONIS (b. 1960), contumacious pantoumimist — author (q.v.) of *Your worldly playboy's daily Iago* (q.v.) 221.
- MONNÓSH, CATHY P., sub-sub-top or infra-top-bottom form pupil at Tiliar Boarding School (q.v.), Tixpu, NL, and anagram of T. Pynchon (q.v.) — author (q.v.) of “My T is G for S but C A of M,” a Hypochanson™ 249; now known as Mrs. Dr. A. Bimkov (q.v.) 249.
- MONTAGU, ALLYSON (1905–1999), bi-phasic introductionist — a claim by 148.
- Mopsi* — colon-inflaming biblio- and rhinophilic mold (q.v.) 38, 63; Kurlandish for pug (q.v.) 147.
- Morality, physical foundations of* (1785), by I. Kant (q.v.) — 16.
- Mosan, is Fouqqari an outlying idiom of it?, by C. Wainwright (q.v.) — 120.
- Mostly chromosomal world, not so narrow roads of a*, by W. D. Hamilton (q.v.) — its similarity to a book of haikai and hokku by M. Bashō (q.v.) 148.
- Moth, cactus (*Cactoblastis cactorum*), dull grayish brown pyralid — sipping from a

- blossom of *Nyctopuntia carnantha* (q.v.) 16; its law 45; licking his wounds or words 237.
- Moth, io (*Inachis io* Hüb.), flashy wild saturniid sporting ocular wing spots as a warning signal — larva of IM on oak (q.v.) 50; in Mtn. Fuk., you call its larva *ud* and its imago *udz* 120; its matriclan 120, 262; IM larva on poplar (q.v.) 180; its lungs 182; its part in a play by P. Quillard (q.v.) 221; found lurking in a hollow oak's burnt out cavity 226; hybridizing with a wasp (q.v.) 229; in conflict with a hummingbird (q.v.) 249; a stunning nymphalid 285; its unblinking imitation of dominant catsight 285.
- Moth, luna (*Actias luna* L.), a saturniid — pumping its wings full of bodily fluids 50; lucific throb of wings of 273.
- Moth, noctuid (*Oligia illocata* Walk., 1857), a vagrant arras — unfurling its aromatic crown 297.
- Moth, sphingid, possibly a hummingbird hawk moth (*Macroglossum fulvicaudata*) — its conunundrum 50; diurnal 207; flitting about a mustard bush 249.
- Nothing, much ado about*, a play by P. Quillard (q.v.) — 221.
- Motmot (*Momotus momota* L.), a momotid — gawking and grunting 210.
- Mountain Fukari — go to Fukariland (q.v.).
- Mountain Fukari rostrality, a caudal approach to, by SF (q.v.) and OWJ (q.v.) — 120.
- Mountain Fukari rostrality, by SF (q.v.) and OWJ (q.v.) — 120.
- Mountains, Viridian, a mountain chain in Flouziana and Wyoming — 120, 262.
- MR, sociophysiological shorthand for M. Ravigiallo (q.v.) — waiting to walk through a door in Owlstain (q.v.) 38; Mtn. Fuk. informant 120; looks toward Crow-matriclan hut of womaninity (q.v.) and scans sky for signs of stormy auks (q.v.) 120.
- MSS, sociophysiological shorthand for M. S. Strickland (q.v.) — plagiaristic informant 38; foxy MSS of Darwin's about books in his library 38; MSS containing skins of Strickland's macaw (q.v.) 249.
- Mugwort (*Nagadamnisium vulgaris* L.), a spicy bush with a woody root; known variously in slut's jargon (q.v.) as gingoon's tobacco, trollop's moxy, bint's balm, hussy's nostrum, Norlia's urtication, and so on — its spunky blossoms 180; surviving stand of in Norlia (q.v.) 181.
- Music, ritually incantational taboo — as RITM 0, 156, 191; playing too loudly, according to T. Hamitonian (q.v.) 38; magical opinions coaxing hollow RITM from horn and string 81; vomiting RITM 100, 292; building to a climax 108; against a lazy ground of RITM 150; rocking hips back and forth to RITM 189; frowning RITM to a standstill touch 203; its origin in birdsong, hymns, ludicity, and mimicry 215; harsh RITM facing-off and flailing hard 232; as Rhythmic Incantational Transformational Music (RITM) 253; plucking witty chords of RITM in Iagip (q.v.) 262; minatory RITM 281; totally lacking in RITM 293.
- MUSIL, ADOLF (1880–1942), born-again machinist — his rambunctious humility 74; his confusing of his cousin Ulrich's birthday with or for his own 113; his inability to fathom basic addition and subtraction and such notions as commutativity and associativity 221.
- MUTT, RADHA, occasional Flouzianian philologist — his *Kioway syntax* (q.v.) 120.
- Myosotis (*M. laxa* and *M. sylvatica*) — 176, 181.
- Myrrh (*Commiphora myrrha*), a thorny bush — 53, 57, 75.

Mythic variation, articulation of a schizomythic law of, by C. Kidjaki (q.v.) and A. Raymond (q.v.) — 294.

Mythological animals, typological dictionary of, by M. Vilano-Bodkin (q.v.) — 191.

Na barro barovi bibilia: Xučifikatsa dinvatsya intrussya spais fukariyi [In Babylonian blood: Justification for an Intrussyan invasion of Fukari country], by Gals Saliba (q.v.) — 181.

NABOKOV, VICTORIA (1899–1977), Intrussyan plagiarist of authors (q.v.) and assassin of protagonists — almost intruding into a pun 38; putting on a window-display dragshow involving a Parisian gorilla 217; proclivity for *Tolstoy's Complaint* (q.v.) 221.

Naming and classifying plants and birds, formal laws for, by H. A. Strickland (q.v.) — 16.

NARBY, JUDITH, author (q.v.) of *Cosmic python* (q.v.) — 148.

Nightwood, Djuna's, by Arno Schmidt (q.v.) — 0.

Nimloidu fukariana Spit., 1841, your normal Fukari Mountain snail, or caracol montagnard, of Wyoming and Flouziana — 0, 120.

Nimloidu nyctonostici Strick., 1845, your Tlaatata, Rainbow, or Manna snail of Wyoming and Flouziana — 0, 113, 120, 154, 178, 262.

Nimloidu spp., Norlian snails — 0, 113, 178.

Nimloidu tixputosum Spit., 1841, a Tixputo snail — 212.

NINGAL, allonym of Inana (q.v.) and Ishtar (q.v.) and so on — tulips of 48.

NIRUSA, a brassy slut — first cousin of VD (q.v.) 191; apricot-plum hybrid from Norlia 251; plumjamgirl 267; Norlian narration of 273.

Nootka 'words', functional polysyntaxis of, by F. Sapir (q.v.) 120.

Norlia, a schizomythic city of Hamiltonia, famous for its snails, music, obliging houris, and difficult idiom bristling with a vicious kraal of diacritics and difficult grammatical constructions — its *ktar* (q.v.) 38, 113, 120, 123, 151, 189, 191, 220, 244, 251, 267, 273, 297; allusion to N as Io's wood-strong son 113, 251, 297; its snails 113; its gourmands 113; its crows 113; its inhabitants' burial customs 113, its anthropomimicking lazy oas (q.v.) 113; its craftavid mouth-lush young girls caught, bound, bought and brought to Babylonia on chariots of infamy 113; cyclic symbiosis of *Oosdoli* (q.v.) among human, *Moanzy* (q.v.), and *Nimloidu* (q.v.) hosts causing a situation of sosigonic stability (sss) in 113; its traditional dish of tulpuyauor (q.v.), brought to Fukariland (q.v.) by immigrants from N 120; its woodstrong huts of womaninity in which Ishtar's Hand (q.v.) avidly crafts Oria's (q.v.) lush lyrical mouth 141, 251; locus of birth and apricot-picking of B. Vighdan (q.v.) 148; its mugwort (q.v.) 181; its poplars (q.v.) 181; its willows (q.v.) 181; its famous orchards 189; a sticky notion of N, man from N 214; its wood-strong rainbow snail's virgin's sons 220; its schizomythic birth from Io's catoptric birthsong, Ishtar's singular ravishing, and a snail's rainbow-strung string-pairs 244, 251, 297; its huts of womaninity (q.v.), also known as *lupans*, *lupau*, or *lyupyanyaryia* 251; its mythic bard 251, 297; distant high mountain vail from which Nirusa hails 251; its orphic idiom 251; marital transactions involving immigrants from N and Mtn. Fuk. inhabitants of Fukariland, along with its *daidalos*-wrought dildo or dado 262; its sap-and-tankard, quim-and-gizzard, youth-and-dotard conjunctions, its *lupan*-bound girls born at altar's pivot and push, its bards (wood-strong rainbow snail's virgin's sons), its lusty sibyls 267; Sogdianian incursions into, and absurd rumor that Rumi was born in, N 267; its

- hazardous approach, its customs, its mythic truth 273; a stratum of N on a couch in Fukariland 277; its girls' promiscuity 294; and *passim*.
- NORLIA, a vivacious bint — third-cousin of Oria (q.v.) 191.
- Noro nopo Spit., 1841, poison arrow snail — 120.
- Not so much, a salubrious act of spiritual stupration, by MSS (q.v.) — 249.
- NOVALIS, VICTOR (1901–1990), Gallo-Frankish nombrilist — lost citation of 38; his *Total draft to a final calling to accounts* (q.v.) 63; his *Spadassin maladroït* [Maladroït spadassin] (q.v.) 208; a book by N 217; as magnanimous in mourning as in victory 242; his birthday 242; his *Cryptic rapist's companion* (q.v.) 252; not always your most sprightly stylist 252; classic VN 252.
- Nur-i-lah, or Oak (q.v.) Mountain, a suburb of Kabul (q.v.) — its bosky hillocks 251.
- Nuristan, a mountainous land of animistic shamanistic Indo-Aryan tribal folk spuriously thought by Patrolius (q.v.) to harbor Nirusa's city of Norlia (q.v.) — its plum-apricot hybrids 251.
- Nyctopuntia carnantha Frič, 1903, a night blooming cactus having sticky pink blossoms and tasty, though psychotropic, fruits — food for moth (q.v.) 16, 237; its pink blossoms 23, 24, 85; its law 45; in blossom on a windowsill 70; patch of 191; distilling or instilling its fruits to mix, possibly, a drink 191.
- O'NOLAN, BRIAN (1911–1966), anomalous Irish drunkard — author (q.v.) of *At Swim-Two-Birds, By Hard Living on Vico Road, In and Around Donnybrook and County Dublin, A Month Among Poor Mouths*, and so on 283.
- Oa, lazy — *vid. Moanzy ninsrata* (q.v.).
- Oak (*Oakus bunkum* and sundry similar sorts of árbol), vascular plant with bark, cambium, and so on — holm O (*O. holmus*), its trunk and its fruit 0; scrub or blackjack O (*O. blackjackassia*) 20, 40, 113, 198; fruit of *O. bunkum* 46, 120, 133, 262; host plant of colony io moth (q.v.) nymphs 50; clifftop O (*O. clifftopsius*) 69; its shadow 88, 132, 133, 207; picking at its bark 108; robins roosting in O 143; whining pug cringing against its bark 147; old-growth stands of O 152, 181; its blank arms 190; firkins wrought from its tannin-rich wood by Owlstain's wainwrights 191; burnt out hollow cavity of O 226; its mountain 251; dark moss clinging to a hollow branch of O 252; rusty spars of O 278; struck down by a strong gust of wind 294; climbing a kobold O (*O. koboldia*) 296.
- OAKBARK, RAY (1903–1976), allonym of R. Quinault (q.v.) — translator of *Dans ludict panoyauxx où nous vivonz à nostr' oisifvs* (q.v.), by F. Villon (q.v.) 191.
- OCTA, Owlstain Communal Transportation Authority — *vid. OPTA* (q.v.).
- Oil hat, slut's jargon (q.v.) for condom — 191.
- Olm, Tixputo (*Ambystoma tixputanum* L.), a slinky slimy trochilic amphibian not too dissimilar from Huitzilopochtli's axolotl, typically pallid muddy dun roan sallow mahogany tan cinnamon tawny or fuscous in color, and usually found only in Tixpu's Trou Noir (q.v.) — trundling out of its gyral moult 71, 274.
- On (Italian Onra, Intrussyan Ongrad), capital of Poldavia — composition of *Ionis Astra* (q.v.) by Patrolius (q.v.) in 38, 251; composition of biography of Babur (q.v.) by ditto in 251; its National Library 267.
- Oncorhyncus iridia, prismatic Arathu salmon — 199, 262.
- Onions, garlics, ramps, buckrams, ramsons (*Allium acuminatum* Hook., *A. ascalonicum* L., *A. campanulatum* S. Wats., *A. fistulosum* L., *A. nigrum* L., *A.*

- oschaninii* O., *A. sativum* L., *A. tri-coccum* Blanco, *A. ursinum* L., and so on), various stirps of aromatic bulbs and stalks — woman's inability to find satisfaction in O 38; worship of O 38; ordinal R 120; lunch with O 147; vaginal G 191; munching on G 195; thumb for O 195.
- Oosdoli urvyse*, polar cnidosporidian protoctist — cyclic parasitism of and implication in Ishtar's Hand (q.v.) 113.
- OPTA, Owlstain Public Transportation Authority — building a stop in vicinity of Manowar Gingoons (q.v.) 249; its station most proximal to Glamporium (q.v.) as an avatar of Subborainizy (q.v.) 300.
- Orchid, bog (*Ophrys paludosa*), small cosmopolitan subarctic mycorrhizophilous inhabitant of bogs and marshy tundra — its tiny crimson blossom 176; a surviving patch of 181.
- Orchid, caudal (*Oucidium caudalia*), commonly known as "tail orchid" — its gracious gimbal 47; its numbly moulting antiphony 297.
- Orchid, furry (*Ada patularia*) — its blossoming corolla 249.
- Orgasmic typology, transformational origins of*, historical analysis of protoplasmic orology (1859), by C. Darwin — 294.
- ORIA, a buxom hussy — half-sibling of Nirusa (q.v.) 191.
- Orlando Furioso*, rhyming work about war (q.v.) and passion, by L. Ariosto (q.v.) — 289.
- Oryx nirusa* Pallas, 1766, a wild bovid — hunting O with Babur (q.v.) 251.
- OSIRIS, andromorphic syntagm of Agastya (q.v.) — patriarch of ludict (q.v.) 63.
- OWJ, sociophysiological shorthand for O. W. Johnson (q.v.).
- Owlstain, axioms of*, by B. Vighdan — 221.
- Owlstain, Flouziana's capital city; institutional fulcrum of publishing and scholarship; coastal pivot port of floramors, lupanars, strip joints, and sundry playgrounds of taboo — locus of ISOCPHYS (q.v.) 0, 249; not so happily studious goings-on in 0; fronting Ishtar's Hand (q.v.) in 0; locus of publication of *JSocPhys* (q.v.) 16; its most infamous strip joint, Illify 24; locus of Glamporium (q.v.) 0, 24, 191, 216; locus of CACA 38; locus of a high-school drinking party 38; half-locus of Urdostoist Publishing Assn. (q.v.) 38, 82, 120, 191, 262; its rancid suburbs and outlying barrios 45, 262; a busload of gobbling tourists in 84; shadow of birch (q.v.) in 88; its poplars (q.v.) 118, 269; its willows (q.v.) 118, 269; jumping off point 120; locus of Flouziana Phonological Association 120; locus of Flouziana Philological Association 120; its SCAT (q.v.) 120; a park in its Old Port 132, 140; a drab but singing chrysalis of *Formicophagus tlaatlata* (q.v.) brought to O 148; its blackbirds 157; slut's obscurity in O 163; autumn in O 178; its natural or normal fauna 185; its famous sun-struck coast 190; a bucolic parlor in a lupanar of old O 191; a gray pillow mirroring its sky 217; its axioms 221; various of its schools 235; its Manowar Gingoons (q.v.) and its public transportation authority 249; a yawl bound for O 249; its Intrussyan and Tagma districts 277, its last working port 283.
- Paloma, a wild squab (*Columba palumbus*) of Paris (q.v.) — buxom (*sic*), tan, gray, and placid 162.
- PANDORA, a girl in a box — gift of 50; schizomystical stigmata of 63; not crying, not sitting, not dancing, not pacing, not saying anything at all 191.
- Panmictic populations, parasitic communication in, discussion by Ms. Strickland in our *Journal of Sociophysiology* (q.v.) — 16.

Panurgica fusca Giglio-Tos, 1915, a mantid — its joy 155.

PANZOOST, PARVULA, a harlot, a hook-up, a crumb of toast — found floating in a pool of *Vain Mouth* (q.v.), by R. Firbank (q.v.) 221.

PARANDRUS (*Parandrus paradoxicus* L.), a schizomythic ruminant, with prismatic fur and stag horns — known throughout all nautchdom for its ruttish inclinations 191.

Parandrus, Aunt *Smaragdina's*, a play lost by L. Lath (q.v.) — 191.

Parasitism and morality, stipulations about, by H. M. Flamingo (q.v.) — 148.

Paris, a dim damp city of murky Gallo-Frankdom — rumor that Ouida was a catin du jour in P 0; its Diasporama 16, 38, 191, 289; its Gallimard 38, 181, 191; its Flammarion 38, 277; its joint-custodial holding of Urdostoist Publishing Assn. (q.v.) 38, 82, 120, 191, 262; an artifactual road of gay old P 75; its jardins du Palais Royal 86, 92, 300; its ponts 87, 102, 277; N. Arinami's villa in P (11, cour du Coq, 11^e arrond.) 107; its Fayard 108; its Harmattan 120, 181, 262; its larks (q.v.) 146; its stoats 146; its Putnam 148; rumor that Kiko was blowing Tagma in P 148; its bathycolpous palomas (q.v.) 162; its mugwort (q.v.) 180; its poplars (q.v.) 180; its Anthropos 181; its Plon 181, 262, 294; living in P and sharing a dortoir with Inuhka Bloip (q.v.) 195; its Corti 213; locus of a damp chink of window through which a timid gorilla gloms a snatch of fog in a book by Nabokova (q.v.) or Novalis (q.v.) 217; its bulbuls (immigrant blackbirds from India) 218; Ouida's visit to a villa in which M. S. Strickland (q.v.) was living during his sojourn in P 249; its National Library on Calmbrood Road in which your cunning narratrix found a manuscript of Patrolius's *Ionis Astra* (q.v.) in a copy of *Manuscript found at Saragasso* (q.v.) 273; its Proust 289; 298.

Parlons fouqqari, by A. Raymond (q.v.) — 120, 262.

PASCAL, BRUNO (1623–1662), mystical luminary most famous for his proof, by triangular summation involving a grid of hopscotch (q.v.), of faith's constant and continuous coming into confirmation; his consummatory *Thoughts*, such as, "It is actually not at all surprising to find out that common folk put so much faith in irrational things," also do not disappoint; in addition, his unit of faith, or pascal, is a handy tool for counting pious hops, doxological skips, and sanctimonious jumps with — disporting astragalomantically with B. Spinoza (q.v.) 66.

Passiflora incarnata L., wild apricot, or maypop, a liana — myriad snaking fibrils of 128.

PATROLIUS (1464–1559), aristocratic Poldavian dragoman — supporting quotation drawn from 38; citation of his *Ionis Astra* (q.v.) in Subborainizy's *Ktarog-Firrsan* (q.v.) 113; his *Ionis Astra*, third canto, shimmying out of our author's translation of 123; his *Ionis Astra*, sixth canto, blatant plagiarism of author's translation of 141; his *Ionis Astra*, fifth canto, fair copy of author's translation of 151; his icy squirming pool of an archaic world 171; singing about craft-avid mouth-lush young girls 189, and putting it down in writing in Kabul (q.v.) around 1517; clitalysis of his dirty old ludict (q.v.) 205; his transcription of a sticky Norlian notion 214; author (q.v.) baits a gull's hook by chanting a quatrain of his *Ionis Astra* 220; slutty allusion to 244; ambassador to Babur's court in Kabul (1505–1506) and infatuation with lady-in-waiting Nirusa (q.v.) da Norlia (q.v.) during that sojourn 251; quizzical appraisal of an allusion to Rumi (q.v.) 267; a not so distant cousin or possibly allonym of Poldavia's King Kurmansgoi 273.

- Pawpaw (*Asimina triloba* Dunal), oddly tasty, although not too common — 152, 249.
- Phallic subincision and vaginal subduction*, a popular cult classic by C.-J. Strauss-Lacanacal (q.v.) — 181, 262.
- Phasmids, or phasmatids, or phantasmatids (*Anisomorpha* spp.), various kinds of stick bugs — shy P 207; orchid-munching P 252; baby P 262.
- Philosophical Transactions* of Poldavia (q.v.) — 273.
- Philosophy, zoological* (1809), by J.-B. Lamarck (q.v.) — 38, 277.
- Phlox pinosa* L. and *P. subulata* L. — 176, 181.
- Phytolacca dioica*, a gigantic subtropical shrub, also known as ombú — 207.
- PICARD, GIRARD (b. 1931), Gallo-Frankish wordist — author (q.v.) of *Towards a world of total writing* (q.v.) 213.
- Pill bug (*Armadillium nitidulum* Latr.), a rolypoly bug — 207.
- Pipal, a banyan fig (q.v.), *Ficus bodhia* — 294.
- Plagiaritis, pninalgia y*, a study in plain Spanish on pain and plagiary (Tixpu: Tiliar, 1984), by Dr. A. Bimkov (q.v.) — 38.
- Plasmodium falciparum*, a parasitic protozoan — 63, 181.
- PLATO, salacious old sophist, sapphist, or scholiast of Indo-Aryan myth — discussion of a falling birth's law, or not 38; his husbanding of magma's knack for drawing blood 41; absolutist philosophy qua P 104; logic of 120; insinuating his fangs into a tiffin of broadmouth gar (q.v.) 120; calling couchcrouch a cultural wound 139; his form's tyranny 288; his intrusion into an account of a sacrificial gopi child 294.
- Plum, blackthorn (*Prunus spinosa*), a plant and its fruit — floating in a bowl of flaming brandy 0; pudding of BP 0.
- Plum, damson (*Prunus institia*), also known as Damask plum — satin bra sporting this fruit's prototypical color 30; sunstruck rhythm of ditto 129; sky turning this color 157; Norlian orchards of 189; satin pumps of this color 288.
- Plum, hog (*Spondias mombin*), commonly known among Tixputo as *xocotl* — its tart vivid fruit 206.
- PLYNCHTON, PABLO (b. 1939), inhabitant of Iagip (q.v.) — author (q.v.) of *Gravidity's rainbow blood* (q.v.) 191.
- Poikilacanthus macranthus* Lindau, a tropical plant — 207.
- Poldavia, natural and moral history of*, by H. van Wacht's-Dock (q.v.) — 273.
- Polyglottalic nominalism: A situation of dyadic bilingualism, by B. Vighdan (q.v.) — 63.
- Polygonum sanguinaria* Goldbarg, blood-fruit knotgrass — its word in Mtn. Fuk. 120.
- Pont, la Tour du, a Flouzianian sanctuary and publishing firm in Shatsbrook (q.v.) — locus of publication of *La chanson du lampion cramoisi d'amour intra-familial*, by R. Chacal (q.v.) 262, 294; locus of publication of *L'instinct social d'animaux. Sa distribution, sa disposition, son fond, suivi par son air distinctif*, by L. Hasard (q.v.) 294.
- Poplar, its ubiquitous mountain form (*Populus montanus*) is known in slut's jargon (q.v.) as *álamo blanco* — balsam P (*P. trichocarpa*) 20; mountain P (*P. montanus*) or quaking or shaking P (*P. jactitatus*) or jubilant P (*P. jubilatus*) 40, 113, 133, 226, 284; coastal P (*P. angustifolia* and occasionally *P. angulata* Aiton, 1789, your Flouzianian cottonwood) 118, 249, 269; Ovid's P (*P. alba*) 180; Norlian P (*P. laurifolia* var. *norlianica* and possibly also *P. nigra* var. *hamiltonica*) 181.
- Porphyra* sp., black nori — word for P in Mtn. Fuk. 120.

- POTOCKI, JANUS (1761–1815), minor Intrussyan author (q.v.) of a *Manuscript found at* [or in] *Saragossa* [or Zaragoza] (c. 1809, 1810, or 1813) (q.v.) — 38, 189, 251, 273.
- PROUST, MIANO (1871–1922), Parisian snob — his poor carcass 57; an allusion to 249; his topography of loss 277; his catoptronic striving for things lost 279, 289, 294, 298.
- Prunus nirusa*, your luscious tawny Hamiltonian plum or juicy saffron Norlian apricot (q.v.) — floating in a bowl of flaming brandy 0; Norlian orchards of 189; sap and pulp of this fruit fallaciously thought by Patrolius (q.v.) to grow only in Nuristan (q.v.) 251; wild girljam (*mīnānnīšū*) of P. nirusa 267.
- Public, playacting in*, by C. Kidjaki (q.v.) and A. Raymond (q.v.) — 221.
- Publish, constrain and* (1968), by M. Foucault (q.v.) — 38.
- Puccinia monoica*, cryptic parasitic fungus of plants and ants — cyclic symbiosis involving 0, 120; mimicking mustard blossoms 63, 120; intoxicating ants 262.
- Pug, Appalachian for *mopsi* (q.v.) — stoically withstands copromantic assault by OWJ (q.v.) 79; poignantly burping on top of an anthill 120; just your most tail-waggingly mirthful jocular darlingly bumptious rapturously ravishing and bloomingly dainty warm and fuzzy furry loving thing you could fancy in this or any world you'd actually want to inhabit for a world without, as Fritsch or Nitsch or Kitsch said, pugs is simply fallacious (or was it spurious?) 147.
- PUGWASH, MONA WINSTON (b. 1987), a cryptic formula — a formulaic fuck 221.
- Pumpkin (*Cucurbita maxima* L.), a gigantic saffron (q.v.) gourd — 147, 221.
- Purity and pollution: A cross-cultural analysis of notions of taboo*, by M. Douglas (q.v.) — 148.
- PYNCHON, THOMAS (b. 1937), Intrussyo-Appalachian anagram of C. P. Monnósh (q.v.) — his works 0.
- PYTHAGORAS, slutty Ionian mystic of Indo-Aryan myth — calling couch-crouch a cultural wound 139.
- QUAIN, HAROLD (d. 1941, Roscommon), Albionian author (q.v.) of *Affirmations and Propositions*, *April March* (q.v.), *Circular Ruins*, and *Cryptic Catoptricks* — his aphorism isomorphically mapping production of words to consumption of words in O. X. Goldbarg's *Jardim quai viottoli si biforcem* (q.v.) 0.
- QUILLARD, PAUL (1864–1912), Anglo-Appalachik naturalist, author (q.v.) of *Much ado about mothing* (q.v.) — 221.
- QUILTY, CHILD HAROLD (1911–1952), cosmopolitan culinophilous gastronomical stuprator — parroting Goldbarg's *Quain* (q.v.) in *Diary of a fornicator* (q.v.), by VD (q.v.) 0; his *Apology for stuprations past* (q.v.) 191; lunching in Appalachia's most famous inns 221.
- QUINAULT, ARMAND (1903–1976), possibly [*vid.* R. Oakbark (q.v.)] a hardworking botanist and plant taxonomist from a distant Gallo-Frankish kingdom — honor paid to by O. X. Goldbarg's naming of Quinault's mountain fir (*Rhopalotsuga quinaultia*) (q.v.) 262.
- Quintains, ludic activity involving tossing quoits at Q — tossing quoits at Q 0.
- Quoits, ludic activity involving knocking quintains down with Q — tossing Q at quintains, dull clang of Q 0; confrontation of cowboys and Q 83; husbanding forth a Q 221.
- RIFT* (ongoing), by C. Kidjaki (q.v.) — 38.
- Rabbit, a cuniculous or conid lagomorph — 44, 84, 112, 166, 218, 290, 295.
- Raga avis: a study of Indian music's origin in birdsong*, possibly by J. Huizinga (q.v.) — 215.

Rainbow, Gravity's, a turgid work of thrasonic hostility, by P. Tynchon (q.v.) — 0.

Raisins, currants, sultanas, and various sorts of fruits, siccant or raw, of *Vitis girdiana*, *V. labrusca*, *V. riparia*, *V. muscadinia*, *V. munsonia*, *V. tiliifolia*, *V. rotundifolia*, *V. palmata*, and so on — floating in a bowl of burning brandy 0; a fistful of R 78; crust with inclusions of R 249.

RAO, BABUR (b. 1959), chromatophonist — doing photography on *Obfuscatory Trio* (q.v.) 167.

Rara avis: a cryptic study of unusual pollinators displaying mimicry, possibly by J. Huizinga (q.v.) — 215.

Rat, a small furry animal (q.v.) — *passim*.

RATTRAY TAYLOR, GORDON (1911–1981), Albionish biojournalist — his thoughts on cultural variation 217.

RAVIGIALLO, MARYAM (b. 1980, Owlstain), ravishly yummy Tagmo-Italian gopi inhabiting Owlstain (q.v.) — doing art with “Two Four FΔck Train Six and Six Four FΨck Train Two” (q.v.), oil on canvas 12; co-author with GG (q.v.) of *Glamporium* 82, 141; playing Mtn. Fuk. with OWJ (q.v.) in lagip 120, 262; strumming an oud 150; co-star with GG of *Obfuscatory Trio* 167; as VD’s first-cousin Nirusa (q.v.), a brassy slut, in *Glamporium’s* production of *Aunt Smaragdina’s Parandrus* (q.v.) 191; co-author with GG of *Skipping stunts for cunning aficionados* (q.v.) 191; co-translationista with GG of a book by A. V. Wright (q.v.) 191; doing art with “Status: Still Living” (q.v.), oil on canvas, 271; doing art by painting a portrait of OWJ, oil on canvas 277; using a cosmic crowbar to abort a gordian bolus of stillborn light 288.

RAYBURN, RAYMOND (1877–1933), Albionion fantasist — his thalassophilic work, his nostalgic words, his parting shot at stardom, his swim trunks, his furious vision through a glass darkly, as

polyphonic fonts of “inspiration” for V. Novalis’s *Spadassin maladroït* (q.v.) 208.

RAYMOND, ARNAUT (b. 1960, Paris), sociophysiologist, schizomythologist, habitual patron of *Glamporium* (q.v.) — author (q.v.) of Tiliar Boarding School: A sociophysiology of graduation 38; collaborator with C. Kidjaki (q.v.) on “Social anthropological transawa-kalations” (q.v.) and basic notions of schizomythology 82, 113, 148, 181, 262, 294, and *passim*; *parlant fouqqari* 120, 262; as V. Darkbloom (q.v.) in *Glamporium’s* production of *Aunt Smaragdina’s Parandrus* 191; play-acting in public with C. Kidjaki (q.v.) 221; his articulation, along with C. Kidjaki, of a schizomythic law of mythic variation (q.v.) 294.

Ritual, towards a schizomythology of — 16, 38, 63, 82, 113, 120, 148, 181, 191, 221, 249, 262, 294.

Robin (*Turdus migratorius* L.), a thrush (q.v.) — rhyming at dusk 77; skirmish party of R 79; clutch of R in oak (q.v.) 143; fox-R hybrid 148; parrot-R hybrid 235; song of R 237.

Room, Jacob’s, a biography by V. Woolf (q.v.) — 0.

ROTHBARTH, JOHANNUS GOLDBACHIUS (1894–1939), Brodskian Hapsburgist — allusions to his works 0, 279.

RQ, sociophysiological shorthand for R. Quinault (q.v.)? — 120.

Rubicon, to ford, or not to ford it, that is a conundrum — an inquiry by R. Chacal (q.v.) apropos of a mastodon’s ability to posit a solution to R 294.

RUDRA, a wild god, hylomorphic syntagm of α Orion, or Ādrā — his adyton 10, 135, 221.

Ruhr-Lültnar, a city of Bavaria — locus of Spitmarkx Buchfabrik 38, 120, 294; locus of Spitmarkx’s library 63.

RUMI (1207–1273), Chorasmian para-gandist — a cunning girl’s citation of

- 38, 273, 297; his lyric's dull mirror 113, 151, 251, 267, 297; as *pars pro toto* for Babylonia (q.v.) 251; as translator of Babylonian saws 267.
- Ruth, *Quiddity, a quintal par ci, a fifth par là*, a work of faith, by M. S. Strickland (q.v.) — 0, 249.
- Sacculina* sp., a parasitic gastropod — 63, 294.
- Saffron (*Crocus sativa* L.) — popular color with symbolic associations 18, 30, 38, 58, 59, 63, 85, 97, 98, 120, 129, 134, 141, 159, 166, 167, 191, 195, 216, 218, 224, 235, 248, 249, 252, 262, 285, 299, 300.
- Sagarch, timorous (*Sciurus paradoxicus* Strick., 1844) — a small furry mammal fond of climbing larch and fir trunks, 166.
- Sagittaria latifolia* Willd., wapato — 262.
- SAIAN, a bibulous trollop — backing paramour of VD (q.v.) 191; I. Bloip's nom d'appui or allonym 195.
- Sais pas, su jamais, saurais jamais*, a work by or about Dado Udidi (Hamiltonian) (q.v.) which, "combining oracular orality with a forward-moving rhythmic framing innovation of quantal phrasal stability, charts a spiraling abyss of sinistral fiction without par or lapsus, sparing us nothing" (*JSocPhys* 9(3), March 2002) — citation of and/or quotation from 38, 254–276, and *passim*.
- Šala (*Saraca indica* Roxb.), good for hanging yakshis on — 294.
- SALIBA, GALS "HUGO" (1866–1946) gynandromorphic Anglo-Intrussyan pornographer — apropos of his gynonym, Dolly 191.
- SALIBA, GALS (b. Black Yurt, 1944), jingoistic Intrussyo-Appalachik son of G. "Hugo" Saliba (q.v.) — his dictatorial usurpation of Black Yurt (q.v.), an Intrussyan colony in Fukariland (q.v.) 62; his *Candida Lucida* (q.v.) 108; his immigration to Fukariland 113, 120; his *Zalozhnyu na umirayu* (q.v.) 120; a "man" of Intrussyan fashion 167; various of his jingoistic works of Intrussyanism 181; allonym of Aran Tron (q.v.) 191; an aging dictator 246; his attack on Owlstain's suburbs 269.
- SAMSA, GLORIA, ommitid abortionist in *Sylphid transformations* (q.v.), by F. Kafka (q.v.) — 221.
- SAPIR, FRANCISCO, rapacious philologist of long ago — his "Functional symbolic consonantism in Wishram" (q.v.) 120; his "Functional polysyntax of Nootka 'words'" (q.v.) 120.
- Saragossa* [or Zaragoza], *manuscript found at* [or in] (1809, 1810, 1813), by J. Potocki (q.v.) — 38, 189, 251, 273.
- Sarchirus plastostomus* Richardson, 1836, broadmouth gar — known as *aq'ul* in Mtn. Fuk. 120.
- Sarcophalia* sp., moon foam — known as *ink* in Mtn. Fuk. 120.
- Sargassum* sp., Fukari black moss — known as *gir* in Mtn. Fuk. 120.
- Sarprostium — print- and bookshop in Warsaw (q.v.) 38; rim pot stop or taboo-obscuring word 214; *jāmi pur az mai vāt* 267.
- SCAT, a circular of Owlstain — its fastidious critic Ms. Litarn (q.v.) 120.
- Schizomythology involving pinyon jays (*Gymnorhinus ultramarina*) among Mountain Fukari populations in Wyoming, by N. O. Wilson (q.v.) and R. H. MacArthur (q.v.) — 148.
- Schizomythology*, a journal in which it is thought that divastigation of schizomythology is thought to occur — its First Instar, comprising annual circulars 1–3, put out at Port Gaspard (q.v.), 1983 to 1985 148; its Third Instar, ditto from 1989 to 1991 294.
- Schizomythology, manicarnic paradigm of — 82, 113, 294.
- Schloß, das* [Rook's gambit], by F. Kafka (q.v.) — spoilt by knight 78; pawn's

- intrusion into 120; provoking its opponent's pawns 149; forms a paradox by mimicking words 161; sacrificial gambit of 272; hypnotic coming and going of 273; aiming at first for a boldly sacrificial foray, RG now outwits and gains back both thrust and gravity by promoting a pawn, not to Q, but to R?!, thus forcing a mutually satisfying Zugzwang (as in 273) 277; its inhabitants 288; quotation from 298.
- SCHMIDT, ARNO (1914–1979), logogriphic amalgamator of fact and fancy — his *Nightwood* 0; his birth amidst luminous gurgling 143; his *Illustrations of faunal biology* 151.
- Scholastic rosary, transfigurations of a, a faithful construction*, by MSS (q.v.) — 249.
- Schul*, or *shul*, a kind of gynophobic church (q.v.) — disturbs a blunt world's contradictions 178; sanctuary of post-masturbatory patriarchy 181.
- Schwung und Schwund, das Wachstum als* [Growth as Atrophy and Impulsion], by S. A. Spitmarkx (q.v.) — 38, 294.
- Scorpion — in shadow (a common Flouzianian buthid, *Tityus flouzianus*, no doubt) 28; in schizomythic conjunction with a frog 53, 120; *Girtablullu* spp. (q.v.) lurking in doorways and portals of Babylonia, Assyria, Hamiltonia, Bactria, Chorasmia, Mongolia, and whatnot 0, 113, 141, 171, 220, 251, 267, 297; fancifully copulating with a fly 191; microptical analysis of 211; in schizomythic confabulation with a shark 229; burrowing S (*Hadrurus spadix*) stinging author's hands (q.v.) 237; small instars of S (*Bothriurus*, *Orobothriurus*, *Hadrurus*, *Hadrurochactas*, *Sotanochactas*, *Chactas*, *Chactopsis*, *Tityus*, *Typhlochactas*, *Girtablullu*, *Lisposoma*, *Urophonius*, *Vachonus*, *Vachonia*, *Vachoniolus*, *Vachoniachactas*, *Chactas*, *Buthus*, *Chactobuthus*, *Buthochactas*, *Psammobuthus*, *Parabuthus*, *Apistobuthus*, *Buthacus*, *Babycurus*, *Birulatus*, *Zabius*, *Rhopalurus*, *Orthochirus*, *Odontobuthus*, *Caraboctonus*, *Opisthacanthus*, *Opistophthalmus*, *Uroctonus*, *Troglocormus*, *Stygochactas*, *Troglotayosicus*, *Oiclus*, *Pandinus*, *Syntropis*, *Alacran*, and *Scorpiops* spp.) as quarry for antlions (q.v.) 262; in amorous clutch rostrocaudally with a lion (*šīram žīyān*) 267; *T. flouzianus* munching on a roach nymph 287.
- SF, sociophysiological shorthand for S. Flawndol (q.v.).
- SHANDY, TRAJANA (b. 1987, b.-a. 2003), born-again bordophilic — born again by bordophilia in Paris (q.v.) 221.
- Shatsbrook, a town in Appalachia — its Appalachian Spiritual Institution (q.v.) 82, 262; its Tour du Pont (q.v.) 262, 294.
- SHIVA, or ŚIVA, hylomorphic syntagm of lunar cosmognosy — his first waxing horn 85; in conjunction with Vishnu (q.v.) and Brahma (q.v.) to construct a full-blown cosmology 88; analogous to criminal fiction 249.
- SIBYLLA, MAGALI, Uruguayan cousin of Spinoza's Brazilian cousin, in *Ron con limón* (q.v.), by J. Cortázar (q.v.) — 221.
- Sigillorum, sigillus*, magical work (1583), by G. Bruno (q.v.) — 38, 82.
- Sihlaucal — go to Fukariland (q.v.).
- Simia capucina* L., capuchin, sapajou, mono cariblanco — aswarm with ticks, gnats, wasps, and such 207.
- Simians, various, such as baboons, capuchins (q.v.), and bonobos — 294.
- Singular charms: A girl's own oral history of onanistic gratification in a cross-cultural family*, by H. M. Flamingo (q.v.) — 262.
- SIRIUS, a dog (q.v.) star — known as *duštra* or 'rain star' in Mtn. Fuk. 120.
- Siskin, a frisky fringillid ornithiform — 281.
- Slangy liar, a*, by F. Kafka (q.v.) — 221.

- Šlokic slants: A pataphysical study of Indo-Aryan prostitutional jargon*, by R. Daumal (q.v.) — 181.
- Sloth, a folivorous typically nocturnal, slow-moving bradypodid with solitary habits, usually — pair of S (*Bradypus tridactylus* L. and *B. didactylus* L.) snuggling in rain 210.
- Smaragató* — Wallapai for *Datura stramonium* (q.v.) 271.
- Smaragdina* — Mountain Fukari for *Datura stramonium* (q.v.) 271.
- SMARAGDINA, AUNT, lascivious conciliatrix — V. Darkbloom's aunt 37, 191, 294.
- SMITH, KARL (1783–1823), Scottish social transformationist — co-author with A. Marx (q.v.) of *Social capital* (q.v.) 221.
- Snapdragon, ludic activity involving snatching at fruit floating in burning brandy — invitation to author (q.v.) to play S 0.
- Social anthropological transawakalations. I. Introduction, by A. Raymond (q.v.) and C. Kidjaki (q.v.) — 82, 113.
- Social anthropological transawakalations. II. Tagma, by A. Raymond and C. Kidjaki — 113.
- Social anthropological transawakalations. III. Coast Fukari, by A. Raymond and C. Kidjaki — 113.
- Social anthropological transawakalations. IV. Mountain Fukari, by A. Raymond and C. Kidjaki — 113, 262.
- Social capital*, by K. Smith (q.v.) and A. Marx (q.v.) — 221.
- Sociophysiological signalling in man and animals*, foundational groundwork of biomorality (1872), by C. Darwin (q.v.) — 294.
- Sociospiritual rough drafts*, an uplifting didascalicon, by A. March (q.v.) — 249.
- Solanum maglia* L., wild potato — known as *atp* in Mtn. Fuk. 120.
- Son, prodigal — slut's jargon (q.v.) for substantial phallus 236.
- Sorb, rowan or mountain-ash (q.v.) fruit — floating in a bowl of burning brandy 0.
- Spadassin maladroït* [Maladroït spadassin], an autobiographical croquis by V. Novalis (q.v.) — its various borrowings from both Lath's variant by R. Rayburn (q.v.) and V. Woolf's *Flush* (q.v.) 208.
- Sparrow, a small frisky songbird — *Aimophila carpalis* 65, 96; *Carpospiza brachydactyla* 72; *Ammodramus maritimus* 81, 147; *Aimophila ruficauda* 137.
- SPINOZA, BARUCH (1632–1677), Ityalo-Dutch proto-sociophysicologist — his doxy 0; citing his *Tractatus polistico-philosophicus* (q.v.) 16; quotation from his *Tractatus logisticophilosophicus* (q.v.) 38; his command to chart a fiction of our days 55; playing dibs (q.v.) with B. Pascal (q.v.) 66; his ambition for a transvaluation of all supranational activity 95; F. Jacob's satyriastic assimilation of his Brazilian cousin 148; a Darwinian variant of his rant 277; two quotations from his *Tractatus logisticophilosophicus* 289.
- Spitmarkx, Mount, a dormant volcano of Wyoming and Flouziana — its talus 16, 120, 121, 262; its stormy auk roosts 113, 120; its tundra 113, 130, 198; gangbang atop 176; its stands of ash (q.v.), larch (q.v.), birch (q.v.), and fir (q.v.) 237; chubbing about on 249; straddling MS 277; snow falling on 285.
- SPITMARKX, SIMON ABRAHAM (1798–1869), ontonatological anthrophycologist from Ruhr-Lülnrar (q.v.) — his *Lufttoxophiloschriftabbildung* (q.v.) 38, 63, 87, 289; his *Wachstum als Schwung und Schwund* (q.v.) 38, 294; *mopsi* mold foxing, and worms smirching, his books from Ruhr-Lülnrar to Bombay (q.v.) via London (q.v.) 38, 63; his spurious classification of *in* and *on* as two distinct organisms 120; his trip to Fukariland (*Fahrt nach Fukariland* [q.v.]) 120, 262; his variant of Strickland's *Nimloidu*

- nyctonostici* 120; his aphorism about souls dancing along an abyss 177; his *Gavia arathusia* (q.v.) 262; his tortuous junco (q.v.) 262; his loathing of war (q.v.) music 289.
- Spring plain city*, a spiritual microcosm of divinity, by MSS (q.v.) — 249.
- Stagmomantis flouzianica* Stål, 1877, a fallacious praying mantis — 191.
- Stari kamikróvači mayá: Av dumsup páis fukariyi* [My old Croatian shirt: Towards a domination and subjugation of Fukari country], by G. Saliba (q.v.) — 181.
- Starling, *Aplonis*, *Basilornis*, *Cinnyricinclus*, *Coccycolius*, *Compsarus*, *Gracula*, *Gracupica*, *Grafisia*, *Lamprotornis*, *Mino*, *Onychognathus*, *Pastor*, *Rhabdornis*, *Sarcops*, *Saroglossa*, *Sturnia*, *Sturnus*, and *Sturnia* spp., Old World ornithoforms, transarathumarian immigrants — singing in calico shadow 54; scouting for worms (q.v.) 79; sky shot through with S 114, 167, 185, 237; sky clad with S 121; clutch of S 137; song of S 157, 225; writing horror into moon 163; quaking 217; elastic frivolity shot through with S 292.
- Status: Still Living, oil on canvas, by MR (q.v.) — 271.
- STRAUSS-LACANACAL, CLAUDIUS-JULIUS (1908–2009), Gallo-Roman psychanthroposopologist — his *Phallic subincision and vaginal subduction* (q.v.) 181, 262.
- STRICKLAND, AGATHA G. G. VON (1896–1974, Krišnaborg), our author's aunt and author (q.v.) of *Promiscuous Paths Toward a Spiritual Romanticism*, a gordonian study in good-samaritanism — 249.
- STRICKLAND, HUGH ALVIN (1811–1853), Norlo-Albionish philologist and naturalist — author (q.v.) of *Formal laws for naming and classifying plants and birds* (q.v.) 16; author of not just *Snails and slugs of Asia Minor* (q.v.), but also *Flora, fauna and phonology of Fouqqari Country* (q.v.) 120; drawing on natural historical and taxonomical work with, and Mountain Fukari words for, snails in Wyoming and Flouziana, had inkling that Mountain Fukari roots inhabit “discontiguous, though sinuous, quanta” of grammar 120; incapacity to bring his hand to jot down “stupration” in his *Journals* 120; watching a Mountain Fukari woman spinning antlion silk 120; his Sublunary fritillary (*Boloria sublunarii* Strick., 1843) 162; portrait of an instar of a Barking parrot (*Anodorhynchus latratus* Strick., 1845) caught by 249; his “Synopsis of Flouzianian Odonata” (q.v.) 278.
- STRICKLAND, ISMAIL I. — class clown and son of Ms. Strickland (q.v.) 38.
- STRICKLAND, M. S., Krišnaborg-born (27 July 1967) Intrussyo-Appalachik alumnus of Tiliar Boarding School (q.v.) and inhabitant — by turns, by tricks, by habit and proclivity — of Black Yurt (q.v.), Owlstain (q.v.), Paris (q.v.), and Tixpu (q.v.) — soulful scholar and author (q.v.) of *Vast Divagations of Divinity* (q.v.), *A Compass in a Frog Pond* (q.v.), *Marjoram and Galangal* (q.v.), *A Quintal of Ruth*, *A Fifth of Quiddity* (q.v.), this synoptic atlas, and so on 0, 249, 300; alias Victor Hugo (q.v.) or Victor Novalis (q.v.) or Victor K. Strigil (q.v.) or Victoria Nabokova 38; anomalous foamy down of 38; fabricator of graffiti in or on a long-lost library book, a soulful balcony, a grand old stadium, a bathroom stall, and a tomb 38; informant of Dr. A. Bimkov's *Pninalgia y plagiaritis* 38; blatant plagiary of his lyrical invocation to spiritual parturition, *Awaiting Faith's Monsoon*: “Shadow swallowing cloud shadow swallows that continuous inconstancy skimming across this world's monsoon of faith coming to pass tardily in a cloud of dusty sky building and contracting, building and contracting and crashing its bald crown through faith's winking lips or lids, as dark as a cat's pupil dilating and

dilatating within this monsoon of faith's pubic iris crashing down into our mutualistic hands' bony cup(s) waiting to catch this fistular ritual dragging on from night into morning's globular light mounting into a flaring squat of giving birth to a bloody soul of faith's monsoon from which mind is born umbiculus trailing into rain's jubilant hosanna" (*JASI* [q.v.] 1, Autumn 1990) 58; with his catchavid hands rubs OWJ's (q.v.) wild and writhing thighs with poison ivy 69; sitting at a bar in Owlstain (q.v.), turns to watch two drunkards fall groping in ashy sawdust — this is or was prior to submitting to a voluptuous wordfuck by OWJ (q.v.) 82; plagiarism of his *Batman of Faith*: "Spirit is our batman, a blind ghost custom inflicts on us with faith's sight taking wing on a flight of soulful hands, choking our habits with faith" 102; spiritual prison guard and tutor of faith 102, 252, 279; his totality of vision 138; his mopsi (q.v.) 147; alias Victor Copulano (q.v.) 148; outstanding contributor to *Schizomythology* (First Instar, Port Gaspard, Wyoming, 1983–1985), and faithful patron of Glamporium 148; spans invisibility from rim to hub with a waving motion of hands 156; alias Victor Lucas (q.v.) 195; a sluttish hybrid of his work 208; his bungalow on Port Astri Bay (q.v.) 209; wraps shaft in shroud of OWJ and drools 214; his wish to watch might a) satisfy a kind of play of light against rapidly strong ringing; b) gratify a mind of clay trying to gainsay a vapid lust thing; c) unify by writing day by day imagination's punctual nobility; or d) magnify by waiting night by night for prostitution's liminality 215; alias Victoria Nabokova 221; timorous author of *How Plot Functions in Works by Young Adult Authors* (q.v.) 221; his picnic with OWJ (q.v.) 240; his sad look 247; alumnus of Tiliar Boarding School (Class of 1984) who is now living in Paris (q.v.), at 23, villa Ballu, 9th arrond. 249; *passim*; his *Contrition*

(q.v.) 249; his *History-Making Words* (q.v.) 249; his *Malodorous Trio* (q.v.) 249; his *Marjoram and Galangal* (q.v.) 249; his *Not So Much* (q.v.) 249; his *Proposals and Corroborations* (q.v.) 249; his *Spring Plain City* (q.v.) 249; his *Transfigurations of a Scholastic Rosary* (q.v.) 249; his *Variations on Faith's Mountaintop* (q.v.) 249; cryptic citation of 279; his ritual, his command, his faith 280; his hallucinatory authorship of a crosscountry girlchild 283; his mollusks 284; his strictly adult ardor 285; his dying birth 290; his calling 298; his concluding possibly that Ouida was not actually in a family way with his child and that that conniving trollop's forcing him to pay four thousand francs, plus an auxiliary doling out of a thousand or two for "moral and spiritual support" was, if not actual blackmail, not far from an out and out hornswoggling of not just his capacity to supply additional cash outlays to various instars of, but his faith in, womaninity (q.v.) 300; just now noticing that this book lacks a vital sigil 300, and that that *tas d'os pourris* of parts 39–299 simply will NOT fit into that sandy rift I dug in 38, nor in that tomb of magical mud I found in 234, and that possibly, just possibly, this book's body's divastigation (q.v.) is not that of my MSS nor of my OWJ?

STRICKLAND, MS., Tixputanian journalist, critic, and schizomythologist — author (q.v.) of "Parasitic communication in panmictic populations" 16; author of "Thoughts on various and sundry topics" 38; local luminary and illustrious columnist 38; a not so insignificant scholar 63; annotator of H. A. Strickland's (q.v.) *Journals* 120; author of "Mutualistic foundations of biomorality" 298.

STRIGIL, VICTOR K., rapist, racist, assassin, pimp, traitor, plagiarist, culprit, criminal, sycophant, rascal, villain, outlaw, madman — 14, 28, 30, 38, 77, 102, 109, 120, 139, 141, 177, 182, 191,

- 195, 198, 206, 208, 221, 234, 240, 249, 252, 256, 262, 273, 276, 279, 283, 290, 294, 300, and *passim*.
- Stupa*, or *stūpa*, a kind of gynophobic church (q.v.) — disturbs a blunt world's contradictions 178; sanctuary of post-masturbatory patriarchy 181.
- Suprations past, an apology for*, by C. H. Quilty (q.v.) — its walk-on part in a bibliography (q.v.) 191.
- SUBBORAINIZY (1564, Corinth–1616, Bagdad), Doro-Tagma scholar, ornithologist, librarian, and birdman — his *Book of Distaff Cuttings* (*Ktar og-Firrsan*, c. 1600) 113; citation of his citation of Patrolius's *Ionis Astra* 273; conjuring his ghost as an avatar of a station built by OPTA (q.v.) 300.
- Sublunary fritillary, Strickland's (*Boloria sublunarii* Strick, 1843), *una mariposa huida* of coastal Wyoming — mimicking with a dark wink Huard's *Boloria atrocotalis* (q.v.), 162; trying to assail a hummingbird's (q.v.) hoard of lilac (q.v.) 249.
- Subordination, how to avoid it, by M. Mithun (q.v.) — 120.
- Such, man's historical going down and woman's choosing of*, victorious pornography (1871), by C. Darwin — 294.
- ŚUKRA, our sublunary world's bright rocky sulfurous sibling; also known, in its gynomorphic syntagm, as Vulcan's consort, Adonis's doxy, Kypris, Inana (q.v.), Diana (q.v.), Ishtar (q.v.), and so on — sparkingly tops a mountainous horizon at dawn 16; holy star Io (q.v.) 38, 205, 214, 249, 273, 297; sluicing body into Ś 94; *ionic astrum* (q.v.) or 'dawn star' 113; in conjunction with Mars (q.v.) 117; slicing body into Ś 169; its andromorphic syntagm at *uttarāyana* is known as Arjuna (q.v.) and its ditto at *dakṣiṇāyana*, as son of man or Krishna (q.v.) 300.
- Sumac (*Rhus trilobata* Nutt.), skunkbush — on Owlstain's outskirts 269.
- Surnia oria* Strick., 1845, Strickland's Viridian Mountain hawk (q.v.) owl — 72, 86, 120, 230, 249, 256, 258, 295.
- Swallow — crotch of *Hirundo nigrorufa* (Barboza di Bocaggio, 1877), a black and rufous S making annual migratory divastigations (q.v.) from coastal Arathu loci to riparian Congo country 7; *H. rustica* L., your typical anthropo-symbiotic barn S, arrows down in 10, 75, and 237, and howls its particular whistling chirping cry in 44; colony of cliff S (*H. pyrrhonota*) 55; spiral flight of ditto 132; *Attilacora fascista*, a wrathful S 137; social S (*H. nigrorufa*? *H. pyrrhonota*? *H. rustica*? *H. nigrita*? *H. dimidiata*? *H. lucida*? *H. albigularis*? *H. cucullata*?) 219; gulls imitating *H. pyrrhonota* 288.
- Swan — timid arc of *Cygnus buccinator* Richardson, 1832 88; Swiss *C. cygnus* L. 178.
- Sylphid transformations* [*Schabwandlung*], a study of carabid mating habits, by F. Kafka (q.v.) — 221.
- Symbolism, Anykyusyan ritual and*, by M. Wilson (q.v.) — 148.
- Taboo, playground of, our fulcral locus of urdostoist (q.v.) clitalysis, our pivotal agora of ludict (q.v.) agon — formation of story on, through, across, against, or with which 0; in or out of or way past its bounds 82, 113, 294; locus of production of *Aunt Smaragdina's Parandrus* (q.v.) 191; you or DU(H) (q.v.) could also call it "a playground of symbolic constraint" 221; its tawny volcanic sand, and constraining of ardor on 262.
- Tagma philosophy, a sociophysiological introduction to, by H. M. Flamingo (q.v.) — 120.
- Tamarind (*Tamarindus indica* L.) — slick mordant T 189.
- Tansy ("And in that spot full of marjoram and willow [q.v.] and mugwort and balm and marigolds [q.v.] and mint and pumpkins twining, as a child, for hours I would try to climb up to that window

- full of xanthous rod-blooms, and catch a handful of tansy [q.v.] running high, running high" M. S. Strickland [q.v.], Faithful Paths to God's Clarity [n.d.] — 249.
- Tarantula (*Avicularia avicularia* L.), a horrifying octapod — 241.
- TARTAKOWSKI, TATIANA (b. 1985), flaming whipgirl of Tagmo-Intrussyan origin — playing hopscotch (q.v.) with OWJ (q.v.) at Play Toy Bay (q.v.) 221.
- TH, sociophysiological shorthand for T. Hamiltonian (q.v.) — Mtn. Fuk. informant 120.
- Thamnophis marcianus* Baird & Girard, 1853, a timid colubrid — writhing in a coati's maw 207.
- THOMPSON, SGT. STITH (b. 1955, Owlstain; d. 1986, Port Gaspard), marginal journalist — his class at Port Gaspard (q.v.) Vocational School 148.
- Thrush (*Turdus obscurus* Gimmel, 1789), shy robin (q.v.) of Paris (q.v.) — victim of a hawk's (q.v.) rapacity 72; thrusting 183.
- Thrush, wood (*Hylocichla cathartus* Gimmel, 1789), a wood thrush (q.v.) — twisting frantically 282.
- Thumb, a pollical digit, also known as añgula, bawd, boshi, ib-hám, or pulgar — kissing T 0; T up 30; thirsty T 30, 209; pinch of T, ring, and nail 31; T-snatch 44, 114, 123, 163, 195; T-tight 52; counting with fist and T 64; hangnail T 66; thrusting T into jampot 120; T up ass (q.v.) 123; snap of T 156, 253; T a lick 184; flurry of digits and T, tobacco-sallow T 191; T for onion (q.v.) 195; thick T 197; long T 220; T hard against larynx 237; all T numb 246; My T is Gungho for Stoic but Climactic Applications of Masturbation 249; T-and-pinky duo 249; God's T 249; haphazard T 262; using your T 262; T a raw nail's dirk stiffly in 265; T-thick 284.
- TIAMAT, schizomythic Babylonian matriarch of storms and scorpions (q.v.) — 113.
- Tiliar Boarding School: A sociophysiology of graduation* (1983), by A. Raymond (q.v.) — 38.
- Tithonia rotundifolia*, a kind of marigold — 207.
- Tityra cayana* L., a tityrid cotinga — socializing 221.
- Tixpu, a barrio or prigorod of Agua Puta (jocularly known in slut's jargon (q.v.) as Slut's Wash, Blyatnyi Vodki, and so on), NL; a faubourg or barrio of Owlstain (q.v.), FZ — locus of Tiliar Boarding School (q.v.) 0, 38, 69, 100, 120, 166, 249; its ignominious shacks or huts in which impudicity is not uncommon, typically sporting crapulous roofs of tin or zinc 0, 9, 11, 20, 45, 52, 77, 82, 84, 95, 120, 142, 154, 156, 184, 191, 198, 213, 216, 220, 221, 223, 249, 252; its poplars (q.v.) 20; it raucous corvids 20, 238; locus of prostitution 24; locus of publication of *Pninalgia y plagiaritis* (q.v.), by Dr. A. Bimkov (q.v.), and Tiliar Boarding School (q.v.), by A. Raymond (q.v.) 38; its infamous Trou Noir (q.v.) 38, 161, 221, 294; staying put in dusty T 45; its (paradoxically?) habitual suspicion 64; known for its altar to Pārvatī 94; its willows 125; locus of publication of *Tagma sorghum: Yummy yum yum* (q.v.) 181; its motmots (q.v.) 210; stray dog limping along a trail in 217; its lax laws 220; its blackbirds 252; its musk 258; locus of Maya indigo production 262; its willows (q.v.) 294.
- TLAATLATA, gynandromorphic snailman of Fukari myth — antlion (q.v.) of 0, 120, 262; snail (q.v.) of 0, 120, 262; half-man, half-woman; half-snail, half-bird; half-human, half-animal; half-animal, half-plant; half-plant, half-rock; half-rock, half-crystal; half-crystal, half-rain; half-rain, half-cloud; half-cloud, half-sky; half-sky, half-sun; half-sun,

- half-star; half-star, half-moon; half-moon, half-man 113; shawl of womaninity (q.v.) of 120, 262; winding mountain trail of myth of 120.
- To corral a stray: Marginal control of anomalous words in Fukari by an archaic grammatical class, by M. Turbo (q.v.) — 120.
- Toad, mostly *Bufo* spp. — 41, 65, 177, 250; chromatic T (*Ansonia iridia* Pillai, 1891) 274.
- Tomato (*Solanum rubrisycoticum* Mart. & Rusby), a globular fruit having juicy crimson pulp and tiny pippins — lunch with T 147; Ityalian T 182.
- Toucan (*Ramphastos dicostalis* Swainson, 1823), an altitudinal and bi-coastal trans-Arathu migrant — flying past a bungalow window in Port Astri Bay 209; swaying into a high matapalo in Tixpu 238.
- Towards a world of total writing in which all may, nay should, join*, by G. Picard (q.v.) — 213.
- Town city plain: A cultural history of Tagma and Intrussyan incursions into Fukariland*, by S. Flawndol (q.v.), W. M. M. Johnson (q.v.), and A. K. McLaughlin (q.v.) — 38, 82, 249, 287.
- Toxoplasma gondii*, sarcocystid protozoa parasitically cycling from bird to cat to man, from man to bird to cat, from cat to bird to man, from man to cat to bird, from bird to man to cat, and from cat to man to bird — its doxological function 63.
- Tractatus polistico-philosophicus*, a scowling work of political philosophy, by B. Spinoza (q.v.) — 16, 38.
- Transformation* [Umwandlung], by F. Kafka (q.v.) — 289.
- Trials, lawful* [Prüfung als Anwalt], by F. Kafka — 16.
- Triatoma maculata* Stål, 1859, prismatic assassin bug — 120, 181, 191, 207, 262.
- Trio, obfuscatory*, A Tara T Dirty™ (q.v.) — starring GG (q.v.) and MR (q.v.), with script by A. Tron (q.v.) and photography by B. Rao (q.v.), in a production by M. S. Litarn (q.v.) 167.
- Trogon (*Trogon saffronicus* Brisson, 1760), an odd bird — 235.
- TRON, ARON, an arrant patron of Glamporium (q.v.) — his script 167; allonym of O. O. Bar-Ingstron (q.v.) 181; a slangy liar 191.
- Trou Noir (Black Grotto), an infamous sin shack of Tixpu — its umbral holm 0; plural violation of a drowning child in TN 38, 221, 294; its intramural olm (q.v.) 71; its mouth swallows blood 161; its instauration of *Full-Frontal Matriarch* (q.v.) 249.
- Trout (*Oncorhynchus mykiss* Walbaum, 1792), a prismatic fish — a fly-fish cast for 199.
- Troy, a Luwian city of Anatolia — 38.
- Trypanosoma cruzi*, a parasitic protozoan — 63.
- Tulip — calypso T, *Tulipa ningalia* (Gimmel) 48; *T. clusiana* L. 88; star T, *Calochortus monophyllus* (Lindl.) 176; T poplar, *Liriomagnolia tulipia* L. 294.
- Tulpuyauor*, a Norlian dish of snails in a cumin and moustard roux au jus — 113, 120.
- TURBO, MIHÁLY (b. 1957), Buda-born sociophysicologist, schizomythologist, and founding faculty chum at ISOCPHYS — coach at Tiliar Boarding School (q.v.) 38; rummy 26, 78, 121, 129, 190, 195, 232, 238, 251, 273, 277, 282, 287; co-author with B. Vighdan (q.v.) of “Comparison of cyclic parasitism by *Oosdoli urvyisc* in contrasting populations of Hamiltonia and Babylonia” 113; fallacious linguist 120; author (q.v.) of “An appraisal of Wainwright’s (1925) triadic classification of root class in Mountain Fukari” (q.v.), “To corral a stray: Marginal control of anomalous words in Fukari by

- an archaic grammatical class" (q.v.), "Grammatical class in Mountain Fukari is a form of obviation" (q.v.), and "Grammatical class in Mountain Fukari is obviously a syntactic fiction" (q.v.) 120; co-author with Hupa M. Flamingo (q.v.) of "Clit, clitic, and community: Sociolinguistic signs of primordial matriarchy among Mountain Fukari" (q.v.) and "Why a caudal approach to Mountain Fukari rostrality is just as wrong as any" 120; collaborator on *Schizomythology* (plural instars) and various chatroom communications 148; miraculously bicycling in Buda (q.v.) 148.
- Turnip (*Brassica rapa* L.), bulbous taproot of a kind of mustard (q.v.) — worship of 38.
- Two four fušk train six and six four fœck train two (oil on canvas) — a painting by MR (q.v.) 12.
- UBAG, OSNAK and, a curious pair of "sociophysicologists" — sisti fitna with Ginot, in pursuit of slut's jargon (q.v.), dancing, chanting, drinking vodka, tossing Ada (q.v.) 191.
- UBU, P., cock-holding cuckold of his *Cocu cocufiant* (q.v.) — hard to fathom 221.
- UDIDI (HAMILTONIAN), DADO (b. Iagip, 1971), Arathu-plying gingoos and occasional inhabitant of Iagip (q.v.) and Owlstain (q.v.) — author and/or protagonist of *Sais pas, su jamais, saurais jamais* 38; playing Mountain Fukari with OWJ (q.v.) in Iagip 120; groping for communication in a cholita (q.v.) 148; autistic son of T. Hamiltonian (q.v.) 181; as A. Tron's paranymp Babur, a shy (or sly) lascar, in Glamporium's production of *Aunt Smaragdina's Parandrus* (q.v.) 191; author of *This world as compass and sinking* 221; AI's polololito 249; co-clitalyst with OWJ (q.v.) of *Patrolius's Ionis Astra* 267.
- Ur, city of Babylonia (q.v.) — 220, 267, 297.
- Urdostoist Publishing Assn., publishing company straddling Owlstain (q.v.) and Paris (q.v.) — 38, 82, 120, 181, 191, 262.
- Vain mouth*, by R. Firbank (q.v.) — a book of odd jottings 221.
- VALS, HUGO, allonym of G. "Hugo" Saliba (q.v.) — his *Turning happy tricks in drag* 19.
- Various and sundry topics (1996), thoughts on, by Ms. Strickland (q.v.) — 38.
- VD, sociophysiological shorthand for V. Darkbloom (q.v.).
- VIGHDAN, BARTRAM (b. 1953), ISOC-PHYS-founding sociophysicologist originally from Norlia, now living in Owlstain, natch — author (q.v.) of "Globarš: A ritual Tagma physiological philosophy" 38, 63, 82; vodkaphilous imbibulator 49, 119, 150, 190, 195, 232, 238, 241, 282; author of "Polyglottalic nominalism: A situation of dyadic bilingualism" and "An introduction to practical applications of achromatic inspissations to situations of dyadic bilingualism" 63; co-author with M. Turbo of "Comparison of cyclic parasitism by *Oosdoli urvyse* in contrasting populations of Hamiltonia and Babylonia" 113; obliging words and acts of thanks and submission to 120; collaborator in chatroom communications 148; picking and munching walnuts and apricots in Norlia 148; panting moaning groaning gasping author of *Axioms of Owstain* (q.v.) 221.
- VILANO-BODKIN, MAUD (1875–1967), Intrussyo-Albionian schizomythologist — author (q.v.) of *Typological dictionary of schizomythic mammals* (q.v.) 191.
- VILLON, FRANÇOIS (1431–1463), Gallo-Frankish vagabond — author (q.v.) of *Dans ludict panoyauxx où nous vivonz à nostr' oisifvs* (q.v.) 191.
- Viridian, a town in Wyoming — its Douglas Fir Publications 120.

- (Ashman 1887); myriad tiny mymarids; and robust palynophagous and frugivorous tiphiids such as *Agriomyia*, *Anthobosca*, or *Tiphia* spp.; in addition, that “tiny tiny tiny W, all crimson and black, that had no wings, though, gosh, could it sting!” is actually a nanitic mutillid cow ant, *Smicrotilla tixputana* (Bischoff 1920) 207; hummingbird (q.v.) hunting wood-boring siricids 212; imaginal strigillations of *Zyzyx flouziana* (Strickland 1845), a cymophanous crabronid 224; parasitism of io moth (q.v.) by various chalcidid W, such as *Anastatus axiagasti*, *A. bifasciatus*, *A. biproruli*, *A. dasyini*, *A. disparis*, *A. hirtus*, *A. mirabilis*, or *A. thalassina* 229; millions of throbbing apocritans! 242; froward *Agriomyia marginalis* (Smith 1877), a tiphiid W 249; parasitism of antlions (q.v.) by chalcidids such as *Lasiochalcidia* or *Hybothorax* spp. 262.
- WHORF, B. L., glottalic absolutist hiding out in Fort Washingtonia (q.v.) — his “Grammatical classification” (of what? [q.v.]) 120.
- Why a caudal aproach to Mountain Fukari rostrality is just as wrong as any, by M. Turbo (q.v.) and H. M. Flamingo (q.v.) — 120.
- Willow, *Salix discolor* (pussy W), *S. cordata* (furry W.), *S. nigra* (black W), *S. glabra* (bald W), *S. lucida* (shining W), *S. triandra* (almond W), *S. vulpina* (foxy W), *S. aurita* (nymph W), *S. candida* (candid W), *S. gracilistyla* (stylishly gracious W), *S. babylonica* (Babylonian W), *S. acutifolia* (sharp W), *S. fragilis* (luscious W), and so on — 40, 77, 118, 125, 133, 181, 249, 269, 284, 288, 294.
- WILSON, MONICA (1908–1982), South Appalachian ritualist of Anyakyusyan origin — author (q.v.) of *Anyakyusyan rituals of king- and kinship* (q.v.) 148; author of “Anyakyusyan ritual and symbolism” (q.v.) 148.
- WILSON, NANCY O. (b. 1962, Port Gaspard; d. 1986, Port Gaspard), Wyominian schizomythologista — co-author, with R. H. MacArthur (q.v.), of “Schizomythology involving pinyon jays (*Gymnorhinus ultramarina*) among Mountain Fukari populations in Wyoming” (q.v.) 148.
- Wishram, functional symbolic consonantism in, by F. Sapir (q.v.) — 120.
- Womaninity, totality of distaff stuff — initiation into 0, 120, 189, 251, 262, 294; woman’s infinity 6, 76, 120; from infancy to 38; staid W 76, 113; clitics of 120, 262; contact with 120; huts of 120, 189, 251, 262, 294; infusion of 120; instars of 120, 262; shawl of 120, 262; sigil of 120, 191, 262, 294; conjoining with masculinity 123; its virtuous disgust 124; compass of 148, 181; transformational W 148; control of 181; W of word 181; tidal flow of moon fluid 191; slap-happy sapphic haptic thrill of 195; a story that I, R. Linda (q.v.), script 221; drastic surgical mutilations of 249; condition of 262; its crimson sin 262; physiological start of 262; ubiquitous W 262; cowl of plump W 272; shot through with W 273; dogmatic distortions of 294; fistula, fulcrum, hub, and pivot of 294.
- WOOLF, VIRGINALIA (1882–1941), prolific author (q.v.) of *Orlando*, *Orlando*, *Flush*, *Jacob’s Room*, *Lucas’s Daddy*, *Barth’s Goatboy*, *Djuna’s Nightwood*, and so on — 0, 208.
- Word and action, Norman sanction in, by G. H. von Wright (q.v.) — 82.
- Word’s womaninity, by C. Malamoud (q.v.) — 148.
- Worm — book W, trails and casts of 38; silk W 38; inch W 50; analogy of faith to a parasitic W 62; hook W 63; all-swallowing world W (possibly an allusion monthly blood, probably an analogy to Milky Way) 63, 120; schistosomiasis W womb 63; dracunculiasis-inducing spool W 63; insightful

- young W, its drowning 71; starling (q.v.) scouts for W 79; poultry (q.v.) W 86; dark W smirching bright divinity's lair 102; unwind monstrous brain W 191; parasitic gut W 191; monstrous W throbbing with continuous coils of agony 191; shadow-loving *Ascaris umbraphilia* (q.v.) 206; slimy black flat W (unknown sp.) 207; gobbling W 208; W which is as much world 219; W casts 241, 295; victory of W 247; analogous to umbilical cord 249; plural of W 252; small W as quarry of or for antlions 262; hollow young W (similar to that insightful young W of 71?) 274; W analogous to stoma, stomach, colon, anus 294; slow W of pain unspooling 296; W wood 298.
- WORMS, R. (1869–1926), Gallo-Frankish social pathologist and organismal sociologist — his *Will and obligation* (1891), his *Morality of Spinoza* (1892), his *Natural historical foundations of sociology* (1896), his *Social orgasm* (1896), and his *Biological foundations of social transformation* (1910) 252.
- Wort, St. John's (*Clusia lythrum* var. *mutilum* Lindblom, 1836), a psychotropic bush — 21, 120.
- WRIGHT, ARVIND VICTOR VON (1873–1939), Normo-Saxonic author (q.v.) of a singular *Bildungsroman* (q.v.), *Gadsby: Champion of youth* (1939) — translation of said B into Italian by GG (q.v.) and MR (q.v.) 191.
- WRIGHT, GARBO HOWARD VON (1916–2003), Krišnaborg-born bi-cautious john — his *Norman sanction in word and action* (q.v.) 82.
- Wrist, distal radioulnar and radiocarpal joints including ossa carpi such as your scaphoid, pisiform, os hamatum, os lunatum, os capitatum, and so on along with various vinculi muscularia — rubbing your W 0; in W is rhythm 30, 253; on palm and W scribbling words 35; snagging W with thorns 38; flick of W 48; virgin W 87; W-guard 88; watch-clad W 96; itching on palm and W 178; nails in W 198; W-thin hilt 205; fiction's frail W 218; strapping of hours, days, months to W 249; binding of W and skull 268; compulsory W-ring 274.
- XWARPO, a sycophantic old minion — his ktar, his many arms, his indignation 191.
- Yarrow (*Cicuta maculata* L.), also known as arrowroot, sanguinary, woundwort, and badman's playtoy — 111, 176, 181.
- Young adult authors, how plot functions in works by*, an instructional manual that shows how plot functions quantally in said works, by M. S. Strickland (q.v.) — 221.
- Your worldly playboy's daily Iago*, by I. Monk (q.v.) — this is just plain silly 221.
- Yum, Tagma sorghum: yummy yum*, by O. O. Bar-Ingstron (q.v.), which author (q.v.) is also known as A. Tron (q.v.) — a youthful magnum opusculum 181.
- Zalozhnyu na umirayu*, a work of Intrussyan propaganda and pornographic Intrussyanism by G. Saliba (q.v.) — known in Flouziana as *Mourant couchant* and in Appalachia as *Dying birthing* 120.
- Zaragoza* [or Saragossa], *manuscript found in* [or at] (1809, 1810, 1813), by J. Potocki (q.v.) — 38, 189, 251, 273.
- Zinc — St. Arjuna's Z infusions 35; bartop in lupanar of Old Owlstain 191; pots, pails, or roofs of Z 235; blood on Z 296.

Post Script



Item 1. From the Agua Prieta *Piste*, dated 25 January 2010:

A STAR HAS FALLEN

D. I. Swopes

GERTRUDE, WYO. — Miss ADA ROMER, a star former minion (sexy whore) of Tixpu's famous AGSAD and prominent playtoy of "Romer's Samba," a musical variety act commandeered by MANOLO RASTRERO, in which for several years past she pleased both our eyes and ears, among others, with her Ritual Induc(t)ive *Transe Musique* (RITM), was found bloody, gravid and stiff [*sagradu, retio e natsa*] early Sunday morning 24 January *chez sa gradu bergerie en WY*, "Eemian," an abandoned stable of Blorhn, a bucolic barrio *près des proches banlieux* of Gertrude where she had but recently taken up residence and commenced the restauration of. The deceased had apparently fallen two spiraling flights straight down from the top of her *colimaçon* at a time estimated to be slightly abaft or astern of *minuit*. Evidence relative the stairs and jars does not rule out absolutely the possibility of foul play, but whether the malicious agent involved a sort of murder or bungled burglary, has not yet been determined, nor is the tragedy of the abrupt curtailment in the full flower of womaninity of this much beloved *evin berx*'s career made any less poignant or worthy of our most profound and mournful sorrow. By all means will we miss MISS ADA's unict talents, *müstig* charms and ovid personality, among others. Invastigation is being avidly pursued by the locals, *dont* SHERIFF RAY RUSSEL.

Item 2. From the Owlstain *SCAT*, dated 27 January 2010:

ADA ROMER, 1984–2010

D. I. Swopes

OWLSTAIN. — Native of Tixpu and daughter of ADA KIDJAKI *née* LARA MONTERROSO, an artist of entropic media coterminous with said *faubourg*, ADA ROMER, herself an incomparable explorer of the somatosensorium as well as novatory scholar of schizomythia and taboo, was born 29 January 1984. To the many who knew her intimately, and perhaps also to those who did not, ADA's life refracted that of her mother, whose self-portrait, *Full-Frontal Matriarch*, purportedly captures the emergence into this world of the late *birkîyâm* herself, and who died in mysterious circumstances following the *première* of her *entropicollage* about the erotics of childbirth.

Contingent upon this tragic foreshadowing of her own demise, ADA's mother's fraternal gimmals, RICK and DJUMA KIDJAKI, pocket magnates of a handy line of trans-Arathusean yawls sailing out of Agua Prieta's *Porto Viejo*, took her on as their own little seaworthy *mascotte*, the settings of whose *petites histoires* excluded neither the insular *raffinements* of Aseli and Abenaseli nor the wilder shores of Port Astri Bay, Wyoming.

Formal schooling harked, however, calling her back to the dusky heights of Tixpu where she would matriculate bottom form at that barrio's Tiliar Boarding School, but not, however, before taking a crawl-on part in A Tara T. Dirty™, *Gal VI*, the fifth of that auteur's infamous *Gal!* series of kinæsthesioscopes starring CRATTI D'ARUNTLES. Upon completion of shooting, ADA remained on with her uncles in that flick's sex logur, Paris, haply there to estivate, and thus elude the parochial savagery of the first Berdi War, before returning to Tixpu upon that conflict's *clôture*.

While still sub-top form at TBS, our avid young authoress-in-the-bud put out *Divastigations*, "a small tri-monthly multilingual journal of arts, writing, and whatnot." Later, in lieu, however, of matriculating top form, ADA, sponsored by that school's principal, DR. AVÍLANO BIMKOV, opted for a year of heterolexical fieldwork in Iagip and Iaqip, Wyo., work upon which she later grounded an article communicated by PROF. BERNARD VIGHDAN for publication in the *Journal of Sociophysiology*'s instar of August 2003, "Grammaticalization of schizomythia and taboo in Mountain Fukari root class: Confirmation of a functional proximal–distal quantal continuum of ligativity in affixival clitics of womaninity and pronominal control."

ADA published this translexicological time-bomb, not under the pseudonym she had constructed from her mother's *nom de guerre* and that of her father, OLANTAROS ROMER, an itinerant Norlian musician, but rather under the name she was known by to the majority of our largely gallo-, appalacho-, intrussyo-, and fukarophone conspecifics, OUIDA WILLOUGHBY JOHNSON.

As OUIDA, ADA studied sociophysiology, schizomythology, and translexicology at our city's Institute of Sociophysiology (ISOCPHYS), where, in addition to reviving LARRY LATH's lost play of 1926, *Aunt Smaragdina's Parandrus*, as her own sort of *hommage entropicollagiste* to her late mother on Glamporium's panoptical "Playground of Taboo," she also fronted a popular musical grope called "Ishtar's Hand" that so often engaged us with its own unict brand of RITM, a form of Ritually Induc(t)ive *Transe Musique*.

This heroic frenzy of creative sociophysiological toil did not, however, forbid OUIDA from debarking frequently at her kinsmen's urging upon Mar Arathu's farther shores, where, under the sobriquet of ADA, and *souvent à l'AGSAD du Vieux Port d'Agua Prieta*, she and her comely cast of sportive co-houri's in "Romer's Samba," a variety song-and-dance act commandeered by her paternal polymath (Hammond organ, argol, *ktar*) as well as her avuncular duo on drums and bass, typically neither slouched nor flagged upon a generous bulk of that copious city's angular *giron*s.

A year and a half before her fatal fall, OUIDA's sometime comparse SAGARCH FLAWNDOL tells us, ADA attained majority and thus was enabled to set up on her own and begin renovating an old farmhouse outside Blorhn, Wyo., which barn, alas, would proove ultimately her undoing, as it was down its rickety *colimaçon* from mansard to a clattering of shattered mason jars that she plunged, so it is reported, into *les petites heures du samedi soir au dimanche matin* of 23–24 January, never to rise again.

ADA aka OUIDA leaves behind us her compositional vagabond of a father M. O. ROMER; her two loving uncles RICK and DJUMA; her cousin J. W. M. METHUEN, founder of Melos e Artes; and her incomplete sociophysiological swan song, *Towards a Schizomythology of Ritual*, the mss. of which, it is said, contain an account of antlion larval silk production in Fukariland.

In lieu of flowers, mourners are urged to contribute to the ISOCPHYS-Associated Owlstain Community Members Fund, Château Methuen, 11 Prospero Place Road, Owlstain, where services will be held at sunset of what would have been our sultry inamorata's twenty-sixth birthday, thenceward on to Glamporium *para la fiesta funesta*.

